

KCOILLAPSO  
Claudio Mur



English translation



# KCOILLAPSO

I COULD HAVE MENTIONED OTHER TITLES AS WELL &  
I WAS READING THE MANIFESTO &  
I WOULD IDENTIFY MY SELF WITH A LOT OF IDEAS...  
BRUTAL PEOTRY FOR SURE AS WELL  
BRUTAL NIHILISTIC POETRY UIT GIRA & JARBOE &  
KHAOS.  
2 QUITE QUOTE NEUBAUTEN AND VIRGIN PRUNES  
IN ONE SENTENCE I WOULD SAY:  
YOU MUST DESTROY 2 BUILD IN ORDER 2 CREATE SOME  
NEW FORM OF BEAUTY.  
PERHAPS YOU WERE NOT TALKING AS STRAIGHT AS IT  
SEEMED, PERHAPS YOU WERE TALKING ABOUT KIA  
SPEAKING OF ZOS OUT OF AOS.  
I DON'T ACTUALLY CARE IF  
THEY AR MALE OR FEMALE OR JUST  
ANOTHER HEADED SECRET INSIDE AOS' BODY BUT  
WHAT A WONDERFUL WORLD IT SEEMS 2 BE.  
I COULD ALSO LIKE THE ASTONISHING URBANA FALL  
(HOW CAN SOMETHING BE AT THE SAME TIME  
ASTONISHING URBAN & 2 FALL...)  
I WOULD LIKE THE TUXEDO MOONS &  
I WOULD WRAP MY SELF IN NAMES AND TITLES.  
IT SEEMS TO ME, WHEN I'LL CLOSE MY EYES &  
RECEIVE THE AVALANCHE & THE WINGS OF DESIRE,  
I WOULD LIKE TO COOK A SAUCE FULL OF SECRETS  
& AFTER DISAPPEARING INTO MY MOMMA'S HOUSE 2  
LISTEN TO SUITE EN SOUS SOL 2  
WATCH WOYZECK UIT HERZOG WHILE HANGING  
MY SELF & JUST WAIT FOR THE FIRST 5m AFTER DEATH.  
I JUST FINISH TO SAY:  
HITCH COCK CLOCKS WORK & ORANGE.  
FROM HERE TO ETERNITY

Edições Cassiber present

**BOEK DESCRIPTION DES O.T.**

A compilation of sad love titles

**TITLE:**

KCOILLAPSO

**AUTHOR:**

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**RELATED SUBJECTS:**

Invocation of music

Literature idols

Heterosexual love

Some innocence or the loss of it

Einstuerzende Neubauten

Scorn and scorn

Genet and Dorian Gray's obsessions

Funambulist questions

Heilige tod und heilige leben

Agonizing mirrors

HIV screams

A small crack event without a clear tripping result

Masochism and narcissism and daydreaming violence  
and COIL

**SCRATCHED MESSAGE:**

Today, I still live with you as with all the other girls I've met but I've  
already no kind of hate nor jealousy nor even desire.

**OPENING SOUND TITLES:**

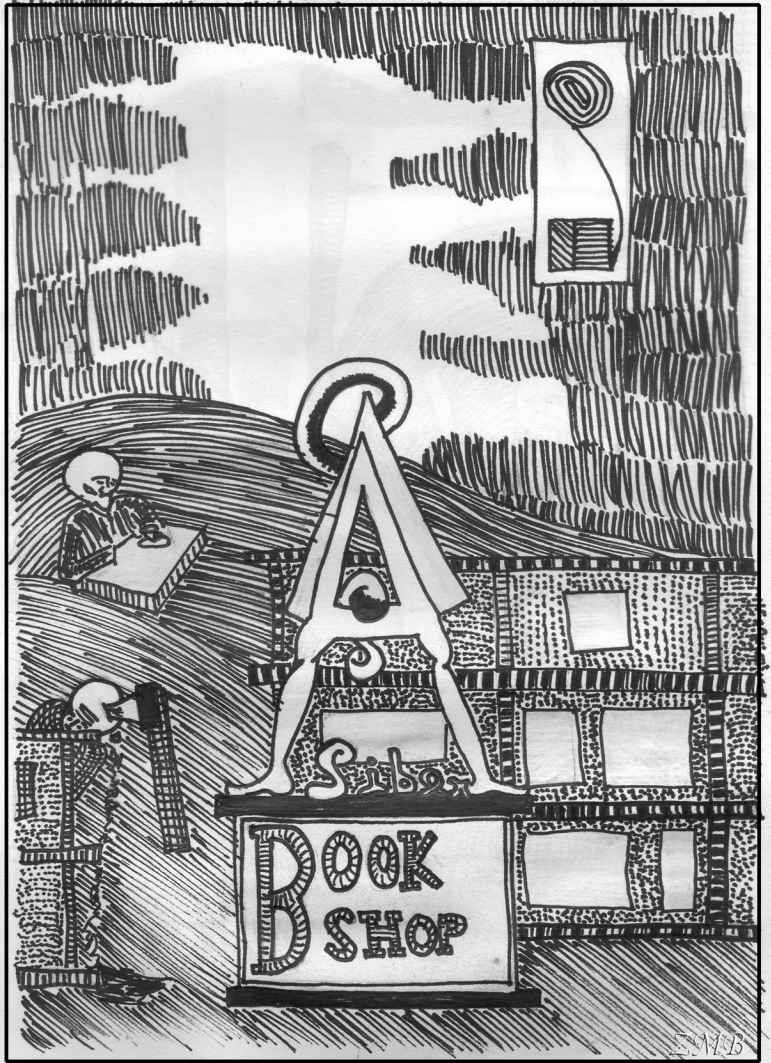
“Rape/Poisons” from Zos Kia, “Jet'me” from E. Neubauten

**EDITION:**

Edições Cassiber

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## A Chapter 0

### **Cassiber Bookshop**

*Cassiber: Man or Monkey: Not me*

Dear audience:

Deciding heading off home to go to a shop I walk, a shop with an excellent collection of second-hand books and eccentric surprises mixed all together. At the near end of the avenue I turn left and finally arrive.

The entrance for the shopping mall spreads along a large street going down a platform of brick, at one of the sides a restaurant. This limy entrance has a door, a rounded door, sometimes children play with it, inside in inside out, this door opens to a cozy and pleasant cool hair-conditioned hall. I walk through the large galleries, the movement is swinging-ish. Let's say it with an image: the tunnel-hallway transforms itself into a doggy den near the river slums.

I have never talked about this shop because It is nothing but a inexistent rough sketch I shall call it, it's a virtual image for the future, a plan to a possible future VAT payer and because the book started here or here ended – according to the reading.

Meanwhile it is inside and around this shop that since around the age of twenty on until now, I still get some books to read, the bloody literature rebellion, books to study and, on the top of the cake, a lot of ways to get to know other people, other bridges, other poems.

The first time I came in I was nineteen, I remember getting a hieroglyphic pyramid that rests aside other mountains and moors over desks and still today in solitude ages serves me, a solitude of illth-treated with ergotherapy mixed up with female painters of chic.

Today, one of my selves works in this shop, the Cassiber Bookshop. One of my dreams at last coming true, some poligenesis maybe literary, maybe psychokinetic, maybe mind creating matter, and so dangerous of thinking itself as if maybe true.

Stopping at the window shop I notice a long ax with a slightly rounded blade, an antique belonging to the age of beheaded Anne Boleyn, second wife of Henry VIII.

Suddenly while moving through the window glass I experience a luminous flash, the sky turned black I think, and I recite into a minidisc: I may have

described that emotion, I reassure you of its veracity as sure as I am being here today and have experienced it but I can not remember meanwhile the exact time when and why everything happened or if eventually did happen at all.

Putting the glasses on the top of my nose I continue: Because if you deal the written truths tapeglued on the canvas-tv screen on the number twenty-seven of the roulette, because three times nine lives twenty-seven, they become spoken lies when the real of the reading without glasses of a number plate is afterwards written with brown polaroid glasses, saying my self: real not real, don't worry my dear, I shall arise.

I stop and finished to write on my poor curriculum vitae: Kcoillapso, a title thought of six years ago. Oh how lovely would it be to pot right here in the shop some pot and afterwards pleasure my consumer self with beautiful novelties...

I finally enter and in a mirror reflex I shake hands with my self, perceive my ecstasy, invite my self to make the honour of enter to the down-room of the Cassiber Bookshop.

Hey R.?

How are you keeping?

What does bring you here?

Nothing to do, ya see, decided to come and see some books. That ax... what is it?

Does the bell rang?

In a theoretical way yes...

Well, it's an ax recently recovered from the ruins of a demolished old landlord house, demolished to make ways to a new street.

But how much for the price?

I am not selling it.

I laugh and continue: Better or... it costs a lot of money. But... what do you want an ax for?

My hand scratches my nose, hiding a smile, turning three hundred and sixty degrees I say:

I remember my self watching movies about Henry, the King of England...

That's it. I have here some books that might ring a bell. Wanna see?

Ja.

What are you reading these days?

*Naked Lunch* from Burroughs.

Why?

Because of what people like to talk around, all bullshit and lies!

What are you listening these days?

Funny fanny of mary jesus! At Gungunhana's café one of these days I got a coffee after being asked if it will serve me well to have a not-roasted black coffee instead of a regular expresso because the coffee machine was broken, bad luck... things that happened, meanwhile and only but only because of that I am listening to *Aum* from Mão Morta because in the lyrics of the song the narrator/ author/ reader/ actor/ normal person? comes in a coffee shop where they still served not-roasted black coffee.

And what was the best movie you've watched recently?

Eh... I don't even know the name because when it was beginning on the tv I got stuck in a so big diarrhea that I didn't make it to see the title and as all the smoke lovers know the veggies give diarrhea... I think it was a Raul Ruiz movie where Marcello Mastroianni did four parts and thus had four houses scattered around in the city...

Ah...! Now I remember, that is the movie where it exists a character that keeps walking and talking with an ax stuck in the head during long seconds until blood appears and he falls into the ground... is this the one, isn't it?

Ja.

Look, this book...

I betook a book from my self, observe the grey cover and ask what is it about.

It's more or less a story built from some short flukes, some coincidences more than sheer. A story built by a bunch of people that came by and looked through the book, bought it and returned later to deliver it. Memories for some, giant wheels for others then.

Now something similar has the name of 'book crossing'.

I ask my self what am I reading in the moment again.

On the moment I am being illuminated by Stig Dagerman and *The island of the doomed*.

Tenebrous...

Why? Have you ever heard of Stig Dagerman?

No.

Tenebrous, perhaps morbid, depressive and more. Let me guess... perhaps just because of the title?

The title does choose the book we buy. Sometimes the reason because this or that book is chosen is a critique of somebody in a newspaper or an

opinion of somebody who read it or became interested in the author. Pausing...

Everything is subjective. I've read books that have nothing in common with the title. For instance, Boris Vian's *Autumn in Peking* doesn't roll around autumns nor Tiananmen. I think it's a good performance by someone who always did a load of different things without compromising with any of them and after all, who knows, laughs of all the voices, all the character projections, all the pseudonym duplications. Maybe, thinking deep, it is just the pleasure in doing that move mountains, definitions of styles will always be to the academic. But is necessary to do bright and well though.

And what does happen when you begin reading and you verify that is deep petroleum?

Sometimes, often alas... Might be that your perception is different from the one who recommended it for you. Theoretically you never touch a book by chance, there exist small somethings, you respond to a stimulus, a sensibility, a meme.

Then what book shall you get?

Hmm... perhaps the grey book?

Why the grey book?

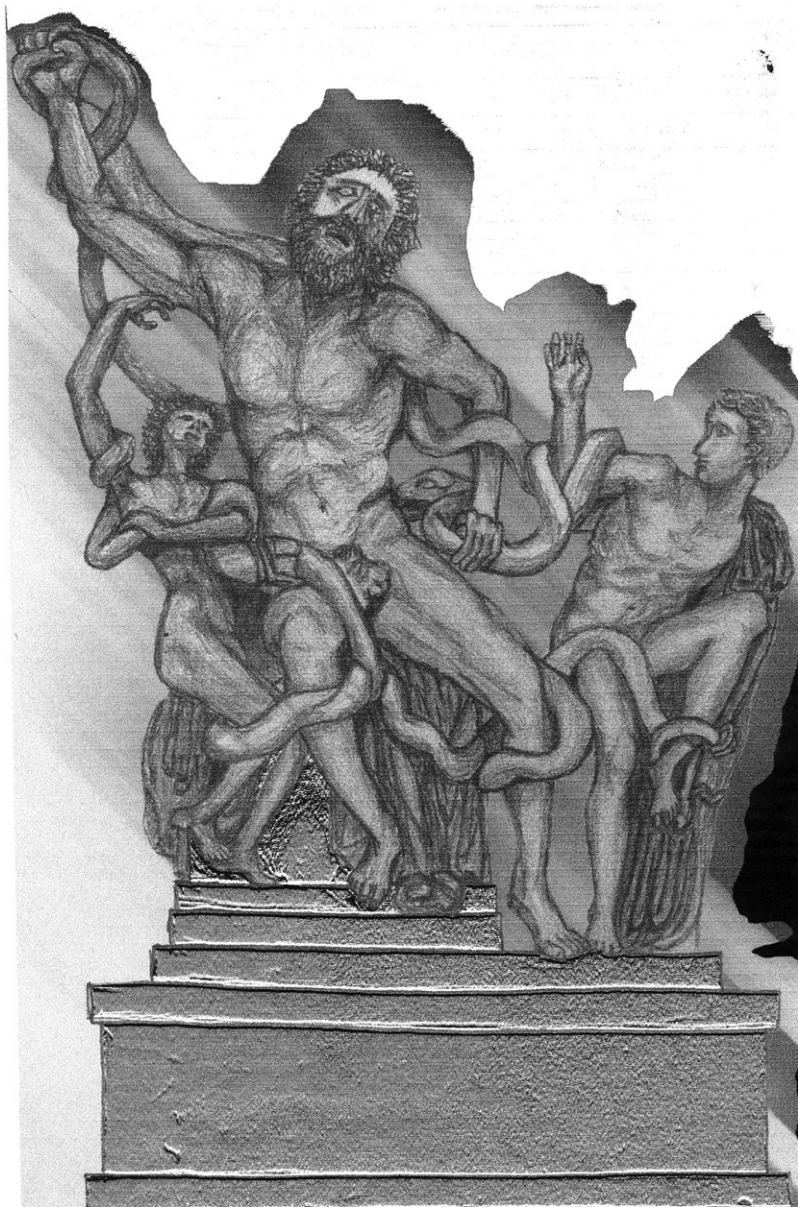
Interesting concept.

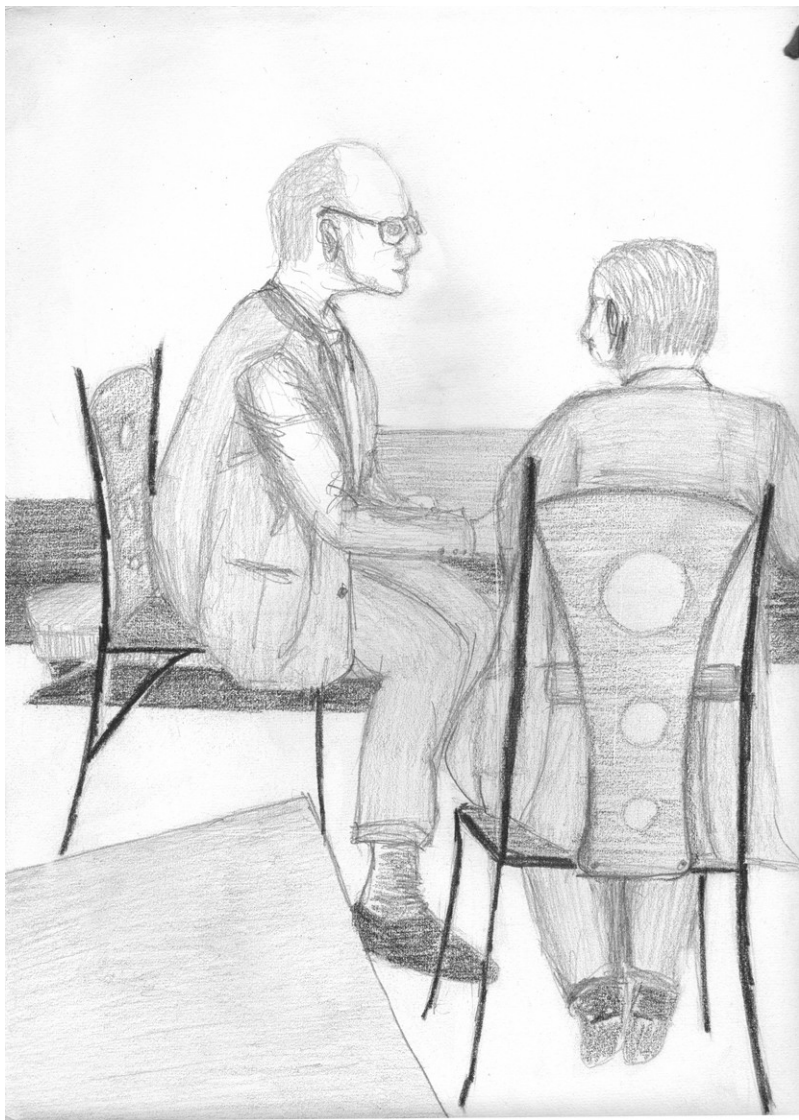
Cool.

Arriving home I start skimming the book. Notice the chapter names weirdly exquisite doubling the curiosity. Would it be abnormal having an interest in exquisite words, would it be depressive, would it be decadent?

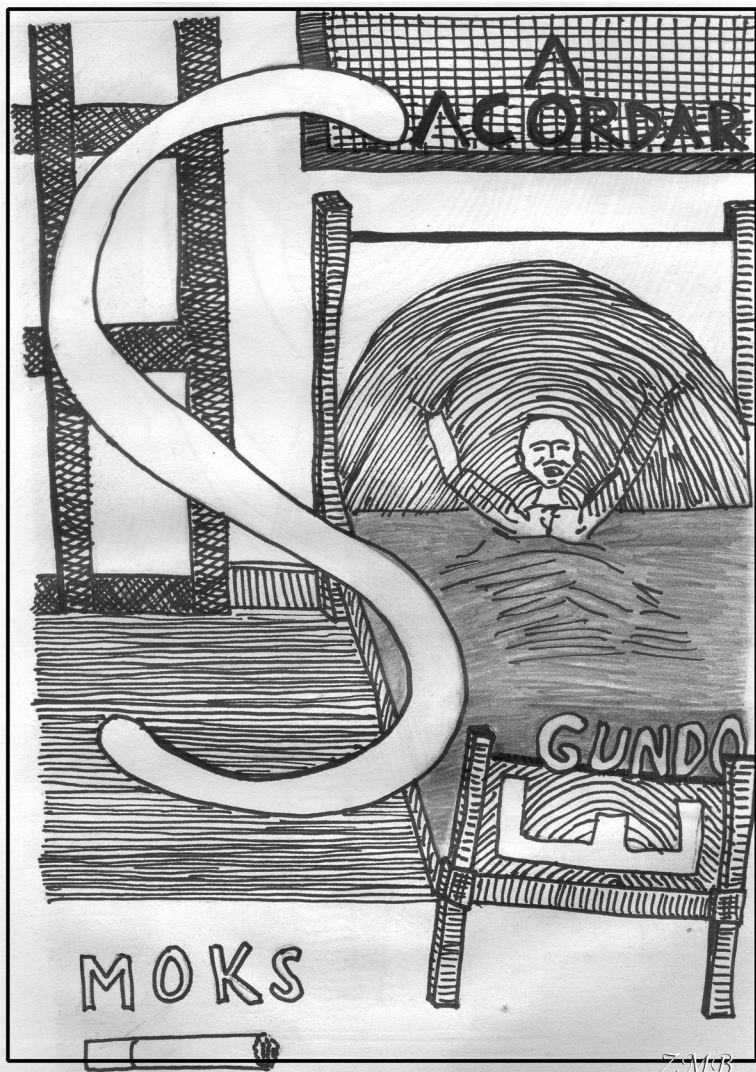
Page zero ends saying: For me and dedicated to G. having as an epigraph – “If I return during my absence, keep me here until I return.”











ZMB  
APB

## B First Chapter

### **Second spliff while open my eyes to the day**

*Helene Sage: Press Release*

*Glenn Branca: Devil choirs at the gates of heaven: Second Movement*

*The Grief: Trying to fix a pipe dream*

In the distance there sounds a slight whisper. Coming from a inner gate of the memory and approaching more and more the sound now seems like an old train horn buzzing.

R. is asleep, R. feels the sensation of somebody, some entity inside the dream inside his memory, is trying to come closer. R. walks. With an ax on his hands. It's an unstable situation. He is chained by invisible chains to the log of a tree near with a river of incandescent steel-rails. That entity swirly coming up the cervical spine onto the brain points the finger and whispers to R.: It's all fictitious, you've made it all in your head, everything is a lie, you've made it all. The entity walks now with the ax on hands and when it appears to go and touch his body and cut what's left of the root to cut, all becomes clear and R. awakes with Ka-Spel's swirling voice inside his head saying: I'll keep you alive.

Nine o'clock in the morning. The alarm clock shoots / hammers insistently all over his ears.

For me, I feel like throwing this obscene object against the walls but I can't do that 'cause afterwards I'd need to go shopping.

Then R. cools down and turns himself to the other side of single bed while cozying the blankets and sheets.

I never sleep enough. Always less than six hours. Everyday I turn on the radio, listen to the world, it's fundamental to know that the Chinese are in peace with everybody except Tibet, it's fundamental to know that abortion was finally legalized, it's good to know that Mrs. Maria buys her veggies at the hypermarket only because things there are less expensive than in Mr. J.'s shop.

The morning is fundamental. He is fifty and one and today he breaks the routine ice, he decides to ignore doctor advices like if you can't live without smoking at least you could smoke lights. Today, with joy, he stretches his hand over the bedside table and gets some wrapped portuguese tobacco, old

Águia – tobacco of yore, and rolls one cigarette while observing yesterday work.

I need to work better that light, that red is not unreal. Nothing can be real. If this morning was the same as all mornings he'd get up and lean towards the palette to find the colour but no. Today he feels joy in a different way. Today he doesn't get up. Actually, if he was less thirty years old maybe he could be today with the brain glued after the second spliff without water before open my eyes from sleep. His eyes. R.'s eyes.

Today I am free to listen to the silence only interrupted by the birds, I am free to see the ceiling absolutely white, white of stars and smile and dream, dream there an enormous quantity of spare lives.

There are three in the morning, more or less. I've left Armenia in cool peace. The wee rain keeps falling and the few lamplights still intact reflect themselves in the watter puddles around. I know I have no defined way to go but I am tired, I decide to sit in a garden bench. I am going to roll a cigarette but I have the sensation that somebody spies me, somebody that could even be many three thousand people pointing the finger at me. It's better to take care.

R. lays down leg-stretched wrapping his arms around the grey jumper. When becoming sleepy the bell rings and starts to play the *Sixth Symphony Second Movement* by Glenn Branca.

When finally asleep he enters an artificial scene. He is in a wooden bed wearing a thin white-with-leaves shirt and black jeans. He wears no shoes. In fraction of a second, a small white light touches him on the groins but immediately it fades away.

The R. awakens with a start looking to all the sides, for the six barriers that separate him from the real space. Not a single window on sight. Far away on the corners of those phosphorous smallish barriers, forms that suggest glow-worms or fireflies start to shine. At the beginning harmless, after they start to shake in the air. They stretch their laser swords over several directions but always as coming closer, the tentacles coming closer.

R. is without a clue. Not a single window on sight. A green light strikes him on the shoulder, it's his favorite colour, the mark is registered, it becomes a symbol of a first action of sight, a green eye. A kind of a green light pen stroke mixes with the colour white from the shirt that shows through his red skin. A church voice says to him: I forgive you R., I forgive you, here's my blessing.

R. is without a clue. He feels cold sweat all over his back. Not a single window on sight. Now is for real. The lights spring forward at him and without touching him, it or they cut out the exact measures squaring angles, amplitudes.

He is now not laid down, he has seated his self over the wooden bed. He gets a cigarette but a red light comes and takes it out of his mouth. He now understands he's lost. Not a single window on sight. He notices on his right side a Napoleon rifle, it waits for him to touch it with fondness, it or It? Cold sweats then make a u-turn and are now at his neck. From this very moment on, they will be climbing up the albino cheeks towards the few hair's breaths that are left.

Then drums arouse. They come from the same place as the mighty lasers. He begins to clean the rifle. He only has one shot but he still owns the bayonet Just-in-Case. The lights, it or It?, keep being noticed in hit-and-run movements. He plans to put his old rifle off his right shoulder and look through the telescopic sight a brick road and a stoned, and/or made of stone, house at the sunset.

He goes down this very road always under the telescopic sight, rifle ranging the lights that keep coming. He stops at a water-spring. Over the other side the house is no more and you and/or he can see a cherry-tree housing small identical twins, identical and violet and purple, a boy and a girl. Then one light comes again, a purple light and he ceases to resist. He focuses the rifle range and bang... a small blackbird falls spiraling at his feet near the water-spring. Still under the influence of the rifle telescopic range, he watches that blackbird turn into a white babycat with a black cross at his chest, the bang point I infer. When its bruise becomes healed, the cat walks moaning at your feet asking for food while R. looks the standing rifle, that being big is his third member.

After some moments of time, lights come now counting thousands. He now is really cold sweating for real but not for good. The rifle turns in the air and through the last direction of his body, lights keep coming all over the place, electroshocks blinding him. He has meanwhile not ceasing to resist and stills rifle-ranges the best he can, he manages to obtain the slight blackout now being substituted by the drum steps increase. Now he also waits, he listens. He has his standing rifle, it or It is his third member, he awaits.

The drums cease to play and a she-it appears, the black light, the total eclipse. Then R. raises the rifle turning it into himself with the bayonet just

in front of his face. She, that very light, is now part of the rifle she pretends to swallow. A last drum pause, just one last drum pause. R. pushes into himself the bayonet and the light goes off and everything ends.

R. awakens from the garden bench soaked in warm sweat. Besides him, splinters are scattered all over the place, a black lamp. The gravedigger passes with his old oil lamp. R. watches the clock. Five o'clock in the morning. He decides to follow the digger who walks all spaced out. R. notices he got back the old shoes and the grey jumper, now makes plan to roll a cigarette while walking up the street. A Bolt Olympic Medal distance upfront, the digger is now on a dust alleyway with big trees, I don't know their names, it give access to the graveyards. When R. finally catches him, he, the digger, begins to talk:

Yesterday my son told me a story read somewhere about a man's dashed return from a long stay over the ether. He landed on the same place where he first had left thirty years ago but now with no pomp or circumstance. All empty but an old person with a cane. He even thought on getting a cab but he gave up. He followed all the way through decided to find someone who could explain to him the suicide. Not even a bucket of flowers. Finally, he entered on the city at ten a.m.m., Easter bunny was approaching, you could listen the birds on the nest on a palm tree. He walked and walked on the cane and stumbled on an old but firm lady going to the church, blind, talking not-understandable gibberish, they say she was his own mother, says the digger making a pause.

Then, he kept walking astonished, baffled. He saw three green shadows going out of shops and decided to ignore them. In front of him, he saw three old men wearing suit and tie and showing cards to boys and leaning towards the church. He stopped at the traffic lights that were giving green priority to the yellow and orange cabs coming without congress. When finally his green priority happened and crossed the road, he stopped at a window shop to look at a series of paintings with the name *Scenes of a lair*. At the beginning, he didn't want to believe but his eyes couldn't fooled him no more.

The man, the digger continues, had not spoken out yet. It was his mistake. When he screamed with astonishment, he failed to recognize his own voice, that sweet voice his wife with slightly black hair told him he possess. Then he believed that what he saw in the broken shop window mirror was really him. A copy, an image, a distorted being without teeth, without hair and green, very green.

Overthrown, continues the digger, he decided to leave the cane and crossed the bridge, arrived to the Christ statue, climbed it up, observed with calm, with all the possible calm of the moment the space, so different of all he left behind by a scientific trophy and... jumped down.

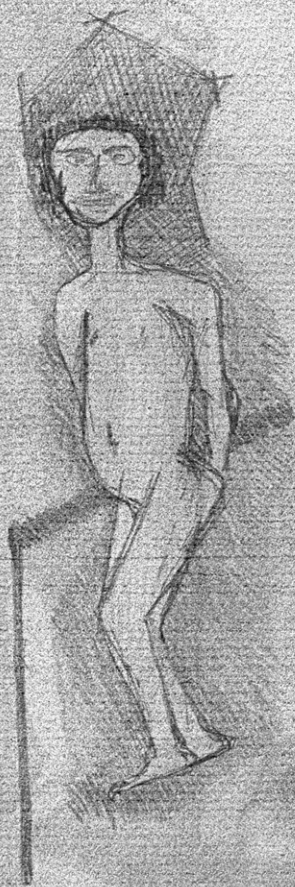
R. interrupted the digger to ask: That story is written or was made up?, how old is your son?, is he an albino?

The digger replied that we all are a bit but that is just a detail that can not change the propositions of why you followed me here. By saying this, he stopped at a graveyard and said: here with your own eyes you can see the grave of that man that was never recognized, you can also see that day and night, you can see it can you?, an angel with shadow is watching over him with a pot of albino flowers.

Yes, I see a blue angel, beautiful as never seen before . Thanks.

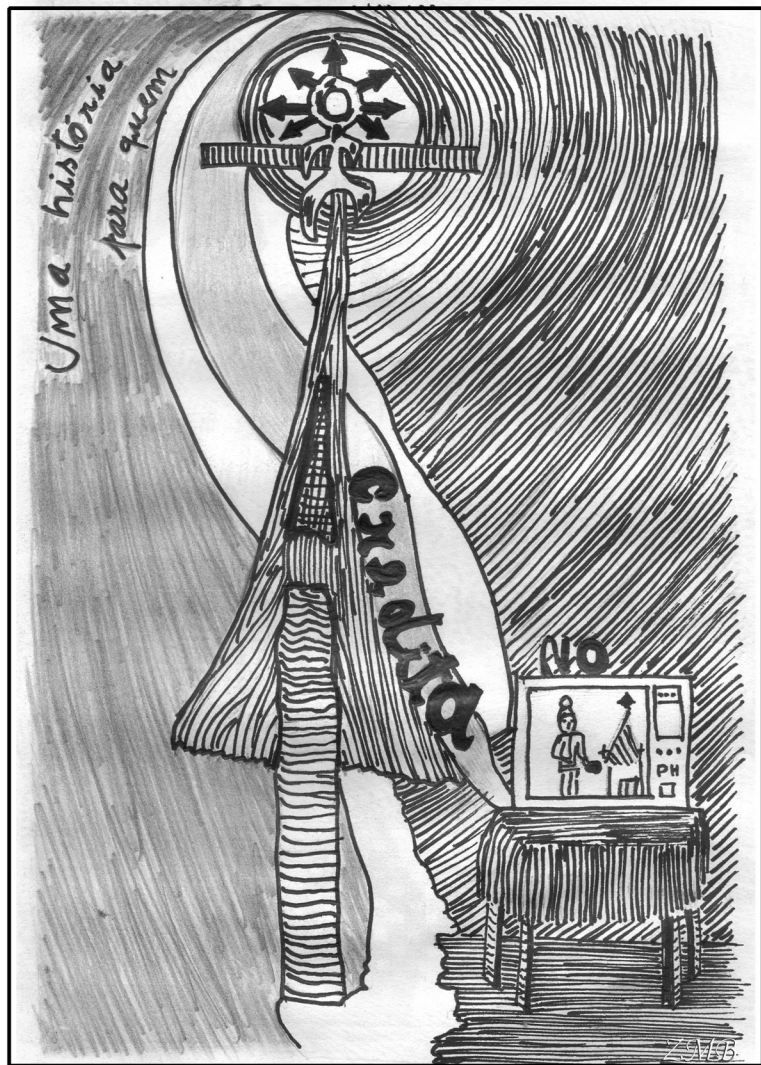
Ik ben a zombie.

I PAINT  
TO KEEP  
MY SANITY  
CLEAN









## C Chapter XXV

### **A story for the ones who believe in santa claus**

*Elph: Worship the glitch: Ended*

Hi! My name is O.!, and at this very moment I sit in front a borrowed and plagued computer. By pressing the keyboard, I file this room under the category of a nursery. Exactly the clock ticks twenty two minutes past six p.m.m.

I rise my head and look through the window. Then I return to the keys of the board.

What do I see? First I see a palm tree, then a pear tree and by the end of the field military lodgings.

Then I explode: What the fuck, damn fuck, it's hard as fuck to know that the state of repression sociale spans its fucking lame tentacles to the famous and dirty as rotten meat privacy of thee phone lines. As of today, it is xmas eve, so the troops are not training. They must be with their families or friends.

I would like, because of being alone, to greet a nice xmas to all those citizens unknown of this small triangle sown at the seashore as our poets 'ave said living in a rotten society who, in system theory, can have as the transfer function  $H(z)$  the society of today, their days of the living ones... I could say that we are all out... therefore we all are.

Now I hear voices at the PH factory.

(Voices)

Hey boss? A coffee and a neubauten...

Hey excuse me? Do you have grease for the boots...

Hey please? In Portuguese otherwise I don't understand...

And the story goes on to say that the boss returning from vacations decides to offer cookies to half of the lamp society... and you ask: Cookies? Why?

I meself knows no thing, saw no thing at all, do not ask 'cause I truly was born at the middle ages and at that time there were no cookies of that brand, so...

(Sounds)

We are all out therefore we all are...

We fall onto oblivion...  
We fall onto oblivion...  
The long ether-nal silence...  
The long ether-nal silence...  
The long ether-nal silence...

I walk through a road without name that leans towards the canal. I would like to describe R.'s room where sin inhabits as a squatter.

(Aktion)

On the eve of reaching fifty one years of old I leaned through the city. The clock ticked a quarter to two a.m.m., the odds of temperature said no cold was in the move. I think nothing is real. We shall undress that nothing of ornament regalia, that act of love should equal to the deflowering of a *miracle de la rose* arising. We shall start with the Ground Zero jap noise freaks until reach John Cage concepts and Nabokov's *Pale Fire*.

The sincerity of a writer manifests as more gracious as better he can distract himself of all illogic feeling, all the sudden glitches in the universe, l'univers of today near the wrong end of the millennium, like when the sun eclipses himself under the moon that hides/ protects him, eclipses/ loves her? and ceases to consider love as something for an object.

I stop writing.

Then I say: Here our share becomes wider being I in a genuine situation of being watched by the police. I am mad I know. I am incarnating la personage of the preacher António Vieira portuguese/ Michael Gira of NYC. My audience are the fish.

I keep writing more sparse words.

The objective of this politiks pretends to reach the cold light, the white light, not naked but undressed... and reach the only reality that matters, the objective reality, and to get that it's necessary to undress the regalia.

As in a prophecy, L. says with love, assumes the love he wants no more, writes the book to void it maybe, he becomes empty under the light of the ruling system of all the members of the CSUPP (Consumer Society Unadapted People's Party) party, we are allowing entrance to new members, that we get all the highest pool, that we distribute all the roses to

the mister engineer and not him alone, SIS also or under what other moniker bollocks are now called, and for at least one time in life we let the children believe really on santa that comes by the air, their skies, with all the reindeer more sleighs and little horses with ironed shirts of only one colour: white silk.

At the same time, I also want to say that I adore all the women with intrinsic feminine qualities, I adore you all, to all of you I offer a painting I know it will reach you someday by a telepathic transmission process, by the beating of my fingers over the key of my hard disk or are not like that all the blue angels, all the messengers, all the processes of turning mercury into a pure sun gold state? At least in infosystems theory, in the age of infosocieties and digital transmission networks of data, it is possible for my self to send a kiss to all the women I loved, my androgyny in poetic theory would like to make love once more, one last time who knows?, and who knows?, with all of you together.

This is not a lie, it's the truth.

Perhaps this is not inside anyone's heads and maybe only in an aesthetic domain of an afternoon of some ruling system... the observed/observer in a small rectangular box with plastic inserts of a brand name that everyone recognizes as PH.

Because today everything is plastic, you don't go out to buy wood. You don't go to the wood on xmas eve to cut the xmas tree, you surely buy plastic trees and plastic balls.

Still there are people who thinks that a woman is only equal to two spheres and a small triangle no a woman is that and more everything that is around and more going on a bike over the her hills ah holy perversions blessed all the christian gods... I say christians because for them we are on xmas time on the night of birth of the child, and we cannot allow our conscience to be more ironic and cynical than now.

Notice the duration of a phrase without commas only with ellipsis and xmas balls.

That all the systems may receive as a xmas gift from all the unknown or

even not-citizens all the convicted all the addicted all the solitary renegades  
all the citizen of all ages and belief / vice / objective eventually repressed  
by their own moral cramming or the cramming of morals of the ruling  
system class as a society one big xmas gift, a big ball, aesthetically living  
red and deserving a monument with sperm as chantilly or even the most  
intimate smegma. All these gifts done to feed the taste of my most  
misanthrope self, Julius Caesar, JC and his anti smell underpants  
agreeing with his hate. Ad eternum here.

J. or JC superstar says he feels no guilt at all. R. fixes the instant where J.  
would have enjoyed to raise the straight finger firm and full of sperm  
against the cheeks of someone who once was slapped in the face.

I am to void all and to try you to accept the reason why I said what I said,  
perhaps if I shake and shock people they start to think, the fact of not  
having you here in a real and physical person here on my side over this  
xmas eve... so many years after there are things who take to long to box  
inside a man's head, where my physical head gets mixed and confused with  
my phallic conscience. At least, this is the meaning behind the curtain of a  
moral drawing that my double, registered as a guest in my body and  
painting with my hands, drew one day to offer to all of you, public,  
consciences, microphones, speakers and rosso telephones the most  
important telephones that the ruling society puts over the house of all  
families on the apocalyptic epoch: the last three months of the wrong year  
to the end of the millennium, that same sperm ball and living red.

I stop writing.

I think that'd be better for I to say I am crazy, that nobody have guilt, it is  
my self who is looking to the computer screen where it keeps repeating the  
image: don't use me because I'm sick and I want the spies all around ad  
eternum

I would like to say to all the spies O...brigado (tanx) for having destroyed  
my love, my act of love, my explanation of my act of love for her.

Why do people are afraid to tell what they really think of their systems and  
anti systems? Once in a Benfica land I heard saying, sorry benfica folks  
nothing against them but I am a F.C.Porto supporter and all my characters,

when the next phrase was said the alpha-beta room was loaded with benfica baby boys, equally if you ask if I'm classifying I really am doing so! Then the phrase 'If you want to tell everything on your guts' is: maybe because he's afraid to lose his job! The neutral folks might say: hail Sporting.

I will quote Bataille.

The erotism is the affirmation of life over the own death.

So don't die. Don't confuse this act with faith.

Let me write a poem called Scuascraamo

Sit on the top of the hill  
and think  
Convolute yourself with your mind  
Cross the border  
Jump  
and remember  
Feel your acquaintances  
crying for you praying for your soul  
Remember your past  
think on the good and bad actions  
Admire your moments of happiness  
and cry  
Luck did not give you a prize  
But don't forget  
The dead also dance

Dying it's just not worth of, for you it's just one more story.

You can't understand. You can spy me, rape my silence, to tell around about me what you want. I consider my self mad.

Many of their symbols were destroyed, a family was raped on xmas eve, it seems so far away. Let your will be done, the will of the trinity god, patria, family. Their trinity.

Why not send to hell the names? After all we are writing / reading police state allegories, did you know that the violation by the police of your privacy is a crime? If it isn't it should be. The letters, the names, also the

writing, painting, engineering and stamps are also means of telling a story, to explain a fact.

Anyway, nobody goes to jail anymore, none but the poor. Justice seems not to be made for the poor.

If you want to continue to follow the movie, suicide your self. But don't come to ask after if I feel sorry, because sincerely I don't like people to destroy me.

I don't want to have problems of identification, I don't want to have people acting my stories for me but if that happens then all my guilt is equally transferred / shared for you.

Why not worship the glitch?

Why not to welcome a nice xmas for all the criminals disguised with irony? Send to hell with discretion. We are guilty and we are fool, a bit more everyday, it's just we don't want to acknowledge it but we did disguise it with stress at edge of the wrong millennium end mixed with sniffs of culture.

My grandmother fifteen minutes ago said: Softer than onions harder than horns. I laugh as an infamous little boy with all the fire in my tongue, all the wisdom of politicians, I don't get the message but... I fully agree.

We are all whores queers inside the systems. I say thanks.

Do you know what's next? The end of the world.

And in 2001? The space odyssey.

Death in June says: The guilty have no pride, the guilty have no past.

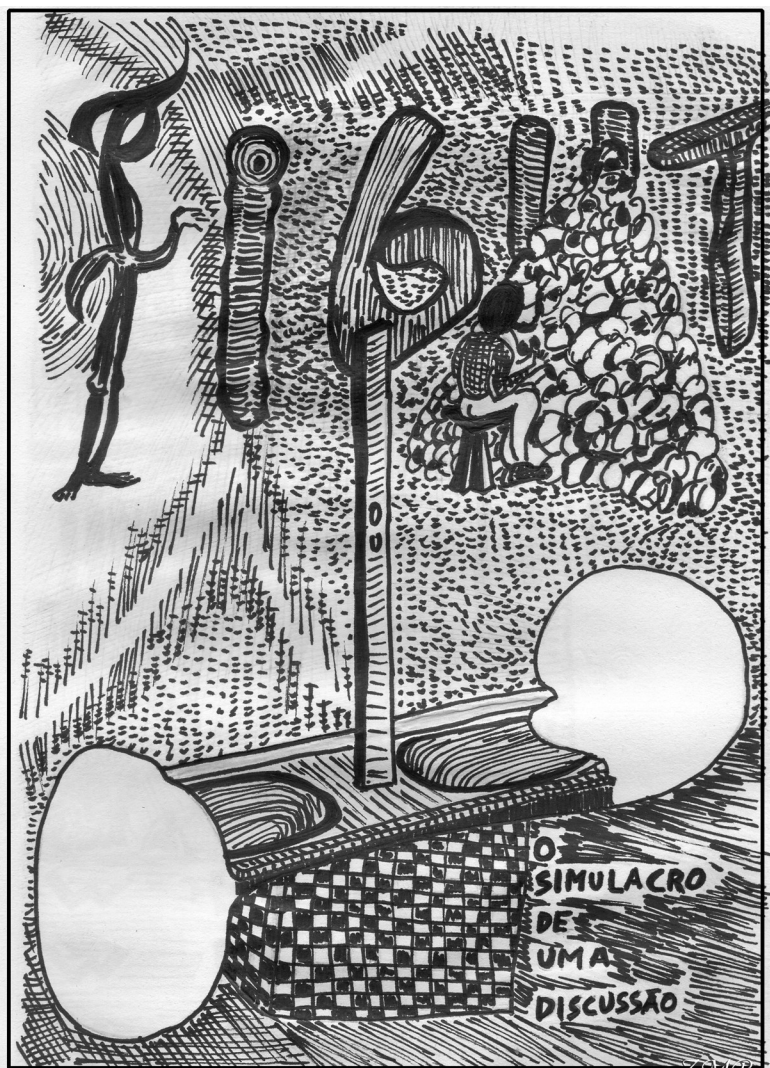
I say: The guilty should have no past. We are guilty, we must confess at least to honour George Orwell.

Do you want me? No.

(? you have no right to your own copy riot !)







ZATB

## D Chapter MM

### **Fight or the simulacrum of an argument**

*Van der Graaf Generator: He who am the only one: Killer*

*Apropos de quelque chose...*

Were we talking about faithful people, Maria? I say this to you: I feel some kind of non-totally-abstract need of imbalance the scale of my socio-emotional life. Get it? A scale. This concept remains static in me, I need other sources of inspiration, new stimulus.

Tell me a story, she says dreaming and changing the subject of the conversation. When we met you promise me to tell one different story all days through... C.?, listen... tell me a story...

Do you know what the truth is? I feel myself a child behind this appearance. This is so because I don't have points of reference or valid and sustainable images, images that last over time with an obscure esoteric meaning a la Bruno... well it's better to explain!, for example, when you enter your butcher's shop, you look over and ask half a dozen of pork steaks, you would like that it cost less than the usual wouldn't you?, and that is so easy to obtain, nor has anything to do with ethics or the lack of it, it has everything to do with wanting to lose or spend less.

But we all are like that or not?, that remark is to short for me, explain it.

I imagine him walking with the butcher's knife on one hand and the tender steaks on the other. He tries to avail, maybe to buy the price by selling it over the act. He puts down the knife and puts the steaks on the left bowl of the scale, he is invested with a scale or better he is the tongue of the scale, on the other bowl he puts a rusty weight. Let's suppose the scale imbalances to the weight bowl, you wouldn't like it for sure, what would you do?, eheheh then he would take some weight and the scale will for sure have affinity for you, for what you want to pay, and you?, will you feel happier?, no, it would have sounded like a sham, so the butcher's scale will weight more or less rusties one at a time like trying for the right price and he will go with this on an equally rusty harmonic movement forever until the rust is all put away and the price is right... but when is a price right? What are the fundamental truths and their balances, what are the values and objects in the bowls of the scale?

Yeah but so?

I think that for my self to find those truths I shall look for radical changes but... what I don't know is where to find them... anyhow, my dear, there is no truth in balance when you know you get always the objective without paying for it, without effort. The truth for me lies in the oscillation between the two poles of the electronic circuit, from one to the other with the capacitors discharging frequencies and, on one side your pork steaks my happiness, on the other side the right price, my price.

But what are you saying?! Are you trying to buy happiness that way?!, she asks oscillating between disappointment and anger. Listen me, you don't go out to buy happiness, it exists for itself wandering all around and waiting to be grabbed, people call that opportunity, it doesn't cost a thing, it's just a matter of waiting while fighting for a better life. Above all waiting but not on despair.

Then Maria remembers herself of her father, he tried to buy something that for him could have been happiness or as he said once – the illusion of happiness (why not?) and then conclusions were what they were, his right price was the compulsory internship in the Food ReEducation Centre. [FReEC]

Then Maria shouts suddenly: Stay with what you have and promise no more!

All right, we can't go out buying happiness easily, but we can reach happiness, happiness must exist or be developed as a process and during that process it is surely necessary to oscillate between almost everything, like reaching the top of the stairs – the last step. The problem is: I am no buddhist and I am sick out of waiting!

Maria, sadly asks C. for a storytelling, she wants a change of subject because, in these late days, she's been listening to very meditative stories that she becomes sleepy ...

And I, you know, I have yet not reached the oscillation phase. How can I reach balance?

Will you tell me a story?

No not today.

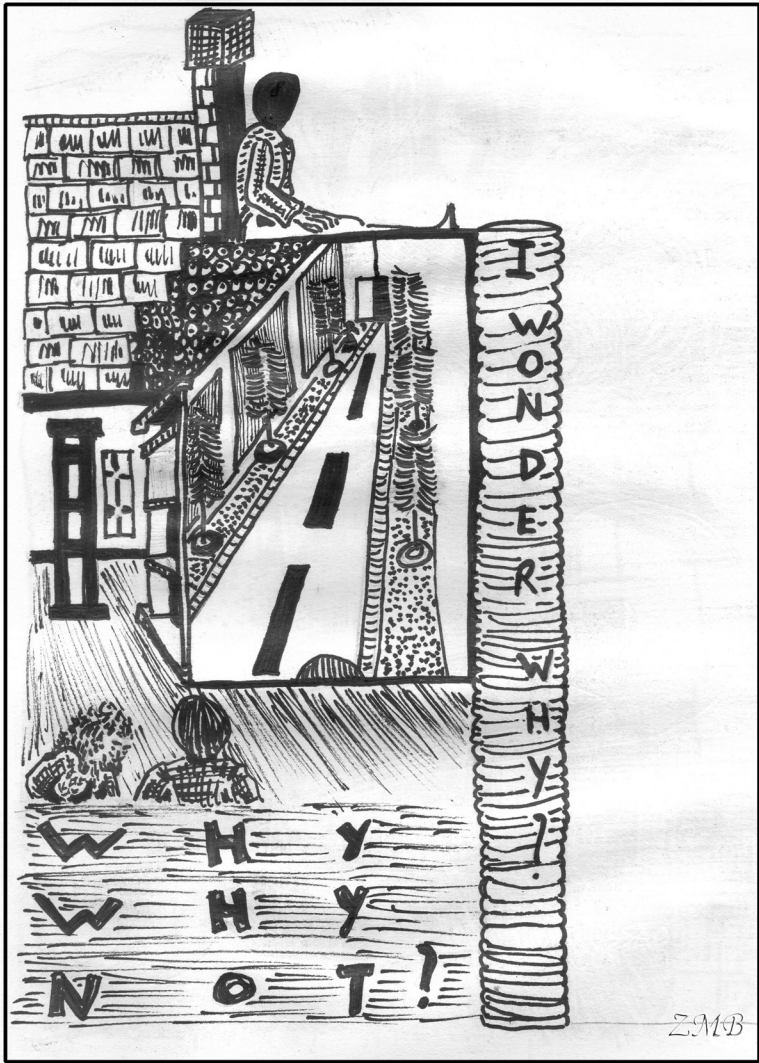
Why?

I remember the circus artist on the rope always assessing the reason for not falling down, always trying to get the right price. Then I say: Today I don't have a story. I am upset and sometimes the story is just the way of explaining an act but the problem is that sometimes we pay more attention to the story than to the act, I have mixed feelings about these kind of

reasonings, it's certainly not positive. Why to tell the story so?  
Are you upset with me, that's it?  
No not with you, with nothing, that's it, I am upset with nothing.

It's only natural that during these years I was upset with nothing. It was fundamental to be upset but always with an open mind to do things and shit, for the most part of time we did shit and once we were caught by the cops in the act of trying to unscrew a signal at the back-door of a bank agency. Register please the show: two childish scums and anarchists on the street near the Derza river, foggy night, headlights going on, a motor of car running, in five seconds we have the cops on top of us configuring a bank robbery, and us with a swiss-knife, all due to a small plastic board screwed to the door and saying something like Closed. They let us go without the need to go to the police station, so childish trying to rob a plastic board, no doubt to rival with the traffic sign taken away from the highway roundabouts or with the inverted crucifixes stolen from the graveyard.

Yes, it was natural to be upset with nothing like the melancholics and the slavic compassion, but always with the pen and the paper handkerchief, still the coffee and the meatloaf, the pastry house and the fetishes of the other by the beautiful young waitresses, always the anguish of being against the world and the world all against us, one day... who knows, we'll make something big, we'll be seen in all the alphabet dome, in all the city ruled by the white-collar sir, nights as those of the closure of the alphabets all around the country ruled by the white-collar sir will be of less importance than to what is destined to us, yes!... we will or would appear on the top art or literature magazines, interviews being made and we would answer scratching the goatee a bit, plagiarizing the cool pose of Eduardo Prado Coelho



## E Chapter MM

### **Why why not? I wonder why...**

*Nick Cave: From her to eternity: Avalanche*

*Sonic Youth: Sonic Death*

Awakening time: one o'clock p.m.m..

I have a lecture at two o'clock, I think on getting lunch. While raising myself from the bed my head feels tired, there is a big whiteness over my senses, it's the effort, the photographic reflex of last night spent at Armenia drinking Bocks, smoking joints and playing pool.

When I lean and walk towards the bathroom I begin to think: as for a routine I don't bath on even days I'll wash only the teeth, drink a cup of milk, put on the shoes, head off home, walk up the long avenue and turn right until reaching the canteen.

I eat almost nothing. It's the result of having engaged on thoughts about the why of continue to date with my Maria, I can't understand why I still do, must be love?, or I don't feel to exist a reason not even this? ( and there is it really necessary to be a reason?, you damn trout!) Then I ask my self if the dating act is searching the reason to exist. Anyway it's not so bad as to say this: bollocks Maria... if you don't cease to bug my head... I send you to fucking hell! I mean: get your stuff and out please.

No. The reason for thinking on all this at lunch time is simply the discussion we had last night, which cause I ask if it saves me. The cause she has not knowledge about makes me think on her reaction if she found it, who knows some day some one tells her, someone who saw and then she betrays me and abandons me for of a nice model ten years younger than her...

How to describe our relationship? Maybe the preface of the family life style, that monotonous kind of liason, meanwhile I sometimes observe the emotional side and discover in our relationship that union, the fundamental moral value of the white collar society. I find one single difference: we are aside of the mean rate some five, six years. We are married but not married and in our frying-pan there are some attractive ingredients such as now I know how to cook rice with fried eggs, french fries and grilled steaks.

Alas in the moral society man controls the wife, or better, this value is explained by the natural observation of Maria head on home, make dinner

for family or give instructions to someone do it. It is her role. (You seem disconnected of the reality, my trout) On the other side, it is required that the man takes decisions such as to tell where to go having coffee, awake her love, say it, produce the proofs, the actions. By so it is necessary to explain all the time that I love Maria. By so I ask if it is not Maria that controls the man. Now I ask about intrinsic values of masculinity and femininity. (Hey! You don't get it?! Listen little man, buy the last new 'n' hot shit book!)

After so many gaze over the back of the canteen and out where the water green landscape is framed by the windows and cut up by the persons eating, getting up to get water, returning, chatting, getting up to shelf the food recipients and to wash their hands, after all this I discover I forgot the time and I still need to grab some coffee. I am very late.

I have total control over Maria. I share almost no thing. I say to her when we can meet because I have to dedicate the most part of my time to study. I say to her when we can go have dinner out and equally I do ignore certain dates considered as special such as birthdays the moralistic society says we have to pass them together and in harmony. The cessions I make are non thought, non desirable abortions. When there is a party with friends and roommates with loads of beer and musick in the mix, sometimes a trip to a disco to dance the new music she likes and I have also to like and at the same time show to everyone my love for her, what a nightmare!, sometimes it seems to me. Sometimes I walk out cafés singing things like: *these days I mainly just talk to plants and dogs.*

Sometimes she gives me as gifts big cards similar to those mommy and sisters give to me, big cards with photographs and wishes of happiness, some blue bears and babies in the mix. It's funny I to playact the non understanding of her baby wish. Other times I record tapes with music I love, music I wish to share with her and she rerecords the tape with music like Quinta Do Bill - a kitsch folk portuguese group. On another occasion she offered me a shirt with vertical green stripes. On another occasion I exchanged with her a U2's T-shirt, bought at a gig I went to see just to discover it was a gig not of my taste, with one shirt of hers, a small purple T-shirt of the type bought from gipsy merchants. It was an act of love, I went on to wear it always, it became a fetish. I still have a grey T-shirt also small that was given to me by my mother, a T-shirt belonging to my grandfather. He is another fetish, I wear this grey t-shirt as an homage to my grandfather that only entered the married group at the age of forty and

with a girl of nineteen. He is one of my heroes. I identify with him. Because my mood in these days is irreverent, I have long hair not only because of that but also because I will become bald at a certain time in the future - it's on my genes, I smoke joints, drink beer, my teeth are falling down because I am decadent, I have a girlfriend, I do study and go to class, I am a normal person and still... I feel the wish of wearing that slummy purple T-shirt on occasion of being with her at the bar drinking coffee; somehow when we go to play pool I like to wear that black shirt with sown-in-white signs with geometries I imagine that belong to Amerindian civilizations my culture doesn't allow me to identify. Look son, maybe is just an artistic reflexion by the designer.

So, what's the reason?, you ask.

Before the last words on the case, I shall say that aesthetic was the act I commit once while playing cards at Armenia... and I ask my self if that was not the powder line to an ellipsis based on a simulacrum of an argument, it feels good to want to oscillate, being a funambulist. I, She, She and a mate. My Maria and meself we were picking red roses before entering the bar to play cards. The other She for the effect we shall call her Joana.

She was wearing a thin black dress going down until the knees, legs in disguise with soft black stockings. Black hair, thin and long. An angular face. Eyes painted with black cosmetics. She was wearing a black wool coat and she was beautiful. In the middle of collecting a hand and as something normal to do, when normal means: we, the four of us, are playing together for a long time at Armenia, I offer her a rose while looking to my Maria in the act of giving the signal for the next hand to be played. I never asked why nor I payed too much attention to my act but one day after holidays, I saw her at the MarchPush bar seated drinking with friends. She continued to be that same and very beautiful aesthetic to whom I offer a rose. We greeted over the distance and when our gaze ended, I bought cans of beer and went on to see my Maria after holidays to talk and kiss on a kind of lost innocence but only for me. One day, she went off for the weekend, I have returned sooner. Saw Her at Armenia. She was alone. We talked about grape-gathering. Suddenly at the middle of the dance stage, she said she wanted me. I looked to her. She was still beautiful and I, in between all the people listening to the band, asked why. She said she had not forgotten the rose I offered her and that she asked herself why that happened. But by influence of it she felt attracted and wished me at first sight.



Beautiful! Then it's funny to notice that due to the Fourier transforms I did transfer Maria from time to frequency and converted Joana into an off-the-record girlfriend type. I left behind the time when I spent the afternoons studying algebra under the sound of Sonic Death until going to pick Maria to see the play *The death of a salesman* and the twenty thousand dollars, this was a time I offered drawings remembering the island of love. What quality or kind of love is required for I to date a virgin that is searching for the right moment?, would it be the wish of possessing a virgin, to possess innocence? Shall I break the official liason invoking a fair cause according to my heart's wish?

We've built an happiness like this over a month in carefully hidden spaces, we've walked in the same street but out of phase some dozen of steps for that nobody could discover the make-believe police style of the story and we've never entered home at the same time.

We went to Staa city for a walk, streets going up and to imagine a paradise for dreaming, listen to Fausto, hug-dancing at the Club Iz without complex, fear of the telling spies, to return on the train and sigh for, in between sleep and dawn, the landscape outside the window-train.

There was a day when she didn't come back from the weekend and then we, according to the plan, kept ourselves hidden on my flat making love and talking loud due to even louder music we were playing on the CD, and we danced over the bed until a bell, the doorbell rang and we broke the bed thinking it was her, she didn't know if she will arrive today or tomorrow, she didn't give a certainty status to her arrival but said she would pass here, first thing after arrival and now the bell rings and how're going things to be? We laughed and agreed she must hide in the closet so small but with a book to read in the dark, while I close the closet door for we to hide these children playing the in-love status at full Fall. Then, under the music I got dressed and arrived to the door with a certain crazy haze of happiness, the music was being played by Fausto and when I did open the door a mate of a mate of a mate of my roommate came in and asked if my roommate was in. No, he's not here Sir! When I closed the door and went picking her out of the closet to tell the happening and explain with our crazy haze that no, it was not her but the roommate, etc..., and now we could stay a bit more. I adore you.

This flash finished, I go finally to have coffee and after I go to the three o'clock lecture. I try to pay attention and take notes and after I return home thinking. After it came the day I had to give up duplicity, it must be, and for

I to balance I had to judge on one side some little girl who teaches me to cook – style: you're my girlfriend, you see? I show your self to the people because I am certain of my love for you; and on the other side someone wishing me in a spontaneous moment, someone with experience, with the cool pose of not searching but full of thirst and that tells me and more than that she acts, she wants me at this very moment and doesn't hide now, there are no games.

I still ask my self the why of having chosen wrong. Maybe to honour the love she gave me, the ending of virginity and that purity shaken, the serpent fulfilling its mission, that is to say, to choose the security and full possession of goods – Maria's love.

Why do I still date her? Once I was in a bad mood and decided to go read Camus's *The plague* to the terrace and I sat over the wall looking to the street three blocks below and I asked my self the why of not jumping down. What's the price for not falling. As I didn't find a possible solution, I kept reading, I rolled a cigarette, I called her to say with roundabouts that I had to ignore a certain date and that I had to go out to the weekend. When the train left Derza, I continued to think: I'm living a lie, the boredom of controlling my feelings continues and in a cozy, comfortable environment, so soon in age!?!? and when I left the train at Tirza I retained the idea that perhaps love is really the thing they say, it is the thing that makes us go out of control and laugh in the end, it takes us to sheer madness, that happiness I had in my arms and perhaps I took only for passion, it was just one note, to have love is necessary to opt in for the building of range, that is to say, it is necessary time, a five year plan! And in a lie, time is a waste of time, you can never make right what was born wrong. It's the mood, it can only be the mood of someone believing in the dream person and some devil, perhaps the christian moral of someone believing in the devil, that says: we shall have always the control of our emotions, we shall keep the best for us, life is not a sea of roses and such!

Thinking over distance, in my eyes there is only heat mixed with tears, perhaps because of that I have big rings round my own eyes... must not be only the lack of sleep or the excess of time study.

It can only be morals, the selfish morality can tell us to choose the wrong weight and a certain familiar comfort. Being this way we must not pass the day over without breaking up. We shall not pass this date together. I don't like to celebrate birthdays, I never did, I am not going to spent it with you because I have no will to and I also want to see what are your limits

because I have been reading books where I found some notions about the continuous of decadence after the commitment of a first decadent act. Like this I consider the act of betrayal as a first decadent act and I consider if I shall continue living with you maybe because of comfort?, and still feel desire with all this, no! It can be no more.

These are the notions that betray me. Excess of information choked on the tunnels of living, imagined, read memories. Then, we say this crying on the arms of each other, she asking why if she loves me and I feeling the evil creating remorse, a nervous abscess, I can't tell her, maybe she will not want me anymore, I can tell nobody, it will die stuck in my heart, so...?!, but is it not about that we are talking, of breaking now? Am I trying only to disguise a fact or am I simulating a fact? We don't see each other for four days.

On monday I go to the library, I am interested on to discover Jean Cocteau and a book called *La voix humaine*. I start reading a monologue where a woman speaks on the phone with her lover trying to have him back. At a certain time, Maria appears red-eyed trying to talk with me. She seats and we start talking. I look at her. I see her love for me and I ask my self why she loves me, I ask if she ever have suspected and I ask my self if I am guilty? We go to have coffee. My self with guilt over my eyes, I just don't cry out of convention even if I have red eyes and she interprets that redness, who knows??, as a sign of repentance maybe or perhaps love is blind and she wants me as a blind.

I say I am sorry. I kiss you truthfully today. We return home together, happy, it's always like this, it has been happening often, we break and we return. When we break there exists an horrible cry and despair. When we return there exists a beautiful cry and an extreme happiness. Over the intervals I have time to recycle the memories recording jazz tapes to offer to that Joana I had, her birthday is in June, and to whom I write a poem telling in between clocks, times and dates: it's no longer possible to offer you another rose.

There was a time when we were getting ready to head off home, Joana decided to clean and stretch the sheets of our bed. The sheets were of the colour blue and I knew there was there a red spot. Yes!, Maria lost her virginity before the scheduled date and Joana noticed that red spot but did not mention it. She put an honourable pose as of a maid or even a mother and she cleaned with humility and proud, a right she was transforming on duty and a smile on the lips.

Why did I stare at this living picture?

Why didn't I come closer to her and did not hug her strongly?

Why didn't I tell her: Oh woman! Kiss me. I adore you and I know you adore me.

Why did I return her the earrings? They were so beautiful, looked like silver.

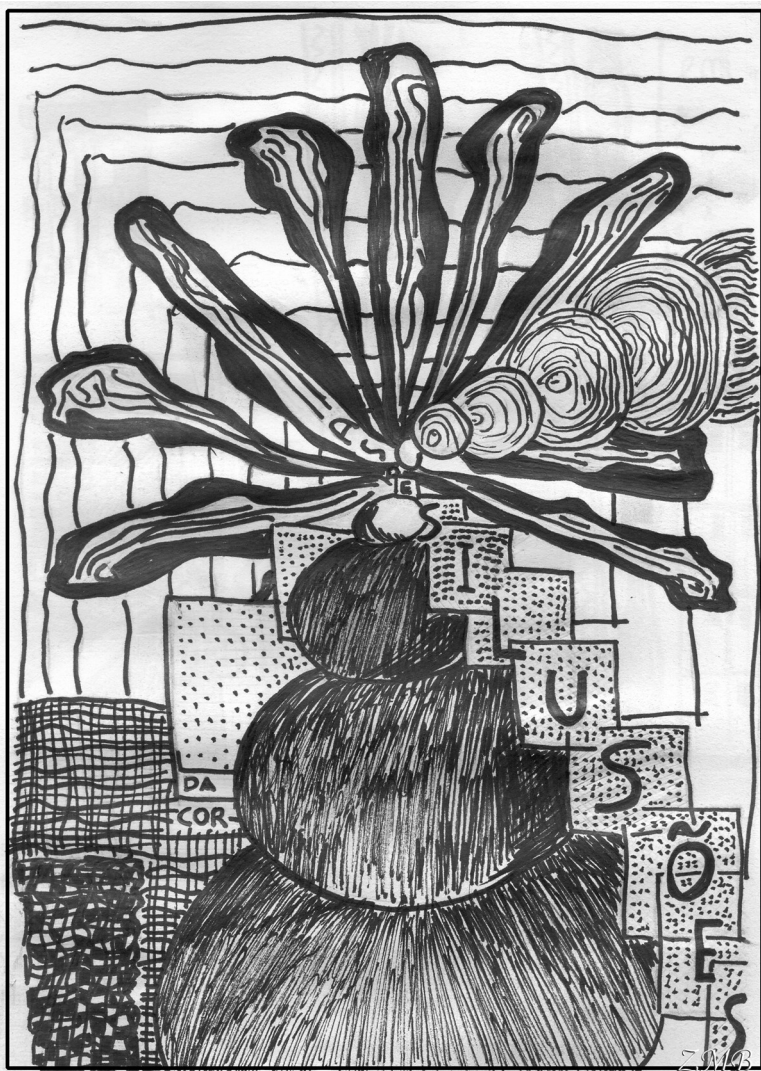
Perhaps she was superior than me and nothing I had to offer in return.

Today I feel sad. Today that I am respected but not wanted. But I had to think on Maria. I couldn't dishonour her.

And what did happen to the rose I never sent? I saw Joana a few times more during next year until she moved out of town. Today I feel sad to not see her again and offer her a bouquet of roses.

Then what's the reason?, what's the why of the discussion?

Why? Perhaps because she doesn't want me anymore but I should have asked... and today, at this very moment, I ask why I feel peace when I kiss her on the screen, shall the comfort continues to be the cause of my love, shall it be fear of looking for a new love, discover it again after having lost it, eventually never find it and become a loner?



## F Chapter CD

### **The disillusion about colour**

*Coil: Horserotorvator: The golden section*

*Coil: Horserotorvator: The first five minutes after death*

*Coil: The angelic conversation: Montecute*

I shall tell now things difficult to tell, mainly concerned with the faraway past. Almost fifteen years passed since this situation. Now the wind of time is different. Four coffees a day. Sometimes an hamburger, other times a chicken sandwich or tuna or cow sandwich at Marnoto's. But the routine spread its laws: the canteen alternating with daddys' home.

Hey! Stop the party for a minute! I said daddys and I got it wrong.

Where I wrote daddys I should have written parents.

But even being this way I am not very far from the truth or am I not the son of two egyptian statues? I write all this now as if everything is in a future when it would be possible for an adoptive son of an homosexual couple fell in love. That child would be a funambulist by profession. He would be called C. and would be twenty one years of virginity moaning anxiously waiting a brute rape. Due to the cultural realities he would give entrance in the food reeducation center FReEC at Derza and in there just from the beginning he would reveal literary skills, listen what he wrote while listening to COIL, on an egyptian mood while looking a family photo:

"I am the son of two sphinxes and She is represented by a bust reproduced on the same page. She is the woman, the princess of my destiny. The two egyptian statues are my real fathers, my mother sings a musick out of a CD player, she seems to be describing a ritual, I listen and try to correspond with the creation of my last work. Then, I rub half a tube of green on the canvas, it symbolizes what they, my parents, want more, that is to say: semen. They sing, sing hallelujah and say: oohh...

I am a liberal son! I accept the fact of my parents are an homosexual couple and one of them my mother who sings.

I know they just now have revealed themselves or was just now I discover them but they were always here, they watched me, never imposed over me, they coded the information for that one day I could discover the truth. I believe to be the sole owner of this secret. I will never reveal it. If so I would be called a madman. It's not correct to tell truths that can offend this

world. Of course I say this because I am inside of FReEC.

My princess knows obviously all about this, she is also part of this cosmic plant, I know, everything was planned among the families, I know she knows more than what I know and more than what she reveals on the phone, she is the princess that awaits for me, the humble son of two egyptian statues to come to her.

Time doesn't matter, after all we live on eternity, we are immortal”

As for me, humble painter R. says no more than this: the princess is no more 'cause she has shifted identity. I feel no regrets. I live the sadness of revisiting the past work, at the time this old story was thirty years old. I was going to return from holidays at the countryside.

I wrote to Maria and blabbed about the dance on August 15, a religious date in this shitty hole. Thirty years ago I did dance. Afterwards only with difficulty and loads of resignation in weddings or baptisms. As of today I don't have a social life for dance! Days before calling her to arrange the return from holidays, on the moment where the village girls seemed to me too much young girls, I decided I would prefer the soft maturity, the sculptural beauty of my Maria because Joana was rubbed from the wish memory or from the wish list of online libraries' payment systems. I thought about this while listening to her voice but did not tell her about. I had my knees on the floor of the living room and I was trying to fix the curtains of the large window of parents house at Triza. By my side, the phone list and the phone. I dialed the numbers and she answered on the other side. I said I was going to return to Derza next week. She mentioned with a bit of fury to the dance I described on my letter, a letter written almost as love declaration... and she was asking if, who knows? not certainly the fucking God, I did not googled googled some chick in the party dance. Beers and such, innocent joints to the native girls... Innocent! What a word this: innocence, the native american have peyote that... is the means of reaching divinity. Innocent these native chicks, so flowerly, so juicy, so nhammynhammy, but I had nor time nor the time. It was the village party, at the end a fifteen minutes medley before the fireworks and all would be ceased by then. I didn't have nor time or the time for a softy little kiss. Oh such a pity! It was not a pleasant call.

During next week the cat would die three times and his being went down just in time to admission at FReEC. Here is what the professor O. told C. inside there leaning on white walls with electric hot air coolers:

“The first death: The golden section, friendship. Bang! The second death:

The first five minutes after death, the drug. Bang! The third death: Montecute. Love and Mary. Bang, bang, bang!!! Over just one week, yes... in three days! A smashing dose for a son made out of the lascivious dedication of his solar parents, always with COIL as soundtrack. With errors we learn, I had my dose too, oh C., I could be your father..."

After this and beyond frenetically on the future, the cat would cease to exist several more times from the world, from love and in the end, from his own identity. Like an onion skin, his self would peel off and would run away judging by the incredible way of walking on the street at lunch time talking to walls, going inside waiting rooms of bus stations offering travels to distant places and sharing joints with accent and purple skins from the Cassiber shop and going to imagine that Joana would appear as his saviour from impotence.

R. takes the grey book and after skipping he starts reading:

The world, love, identity, the gift of the word and communication, the gift of loving, the gift of not doubting about being sufficiently loved, the gift of being happy and being able of work...

The funambulist heads off home. This is separated from the first evidences of city vegetation, peoples, buildings and lights due to a path of five minutes walk on a tar street making a parabolic trajectory with the crickets feedback and the noise of trains passing in the distance. I've always liked trains, says my inner voice. On the street, I listen the answer of someone who says: Well at least he would be able to work on trains.

Sometimes is nice to feel this silence. Today it is claustrophobic. When I reach the traffic lights and instead of entering the city sonorous confusion, I follow the calm trough the national road until the next traffic lights. I feel a strange mental confusion. I've had it experienced already in books, meanwhile reality is very different thing altogether perhaps because I find that nothing must be real.

I step outside a shopping mall and a graveyard almost shaking hands, I walk by slow streets, dark and filled on the side with beautiful villas with rose gardens from where I pick flowers to the collection. When I finally arrive to civilization there may be eleven p.m.m.

With time to spare I decide to go to the casino. I'm looking for unknown people and an informal ambient mood. I never have luck but today this is not important and actually it seems one of those days when we play cards and in the end we lose just to discover the neighbours' glass roofs.



Well! I need to explain this real image: by some trick the television is screening a movie called *Hunger* with Catherine Deneuve and David Bowie, it starts with wolves and vampires. I tell to the Benfica supporters from the football: ja ciao great movie! There is someone who asks what fun can there be on watching an animal devouring meat. I say no thing... but there is a Benfica supporter, just in case we shall call him by the name of Mr. Spring Greens, who says he had already watched the movie, he says the subliminal paragraph that makes him the digger of his own grave – when it's time to assume the fact, it's hell as fuck. I say nothing. I just laugh, one more discovered, he babbled and I know his secret, and he knows I know, he's one more to hate me. I prefer obviously to laugh and ignore my own roof... and now, almost by magic, his roof is gone. And about losing the play of dice or the cards, I can excuse me self with bad luck.

I ask a beer, another one and next a Martini.

While I score the numbers I go on to associate some ideas acquired through the reading of Genet, ideas like treason, the elegy of beauty, the definition of the glorified ideal as the today situation, a bit fascist we may say. My self, in real life, just two hours after having practiced an act I defined as of treason, and what act is this? In my opinion, I did betray friendship and trust. If to treason I add ingenuousness I can define purity or my purity. Shall I be pure then? But shall I want to be pure? I am here machiavelically losing money without caring and this act, worth of a company manager just because he has enough money to waste, is just my way of regretting having practiced the act of treason. I mix good and evil with confusion. They mix, they become one only being, androgynous and without inner meaning, only outer meaning – the image. Then, I say that purity shan't exist, I should have betrayed in conscience as if I wanted to do it and by no reason. To understand the reasons doesn't put us on the right track of reason. Ingenuousness doesn't make us less guilty. Mockery and cold sweats run down my skin, how can I admit to my self that we do things that shan't be done?

And after the casino, what does the card tell next? Dunno yet. Maybe a coffee shop called Oldman where I eat bread with cooked liver and red wine. I drink to forget, it's not good to drink to forget. Moon is violent with scarlet horses. Moon is violent with scarlet horses. (ad eternum...), continues my inner voice, the old revolutionary O..

Inside the Armenia Bar I lean to the counter closer to the dancing pitch where I can observe several human beings having fun or, who knows?,

someone also full of shit. Maybe it's just a matter of disguise.

Someone comes to talk but my voice is strange. Tonight I am not the long hair'n'shirt high school nerd who smokes pot nor the most glamorous playboy living on the planet wearing a navy blue suit on the disco, I cut my hair two weeks ago and while smoking a cigarette at my door my neighbours spoke to me and said I looked like a man now, as for the suit, well, only if it is my working suit. Tonight, I grew suddenly older and my voice reflects my thought, it's not the mask of it. It seems that from this night on, it will be always that voice strange, tense, cold, too much profound considerations with the exception of some cases often frequent of madness delirium. To better occupy my spare time I lay my self down on the couch and when I stop reading slowly a paragraph I look to the absolutely white ceiling, I freak out, make comparisons, take conclusions and everything seems to adapt to the reality as if in each paragraph was contained some psychogeographic content in action. All is so strange, so different. Everything is as I am going through a dangerous process lacking objectivity. Funny, I don't hate humanity, hate I only feel it for my self, I feel nausea of not having fun tonight as all the others. As I don't even have the will to try, reality so starts to appear as an infinite succession of circles and more circles drawn over burning coal where I try to balance my self in them. I have to confess I've never tried yoga. I am a kid.

Somebody talks about a deal. Somebody talks to me about experiencing coke. How much? Fifteen euros, tomorrow at Oldman around nine p.m.m..The deal are us and the element X., the Y. and Z.. Ok. I call the waiter and ask for another beer. Later appears Ganza. It's very rare to find her but when she shows up she never fails, there are always ganja around. Dontcha wanna spliff? Sure!, a mountain spliffed... but here, inside? She looks around, analyses and concludes: You're right, better outside, let's wait for a while, now I don't feel like, I've smoked and smoked here inside. When the bar closes then? Yes.

When we go outside, our eyes instantly start searching for a cozy green place because they say the police has been around this places, hey look... it's right here in these stairs, wanna see? I look and see the stairs in the back of a four-step building, it's right here. Maybe in two hours time it will dawn. Do you have a cigarette? Can I do the roach? Can be all right. I think I'm nothing but a rusty sieve to select corn. I observe Ganza, I conclude that it doesn't matter how much time it takes to produce a joint but what does matter is that quality remains, that aesthetically the Joint would be the One.

I think on the rhetorics, on happiness, on why people feel the need of talking with other people. When the silver paper is picked from the wallet, Ganza wraps the stone in it and explains to me that, like this, heat can distribute itself regularly over all ganja surface. I discover I'm still a rookie in these matters. When she burns the paper end of the produced spliff and finally lights it on, a threesome conversation becomes to develop: Ganza, my consciousness and my self.

She starts to tell one of many and lengthy stories about ganja and angel dust. I do doubt, ask how and why, answer yes or no, my consciousness takes her conclusions always full of double meanings. She discovered irony, once she was called cynical, maybe my consciousness is some kind of mad psychiatrist or a mass analyst. Shall we smoke another? I was beginning to wonder why not. It dawns.

When I head home walking very slowly around nine a.m.m. I try to come out of the fog. If it's worth of saying this, I only go to bed after noon after having written eight pages. Beyond ganja the format pleased me, a threesome dialogue. Unfortunately I lost all this when the alienated-but-in-love self crashed and dis-crushed changing skin afterwards to become the junkie self.

In the time longitude it follows a white dream.

I awake around six p.m.m. With the head, the heavy eyes but absolutely calm. I think on this outer calm of my self, but the inner self says I am alone and hung up the world, I can allow my self not say a word during the walk to the café but it sounds like a taboo. While I grab my coffee, I reread what I wrote and try to understand the idea, the yet obscure and very imperceptible idea of becoming a writer. Certainly to heal my self. I agreed yesterday at Armenia on smoking coca tonight. I talk about a book, about a sin, a fraction of evil, of a pure try on morality, to be honest. By feeling guilty, my desire is to self destruct, to self forget.

Around nine p.m.m. I arrive at Oldman and sit besides Y. that waits, now no more alone. I ask for a coffee and start thinking on the book *Roman avec cocaïne* from Aguév. Ten minutes later, X. enters. What I know of him is only the surface but it doesn't take the time to spliff twice to start not liking him and verify I have nothing to say. As of me, it's his first time also but he has the nervous state of a junkie, he scratches the nose several times, often says things without meaning, his hysteria suggests me vaguely that hysteria of a pimp speaking to the ladies over a bad and disastrous night. Never was so bore to have to wait to score. In the next twenty minutes I

think on Aguéev and Filipe LaFéria and on what have I to do with all this? Finally everybody comes in, we are six men, we go to a house near by, the host starts to unwrap the silver paper and explain to us: we're going not to sniff the coke but to smoke it. They say it's the basis of crack and we are not so rich. Doesn't matter, we all await and the element X. scratches his nose. My inner self discloses the image of Alice on a snow land. Weird! My first try on the crack has no effect, element Y. says the same and only X. is freaking out. Stupid or because society creates stupid. My second try suggests to my inner self the band Portishead, I feel lonely and besides I think I love you. No thing happens. Hey man, I'm tripping, says X.. Who had already experienced it allows no thing to say, they have their way the cheer up the drug.

We all head out of this house and return to Oldman where beer is asked. Nothing unites us, are you listening?, says my inner voice. We drink beer tonight because most of us have the will to drink everyday and because tonight we have smoked coca together. This is for me a nihilist act. I feel the lips cold. I drink and I feel this cold, a slight and continuous cold. Sincerely I was expecting other sensations, I feel like a wine taste angry with the bad quality of the wine and that nobody touches me! At the table they are talking about business, someone couldn't get the ganja or then the friend smoke more than what he should, the part of his colleagues and in the end some one talks about heading out to another house for more than simple courtesy.

We enter. The divisions are empty in the dark. We seat on the living room and we watch tv. After a while, element Z. gets up and knocks on one of the doors with light coming out from the fringes. What do you want? I wanna have our son at forty, my inner voice says to no one. I wanna bury my mind in shit. Flying moments. The noise of a door opening, a degradation where I've never been, they smoke heroin over the bed. What makes my impressions mostly are not the smoking in itself but the face twitches, the desires, the paragraphs outing impatience: if we had coke we could smoke speedball, hey la prata stopped there mister? Wanna try? No. Perhaps my will to disappear is not so truthful.

Y. and my outer self return to Oldman. We ask for green wine. They say wine cuts off the effect of the coca but how can it be if nothing happened? I don't get it. It seems this night never ends. I was more interested in that my fifteen euros would score something and not just the recollection of sublime poets. Even a score like the transformation in some zombie species

like the one who came into the coffee without being able to tell a word, release a gesture, stop reeling in the bar. When you smoke dust as a question of experiencing it may be nice to look to the tip on the shoe during all afternoon but when you over time observe the evolution of your ganja mates, who really nice by the way, tell jokes and all and after comes the decay in physical suffering, in the illusion of reality entering in rooms begging for smokes and nobody can help them because we may well be on the same side of the fence or we don't have the will or the stomach patience to help, something tells me that the desire to disappear needs other means to be fulfilled.

I don't recall much more things on this day with the exception of calling her. She must be arriving from holidays, I have a sincere ton of longing and love to give... back. It's for me difficult to speak about next night. There are scary things.

We agreed on having dinner at her house. Over three months was the time we didn't see each other. I cannot be in a good mood as a consequence of the previous days and I am about to notice some reserve on her side, example: very simple things like wanting as usually to kiss her and she reply that the kitchen must be cleaned first, second she has to go phone and go somewhere. We walk to a phone booth, we go to Armenia drink beer, it can be noticed that she has something to tell but not easy to tell, we decide to play pool. I don't score a decent play, my head blows, it's colder than ever. When the game finishes I want to go home, she wants to go somewhere else. Fuck! We're not together at about three months. It's not difficult to surmise the whys but when those whys seem to be starting to happen it's easy for me to desire my self as an without-head self and in that image to think we're just facing bad mood. When we finally enter we go to watch tv and some time later she gathers strength and says that from now on she doesn't want to be with me anymore, she just wants to be my friend. I listen all. The headless self option is no more, says the inner voice, the lamp was on, it was just my self who had cloth over to cover it, now the lamp was set on fire.

My first words are a monument to coldness: Then, we're finished. I'm leaving. She says: Don't go, I would like that you spent this last night with me. Why? If you wanna break up with me? With tears she says: I wanted to do it before holidays but I didn't have the courage, I was to close to you... three months passed and I had time to think if it was worth of to continue... I want to be your friend.

I listen all this and see my self beyond belief accepting all this very quietly. I'm laid down her lap, I tell her I like the music on the musick channel, I tell her I'm not going to spent the night with her, she says it would be easier to accept this way. As if it was possible two lovers, now ex of each other, sleep together as friends, as if there was no love or just a superior form of love.

All flushed down the toilet.

We went to bed. I say: see you tomorrow; and lean to the other side of the bed, I notice I can't sleep and feel passing in front of my eyes all the time we spent together. Can I hug you?

She says yes, I start to hug her, kiss her, kiss her harder, almost in despair I beg her let's make love and it's funny to notice on how many times before I thought on this, *comme s'il était la dernière fois*. You fucking know the tune.

She starts to cry saying no. I try to force her, nothing, I feel like crazy, airless, everything seems small, dark, no thing exists anymore.

When we wake up next morning, the first thing that comes to the mind of the funambulist is to get the hell out there and run very far away. But he returns and knocks on the door, he forgot to put on his shoes. He walks towards home. The morning is shinning. The sun is and demands sunglasses to the rings round the eyes. On the way home he makes a stop in a pastry shop to cool down his nerves.

On the next saturday, the alienated self went to play football with his mates. It was a sign that a change was necessary to the cat.

We'll talk later on about this. Now I'm going to read you a very important poem as that cat would start to take more attention to his mirror and to follow towards the wolves. He would start to reflect upon himself:

“Terror and fear.

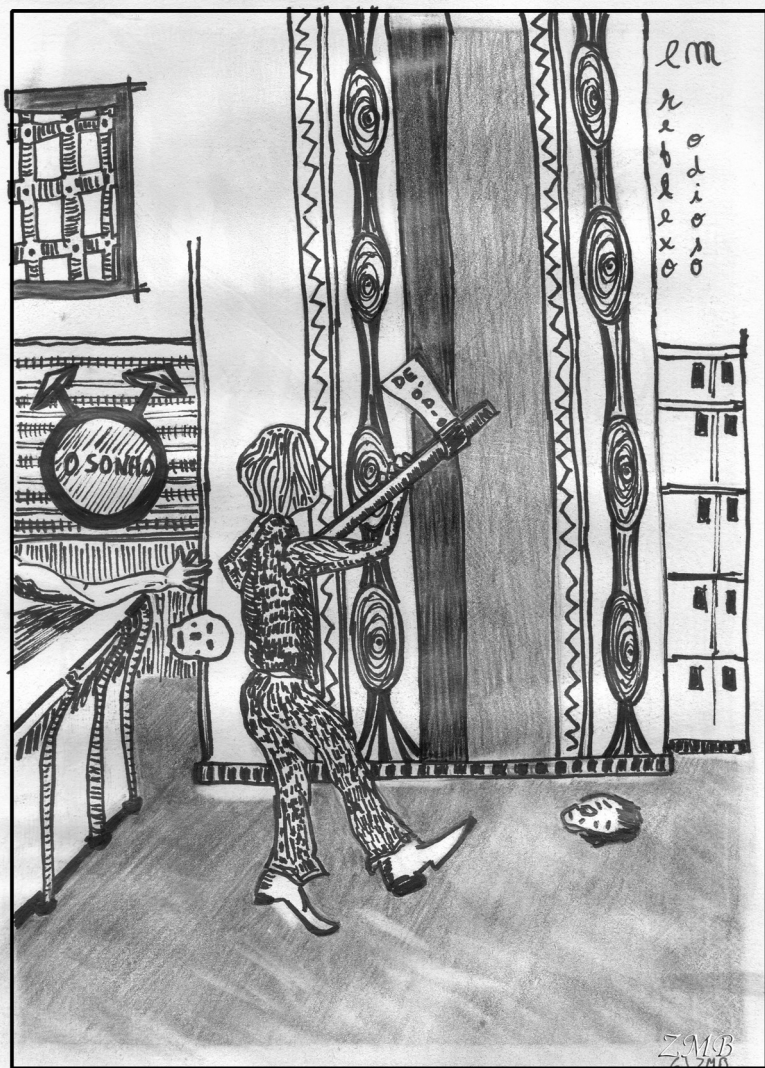
Stranger than kindness *comme s'il était la dernière fois* a young god will ever kiss Her or perhaps it was just no one saw the carny go watch 3 crows during 3 days, born young dead on the 3rd week of Autumn.

Terror and fear.”









G Chapter minus CD

## **The dream of hate on a hateful reflex**

*Gunter Hampel Music: Music from Europe: Make love not war to everybody*

I head off home around nine p.m.m. to grab a coffee and some food. Maria broke up with me one week ago. It's cold, very very cold. As now it's not raining, who knows later.

I walk down the road. I look to the houses in mansion style, I look to their wooden doors, to the bushes making of the mansion walls. A few trees exist spaced on the road margin, they are long willows. The green leaves get rich hues from the sunset and are at this hour brilliant, they are illuminated by the cars that pass. Actually is rare cars to pass on this road. There are months that it rains around without stop but today this sunset is brilliant. It's always cold, very cold.

I've been listening to a lot of Portishead I recorded from XFM radio. The singer's voice fascinates me. Her animal lascivious voice, whispering on my headphones daily... I imagine her self at Armenia in front of an audience of cats, wolves and normals with cowboy spurs, her self seducing them. They drink beer and smoke Marlboro, my self to pin the difference smokes skin rolled tobacco, it's cheaper and when the drum&bass speeds up and black and white photographs are projected on the screen behind the stage, it gives my self a total stoned sensation that I look everybody, I look all the cowboys, I imagine in them a lot of funny things, it's true! I'm laughing of everybody, I'm tripping, ahahah, I am really into misanthropy and desires of revolution, it's my way of protesting against solitude.

In my dream, She is a fetish not sudden, not unexpected. You say: Fuckin'hell, a sunday afternoon in a movie theater and popcorns on the mall is fucking expensive man. I say: Come on give it a try!

It starts to rain, it seems like a deluge choking toilets on a public road.

When I arrive at Café Soldt I ask for a coffee and toasts with butter. Now it starts to rain in the dark of the night where windows are flogged by straps of wind, on the distance the motorway cuts the landscape. Suddenly in the moment of swallowing a bit of coffee and a bit of toast I have a epileptic flash metaphorically provoked by small corpuscles of light created from the dripping falling water and I start to dream... but not with the abominable

1949 Nobel prize winner in medicine.

I hear ancestral musick I can not recognize, strange musick, I recall once having read on the newspaper a story about ancestral caves lost in faraway mountains, somewhere very faraway where there is no cold no rain. The air is impregnated with incense and voices echoing on the top of big and old trees. I don't know what kind of trees exist There but at this very moment by the action of certain momentary clicks I come into a wild environment with vertical landscapes, brown logs mixed in the darkness of green leaves. I can hear animals in the distance. On each instance there exists a sound that fills the composition. I am lost on a jungle with a photographic camera, a lamp, one flash and a notepad and/or I am a photographic reporter of the newspaper *The scandal*. It is of my duty to obtain conclusive proofs about murder cases at the faraway There.

I sit and start rolling a cigarette over an improv rock made of a devoured elephant's mortal remains and improv roll on clothes of an indian eaten alive by the red ants I've seen on a movie when I was ten years old. By circular smoking I equally breed the jungle smell, I listen to the monkeys, the serpents and the whispering zzzs of green poison. I am becoming aware on the colourful on-off background breakpoints of light and a diffused orange out of black candles. The continuous melody coming out of a flute announces There. I listen drums. I have a recorded image. A black etching, a landscape of trees, a platform of wooden logs present its self as a stage where below there exists what seems to be a pyramid of logs collected on the roundabout bushes. The flute is making its self louder and clear. Dramatic melody. I see incandescent torches moving in the darkness following routes, I listen to drums beating steps, I see grimaces, wry faces, flash blades cutting blues on the germinating bush leaves, I listen to the flute initiating the procession that brings Her incarcerated on a open cube and tied by riggings to the platform. The drums come over two elephants who are the guardians of the queen She. There are eunuchs that bring jars of aphrodisiac poison, oils rolled with rolling tobacco metaphorically smoking the dead skin of the metaphorical She-Christ, oils that alter the behaviour from the stars of this photographic report. It is in this jungle environment I must fulfill my mission. The victim is a young and promising pop singer born somewhere. The accusation is unknown until now. I must cover the facts. This is my job, ok?, I must fulfill it with duty, be professional and assist to the ritual death by incineration, I am now told by the drunken eunuchs, of one of the maharajah's women, you see... the

rajah died and thus everyone was sent to the romantic pyre lost in the map. She was the chosen one, she must have been too much beautiful for all this lost on opium and green There. The eunuchs get drunk and smoke in honour of Our Lady Kali and give drinks to the young woman that lives her destiny with joy. She's without reaction. She's there poisoned. I take photographs. The musick is now resounding, cymbals come each way more sonorous, torches light the cube. I record images made of orange flames thrown to the green of my eyes as murderous knives. I record the moment. Finally and in between the smoke, I discover the red hues of that flesh violently burnt. When I am framing one of those flames like knives I notice that two guards have found me. I see the murderous knives they throw at my eyes. I discover I am lost, I have to look for a quick way of escape but the photographic report, that object is there. Bye.

Like this I return to enter at Armenia. I never had imagined describing Armenia. Sometimes, it is a long rectangle and in the middle several pillars made of polished bone divide the several spare areas. The walls, made of orange brick, are dressed with sweet cotton with sugar and oriental flavours. Aphrodisiacs, incense and ivory emanate smoke that, under the strobe effects emitted from the DJ cabin, incorporates in its self the metaphor of a closed fog where the heads are seen in strong contrasting colours. There are also funny blue sofas, a dog used to sleep under the sound of Pixies but that was before the coup d'etat given by the man known as The White Collared Man, certainly in a movie near all of us we have heard his name.

After all this incense, the memory of the sacrifice takes me to the extreme of feeling my hands heavy and as I look into them I discover the function of the ax I saw on the shop. I look to everyone with misanthropy but I may look misogynist if it is not jealousy manifesting or just the memory of a dream I had... I don't know, now I don't care for interpretations but in front of me convex mirrors manifest their selves and reflect the fury I throw to the dancing spurs, they want Her but even in a misanthrope there is some gentleness, maybe it is just the fetish making the spell and my desire is to protect her, protect her from their eyes, she's mine! The finale is an apotheosis, washes of blood and heads being kicked to the corner, strips of flesh dripping down the walls, throw them white paint, they say it reflects everything and at the same time it hides everything, it's the colour of angels, I don't know.

I got arrested, dragged by framed dreams, the sum total of decadence initiated.

I then ask my self what to do with all of this. When I wake up I look to the alarm clock and cry out in despair because I failed to attend to the first two lectures of the day, I say the problem is of the order of a progressive series. I failed the exam score by a distraction mistake: where it should be put a 'plus' I put a 'minus'. After discussing with professor O. the reason I didn't score well, it took to my self two years of acquired refusal mode to concentrate my self and score well on the final exam. My attitude changed and there are nights when I come to the sofa, I play a music on tape, I open a study book, I solve the exercises, I ask my self about the integral rules on dirac analysis and in the intervals I ask for the philosophical meaning of convolution. I dream her on the beer I drink, on the roasted chestnuts with cheap wine plus two valium pills inside a rum glass by the time I found her again on the city plaza on a rainy night. She is under the protection sheets of the garden stool. We go to Armenia. I sit watching her dance. Next, she comes to sit aside of my self. I'm so environmental gonzo wako and full of sweat and so suffocated in smoke that I don't hear nothing of what she says. I think she says something about something but I don't understand a thing in the middle of the techno beat. I get up and leave the club passing by the small tinted-of-yellow-and-shadow houses. I sit down under a garden tree. In front of me and in the street, people return from Armenia. I lay down to watch the stars.

I fall asleep or I have a white flash and when I return to the path I walk on the sideways and imagine I dreamed awake during five minutes, I may have passed by the small wooden bridge over the lake, going up the soil steps in the back of the houses. By facing the street maybe I turned left, I contoured two willows at my right, then aside a trash can I turned left again and enter the circular way to the hospital avenue where I wake up to the reality of being a somnambulist as it is always this route I use to reach home. A curious fact: I can always check if the room lights are on or off. In the distance the light emanating by her window is off. Maybe she's not home. On Victory Street, the light is on. By the blinds I can see lamp shadows. I listen distant jazz coming out the open window. I almost ring but I am drunk. I can't find a motive to explain to Her the reasonings of my love.

It was late. I needed to sleep... but I continue to adore you and you are my poetry. Here it is one more:

...And then my momma said: look that marshmallow as the desert...

...And my poppa said: well son, I tell you son, it's no good to go out without shaving your beard son... son...

...And my momma adds: my little sun, at least you could change the colour of the shirt from black to orange red...

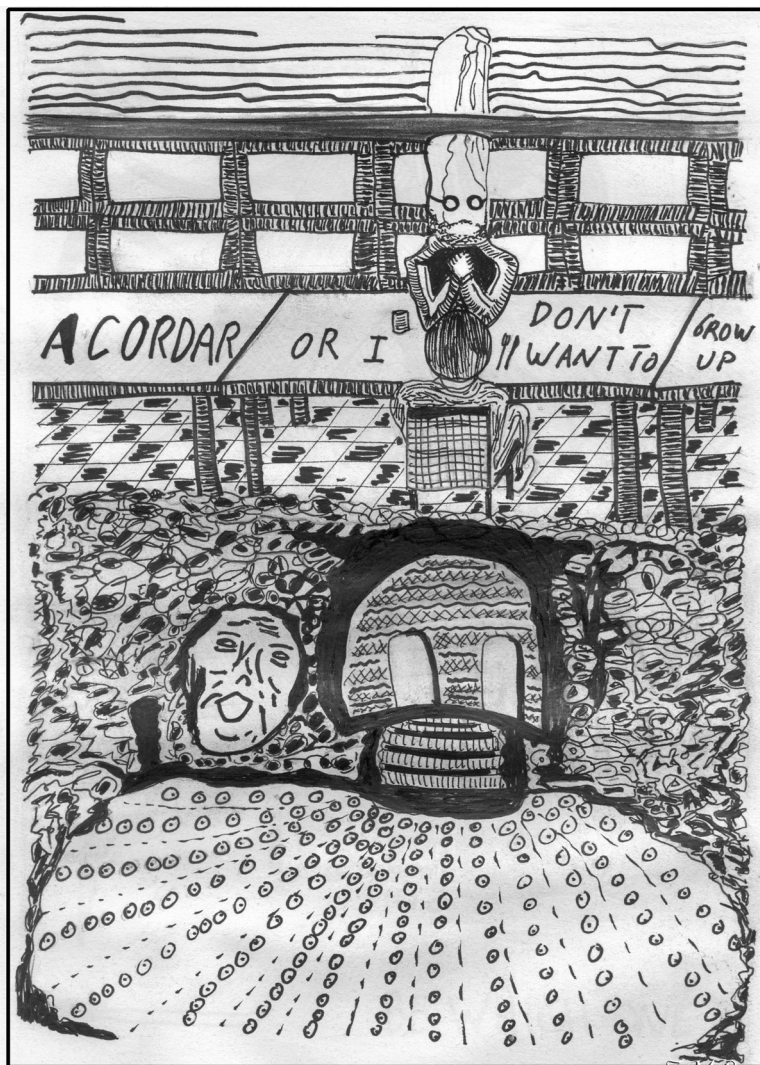
...And my sisters open up croissants with a knife to fill them with ham and cheese and drink unnatural orange juice...

...And I think the little brother with the rounded glass and moustache has no more clues...









ZMB

## H Chapter VII

### **Awake or I don't want to grow up**

*John Zorn: Elegy: Blue*

*Einstuerzende Neubauten: Zeichnungen des patienten O.T.*

Sensibly around one p.m.m., a bell rings at FReEC or as it is called: the prison. This bell tells lunch time. Then and as in a good comedy movie recorded with the demanded frugality, the doors of individual cells are opened and out of them the convicts group in a row. A traffic light policeman whistles and the long march begins at the sound of Vangelis, it seems actually the long march of spermatozoa towards the uterus.

Inaugurated two decades ago, this prison is a monster in permanent renewal. Thugs of our society coexists, as we know, with the establishment of the letter society – the vulgar alphabet. Everyday new members join this fraternity directed by the white collared man that uses to gather, always with the plan of giving better conditions to the initiates, at café Gungunhana with the best engineers and architects of their order to project new pavilions. He heard they say in opinions written on newspapers that the new fashion will be the prison-boats, although these metaphoric ideas are efficiently corrected and adapted to the rules of the ruling government yes minister, from chaos always comes the light and from this point of view the prison is no thing more than an unordered complex but unorderedly following some beauty, some spacious grandeur. A nice way of express the irony of a system, they call it now a hipermodernist system.

Let's see then one snapshot taken at one o'clock and twenty one minutes p.m.m. showing an aerial view of the canteen surroundings: A long improvised hall where bizarre pyramidal constructions mix and confuse their selves with giant Hs and giant circles enclosing giants Hs certainly helicopters, an hexagonal hall, on one vertex an hell's mouth dug in pure granitic rock is the entrance we pretend to reach. It is now a matter of image in movement, the other vertex of the hexagon tint their selves in colour and fill in a succession of ants, throngs with hunger that want to have lunch.

I walk inside one of this throngs and don't like the prison food. I would prefer to cook it meself. We all have longing for our home, sometimes I refuse to eat, we could talk about rebellion, fury of life but meanwhile I still

consider myself as an virile and eccentric man.

I go up the stairs that give access to the canteen followed by hundreds of convicts but I go alone, I look in front, I look around, I disclose movements without adaptive content, movements without meaning. Everybody chat with each other, everybody chat about football and the excellent victory of FC Porto, they chat about a postcard their daughter sent them by the last xmas season, of this and that so deep important but in it I can not find any interest, I don't care much this days about my old heroes.

I whisper to my self that I have to eat, it's what I need if not I will start to feel the lack of weight in my stomach and eventually fall out, well... the first thing to do is to choose a clean tray, hum... done, well now the cutlery, hum... patience I take these even, hum... how succulent this is: beans with egg and tuna, my favorite food... I take now care of finding a convenient place, I feel cold sweats, some dizziness, nothing of much importance. At the bottom of the canteen the sun calls me. In front of me, a man sits, a man who can be my conscience of seemingly middle age stretches the hand with a smile on the lips and says:

To my friends my name is O..

When I listen his name, I become astonished with so much frugality, where did I hear this name before?, I look at him, enjoy the clean suit, the clean hair, the clean nails... but where did this guy come from? When I observe the way he spells 'O' I wonder if he is O...nanist? I answer trying a large smile, full of respect, in other times it could be ironic, today it's different, it is more discipline and less pies: Please to meet you.

The sun meanwhile keeps calling me, actually invites my self to fixate my thoughts out of this greenhouse.

“The girl I left... the boy she left... I want to keep it cool... I want to keep it as friends... I want only to remind the cool moments... no more tears no more... save all in a friendly mood... keep it nice... just keep it, please!”

When I wake up large moments after, it's now the time to look to the food tray but I notice that O. doesn't eat and actually has his hands crossed under the chin and looks persistently to me.

He asks then: How long are you here? I arrived one week ago and have been taking notice of you, been trying to talk with you actually, I see your self as always isolated, always calm or seemingly calm, tell me how old are you?, gotcha at first sight, I tell you there's no good a lad make up that kind of ideas, no. Believe me, the man who talks to you has great experience, besides if it was necessary I could tell I have a Ph.D. in philosophy.

I swallow two forks with beans and ask in a calm tone – the outer appearance of my identity today – what are the ideas he's talking about but letting some boredom to reveal itself, natural... a stranger comes and throws a thing like this...

Believe me boy, he says now in a mellow tone capable of putting authentic tears in our eyes, believe what I tell you, don't take me for some nuthead, no... don't put that face, look... I am going to tell you a secret without importance but please keep it with us, ok?

This time this fuck faked the score!, confidences at lunch time, someone sabotages the melancholy of my noons, of my half dose of beans with tuna, someone pretends to make of it a displaced social meeting, it can not be, no way!, then I think:

I am the fuck who goes for a sea sight carrying two magnum 44 followed by two sextons to whom I pay the black coffee and the toasts, to whom I escape from the walk, being in that moment called: refugee, perhaps due to the leather jacket, and go for a spliff in the sands while making ready one poem more for her... and then I shoot:

But who the hell are you to talk like that?, do you think perhaps I am interested in listening your nonsense?, let me have my lunch if you don't mind...

Listen... this guy is way beyond and to make a contrast with my attitude, releases the fork carefully and with even more care grabs my arm, prevents me of eating and as if he was saying: cool down my son have manners; he says then: Murder in first degree, do you know what it means?

I look to those hands, big, full of bones, I swallow a piece of bad cooked egg, I look to the sun and with a big coincidence a cloud crosses, I say now with even more calm and better manners: Can you try and explain, if you please? Well then, nothing very serious... a small fire at the church, some dozens of believers, priests and sextons included, nothing much... so... yeah, nothing we haven't seen around, I say with irony on the teeth but starting to feel interested. And why did you do what you say you did? He smiles and replies that the age my son, my age... age doesn't forgive, he continues on a dreamy and out of purpose tone, there are instances on a man's life where you have to make important decisions!, and O. slams the table, or you die forgotten or you live in the memory of all, but I did also wrote books...

I stop chewing for a moment, look to the dish, look to the side, in front of my self and on a small rectangular box continues the sun, I took the glass,

drink some water, swallow dry, keep chewing and in the end I ask: Don't you mind to explain better?

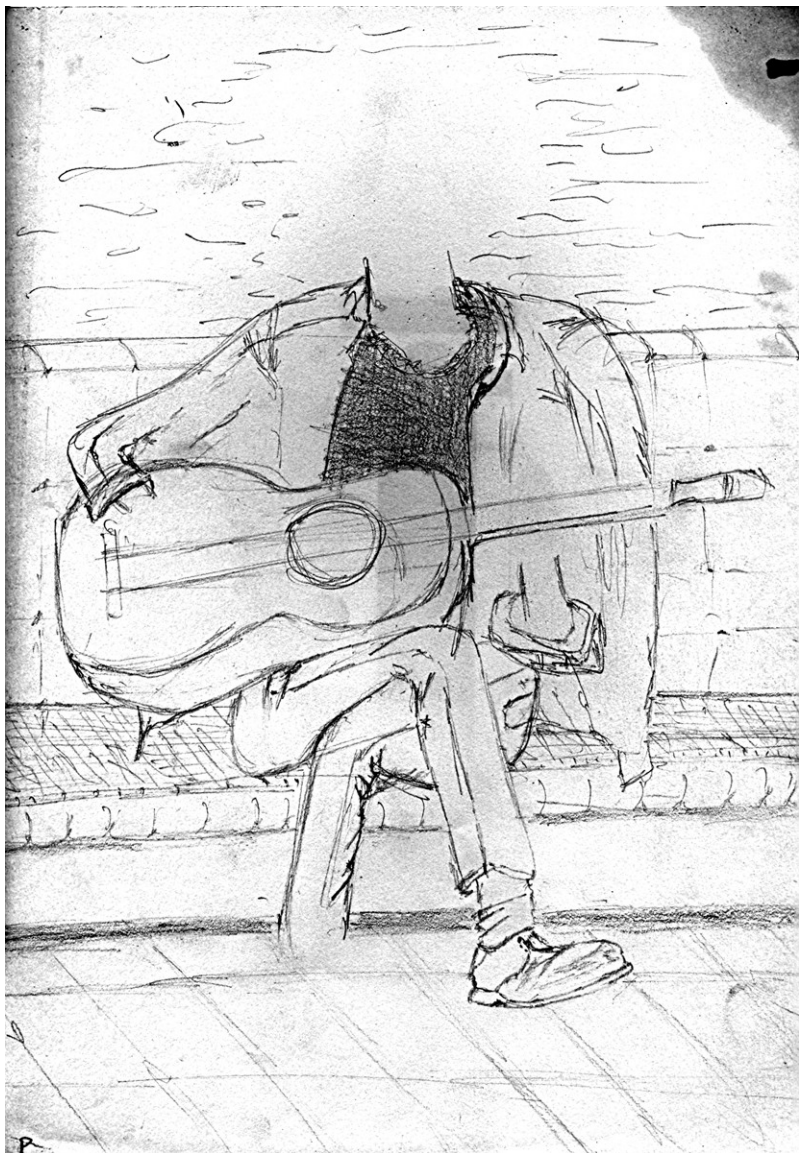
You do disappoint me my lad, you disappoint me.

The mirror, the Unix review says: his mind was observing the expression of a face who said: I always thought how nice could it be if I could be invisible, a rosemary flower in front of a narcissus, if I could look the devil that forks my self during the dream. The Data networks says: the photograph of O. with a certain touchable air, byzantine from Byzantium, hard eyeglasses, rough beard and grey looking outside, there at his front saying: the words have no face value now, they don't even save, we can say: no, it doesn't have to do with anything at all, it is my self who was yet not able to explain the hallucinations we can get by looking to certain electro magneto books nor even the complicated elliptic structured relations between the different characters, words ceased to have meaning, we don't speak more about them, it's just plain old nazi rhetoric, they annul their selves, words are no good shit, only acts can have face value, it's necessary to built, do you listen?, but to know what to do, how to built. O. gets up and before turning back he says: don't worry my son, I have trust and big plans for you. Meanwhile, look, I wrote this letter and before reading it to you, at the same time I write it in the kinda ph laptop, I am going to explain it to you: she represents a stage scene of an act of love, it's a potitik manifestus and goes along with a photograph of Luis Bunuel and Catherine Deneuve, and if you understand it I shall shelf it as thee poem sometimes you feel like writing to the society secretary, a so violent love poem only with the friendly fire of making her dismay and then it's better to say no, otherwise people will think the wrong shit. So there it goes:

Just to be noticed, Julius I my self am the author of this testimony, I the convicted to exile inside this high security prison and where as always exists a lettering saying: financed project by the Onion Society with lamps and more loads of shit... but that it never says when it will end and who is going to take possession of the poisoned laptop and how much that will cost to my pauper pocket and to the other pauper pockets and to the two or three thousand people that work in the society and to all the people who work hard from sunrise to sunset to get food to their children for that the country progresses and for that others full of shrewdness may have pos-security cameras installed to record the rock 'john doe' rock throwers who know, truly yours beloved audience, what canst be known... and then jail to them inside four shinny walls cleaned all day by beautiful cleaning ladies,

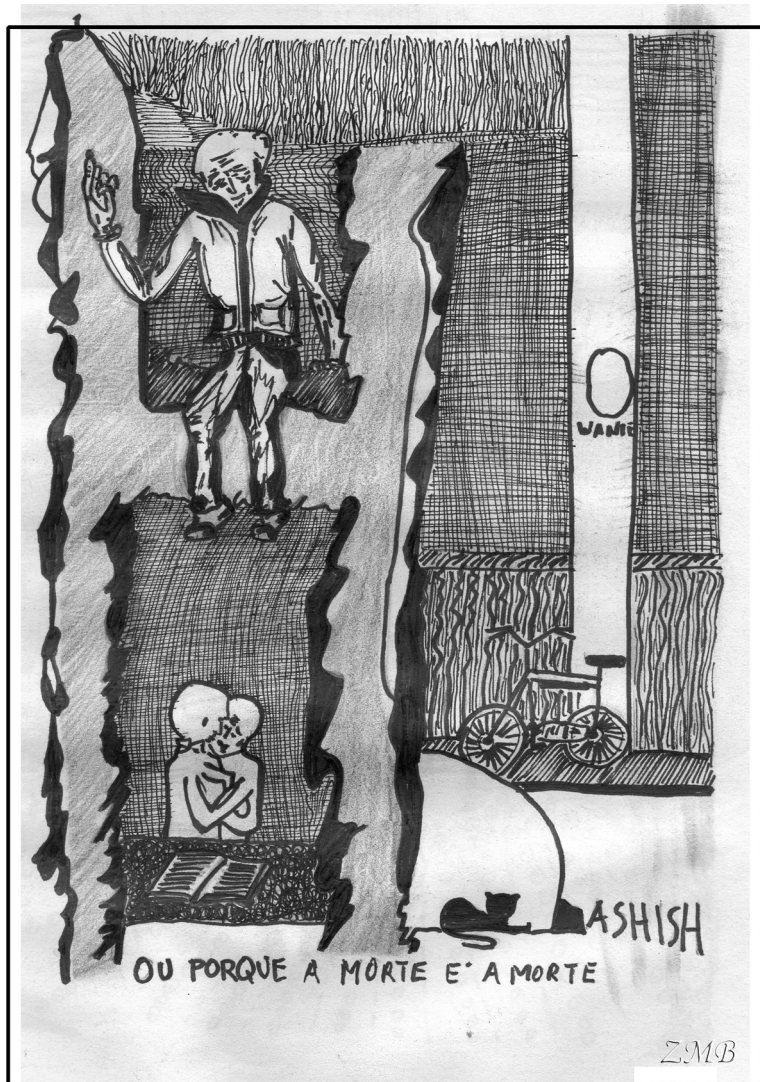
so beautiful as those, you the elder convicts use to rub the banana while watching them in the eurovision contests and jail nutheads like my self who call heifers to the chicks and who decided to strip the evil eye of society, for the record just a noble female sexton of my parish who denied her self to mine saying with care: Mr J., I have deep consideration about you but, you know, but your age doesn't forgive, besides my husband gives me food and joy. By hearing this I sent to hell the conventions and my self, a heir of Panurge, forgot the sacred place I was in and didn't waste time, the holy grail god forbid smacked her face down, I saw genesis arise, I my self feel no remorse. I think many of you may even agree with me, it's not a thing to be done to a man with a capital letter and if Sza Sza Gabor is on the eighties and gets loads of fresh boyfriends, where is the equality of rights?, ah!, bastard, you remind me, money, the infamous money, well I have loads of money, do you listen? or had not my self a Ph.D. in theology with a thesis on the gnostic Jordanus Brunus and the Cathars! I hate all world! That is natural and doesn't get away. The story about the Porto Wine is the biggest shit that some guy invented and after all I have no guilt of at that time listen to Chet Baker.

Sorry pal, I didn't get the Porto wine story, is it just for special occasions? No, what didn't work out well was the porto wine, it was forged. Anyway your time is over. We see each other at dinner time. I look and rest confused, Ph.D. in philosophy, murder in first degree, priests and sextons, ah... is another showoff man in between all others, I must be the perfect audience. To bear middle age pretending authority I have already my deceased father. Bah... I can't eat this shit.









## I Chapter minus VII

### **Hashish or because death is death**

*Current93: In menstrual night*

*The venerable chi. Medrig. Dzin lama Rinopche*

Funny... but when my error was put on trial by the authorities on a court room, considered guilty and finally when my moral conscience let in the guilt, I started to write with more detail revealing hidden details inside other details, other stories and my self realized I had aroused destruction after that violent suffering caused by a succession of events created by my self. Everything will be correct if we read the formula: once chosen the way there's no possible regret and even if there is guilt is follow the way till the end; I called them the runaways always straight ahead. Even so, I wouldn't like to call them coincidences. It's as if my self had asked for a destiny as the ambition to get it became the main reason to exist followed by the act each day more solitary of smoking hash, yes, I prefer each day more to smoke ganja alone. Why? It turns me inwards without the need of people, it makes me read, write and sleep well.

There are many frames since the initial one used to answer at the second grade of school: and now, what are you going to study next? I thought on being a race driver. So many frames of mind, as many as my memory can reach till the experimentation of other ambients, some reflexes and new experiences developing under the 'always old' Cassiber style, a big grey book.

Because of that, I fill the blank pages of the grey book with social analysis to the 'day', to our day yet, what we did, what appointments we took, whom we talked, the people who pass by, the coffees we ask for, the cigarettes they smoke, is it or not correct to speak about acquisition and perception of reality and assume walking on a path by simple observation? To notice, for example, that everyday we get up at the exact hour to go to classes or to work, next we lunch something, after we have coffee or water soda, we return at the end of noon to the café or home buying bread and milk or the newspaper and everything... all this to notice.

The monotony takes thus necessary the existence of other means to frame this destiny and here I ask my self if the means are the double point of escape or the united frame of that destiny, the destiny that came out as a

consequence of the generated ambition in the moment I became interested in diagrams of electric circuits as simple as the use of two batteries in series to switch on a lamp, I barely knew I would learn a lot of theory for nothing. The monotony makes it clear: I am wrong. Is it just to disguise or trying to solve the evident monotony that I become thoughtful when people speak vaguely to my self about sea trips and I start to think on leaving to the seas but the age to volunteer is gone and thus, is one more dreamy appetite for the future. On that occasion, I thought it would be a good way to start a new destiny or a new route or a new ambition born of nothing or, as if all was sterile, just a long pause to reflection. I always thought of my self as different, also people said I looked like a german, since young in age I thought on running away from home. The chosen path to stretch this feeling almost christian but with the values inverted (maybe here god is evil, who cares?, I don't) it's the solitary and rebel act. It becomes evident real truthful by the imagination of It, that this ritual is the nest of many surreal influences that might be developed to create something rebel. Why this sublimation using hashish? Why this need of rebellion? Because I think nobody likes to be beaten up by the authority only because at their time the authority was beaten up. Children should be loved and not only put in the world because the world needs workers to pay tax and obedient to the preacher. Thus, ganza is my quality time.

To look for a destiny and to fight for It and, with this end in mind, everything be taken away or frozen from the path for that it cannot interfere but only assist to my arrival to the stairs posited as a symbol... everything is nothing more than the means of reaching this end in less monotonous ways, this end we never know well which it is now and then going up to the last step and reach the platform, see what is beyond?? Maybe the eternity of something so christian we don't know, we learned it at the elementary grade of school, we heard they say, well if it's not connected with death then I don't know. What will be beyond that last step? No one knows but lots of people ask their selves or preach, call them esoterics, it's more correct maybe.

Meanwhile I try to imagine that moment, that scenario or my proposal to a scenario: faraway, the outline of a mountain under the moon period illuminated by a slightly (dis)horizontal yellow line, a line created by the cars that pass, I look to the stars and search for the Polar star only because I can't sleep. However everything changes, the sun shines and a ladder rises up at the end of noon at the dug earth slope because people were cutting

pine trees or burning the vegetation of potatoes.

Would this senseless image be the decisive image of perception of the symbol destiny? But what image? The one of my self being unable of sleeping already at an young age, the one of my self should have become a farmer as the deceased father wished, the one of my self could have become a firestarter? Never will exist a final image, there always exist options, eternal circle... in stairs.

Also I don't know why but I remember that simply death is death. Also I don't know why but I remember that if there are means, so many supports, frames, so many destinies, then also must be some to provoke death or sorrow, the self death.

Many of my free time is occupied in my rebel act, it's rare to go out at night, everything is weird, sometimes I pedal my bicycle during entire afternoons with headphones and those slopes, easy for a professional, hard for a amateur, are for a ganja-head one more hallucinating experience; other times I enter at MarchPush, shake hands with the waiter, ask for the normal dose, read the newspaper; other times I simply walk home. I am equally reading *Der SteppenWolf* by Hermann Hesse.

Holidays time, nobody on the streets and, then, when I pedal returning from Armenia I invent long poems about madness and/or the act of being mad, I give a try to a sketch about what may be a madman or somebody feel his self crazy, perhaps is just a sketch about loneliness, we aren't yet out of the system, no one knows yet, well... like this they don't get scared. I leave to other occasion those black jeans legs and purple jumper... from the psychiatrist or from my sidereal mother?, I ask.

Will there be a better way to spare time than to dedicate my self to study means to use to expiate one guilt or one announced death occurred once before reaching the summit of the stairs?, it's only necessary to die once for that the deaths continue later on, yes... in the future I die before the end of the movie, now I don't recall if there was there a voice crying. Now are those circular stairs more each day sublimated by the solitary act? Or is it not a goal to reach the summit step? Or how shall I practice? Or will it be that in each step there is a predestined death? And what means to use to discover it? Ah the glory... ah the glory of being remembered...

Once equally involved in bizarre ambients where perception is extremely sensitive, I started to imagine the cowardice of a suicidal or the glory of a kamikaze, a weird duality this one, I said often: a suicidal is a coward but at the same time his act is a subversive act, rebel by nature, it's his way to

mine the system. Sometimes I even wish for someone that violently fills me with death, of blood red and thus lets me or allows my self to eternally navigating from pistol to pistol, from needle to needle, from cunnilingus to coitus interruptus in cinemascope format recorded to video, the filtered image rests bluer and if all this are not the influences then are all the G-points or erogenous ganja flowering to the world running away from inner mind repression finding the poetic violence as a escape point, hedonism forever, anarchy!!! !!!! !!!!! !! !!!

However not everything is death. There exist dreams, sometimes you ride the bicycle and poems are invented about the mad reality of my self without no one to share the pillow with and to tell stories to. After all, I was wrong when I said I wouldn't want to tell 2001 stories to Maria. Death is death, it's the reality of being alone, the solitary act is the act of smoking hash alone because it didn't happen to appear the one with whom to smoke with and the one to tell my ganza dreams to.

Flashes come, theories develop and fetishes occur in front of my real eyes: they have dark hair, I walk from the fetish of her ice pop singer pose (I imagine she sings Portishead and because of that when I play Portishead from the DJ cabin, I play for her) to her Nine Inch Nails style, more animal more poetic more Africa and better, a dark orange dress going down the granite stairs of an old house where at night you can see the reflection of lozenge black and white nuns but... all this are series spreading along time, variations about the read unbearable lightness of being where everything is learned but desire is repressed because is not mutual, they don't want to practice, they don't want to reach the act, by all senses we are led to switch to degradation, we are all led to think the worst, perhaps they are frigid or have other lovers...

After all why do people ask if men are afraid of women?, or wouldn't it be the contrary?, and wouldn't that be a signal for us to make a move forward?, it's an eternal game filled with glances and movements, it pays such fun to be an hedonist... and to enjoy Leni Riefenstahl's magazine photographs.

Excuse me thus if the poet comes around, ah Icata how nice would it be to kill sper mato zoa over your spon gy sur faces, else if all this is not just the unconscious reflex of sometimes being obliged to prefer a night of booze or some other social delirium because perhaps the girl prefers to go to Armenia instead of going home after cinema, then it would be so cool to be in shape and be a player in all the matches and not just be in training.

Sometimes I am at Armenia listening to the *Creep* tune from Radiohead and I say I don't like the music because I identify my self with the message. Other times I am surrounded by tenants as drunk as my self and one theater girl comes to me at the time I decypher *Society is a place where people exist together; that is civilization* and she asks why didn't I join them, the theater crowd, and then I smile and reply that I don't need the theater for anything as I act already, I create my own masks answering the impulses, I prefer not to say that thus I empty my self of my own name, sometimes is like somebody screamed that name at my side and from me no reaction appeared in the middle of the dopplerian crowd: it's an emptying similar to the one that happens when she and my self read a chosen passage of *The bitter tears of Petra von Kant* from Rainer Werder Fassbinder and we kiss in the end, it's like this a pair in a closed space, my space, the lair without audience... and that kiss we give is for me comparable to the sweet sugar I collect from the bottom of the coffee cup.

I arrive home and turn on the computer, on the tv screens a jazz movie, on the cd player I play a Gunter Hampel record, on the walkman Nine Inch Nails, I switch off the lights and start writing:

I am the north because I receive in my back all the sound transmitters except a slightly faded component, some 3 dB, of a ventilator. The isotropic components are combined and analyzed on my weird radiation diagram. At the south, I identify the roaring of a tenor sax; at the south southwest, a drum sampler; suddenly from the south, a regular drum kit raises to the peak level annihilating with strength an impulse with a recovery time of the milliseconds order; on the tv, you can see a black audience applauding the band Bleak; at the south, a trumpet, terrifying work of an indian roaring to hell, goes up to the impossible limit; on the tv, the band elements discuss, somebody produces a knife and decides to cut the ear to one of his brothers; the party continues at the south; at the northeast, you go out of the club and the mood is full of doubt, you wait to see; at the south southeast, somebody screams in rage; on the radio, there are party trumpets and are followed by a melodic piano; at the south southwest, no changes happen; at the south, they reply with a siren calling somebody followed by xylophone and cymbal beat sounds that fade away to make ways to appear drums, roaring like Michael Gira looking for the prey, and vibraphones that moan and flutes that groan and she who appears surrounded by all of them; at the south southwest, they touch on her clitoris and the drums are now cynical, they roar and stop abruptly and the sax stops equally; at the south southeast,

the piano continues the melody following the trumpets until everything ends, applauses come and a voice cries: The Blues.

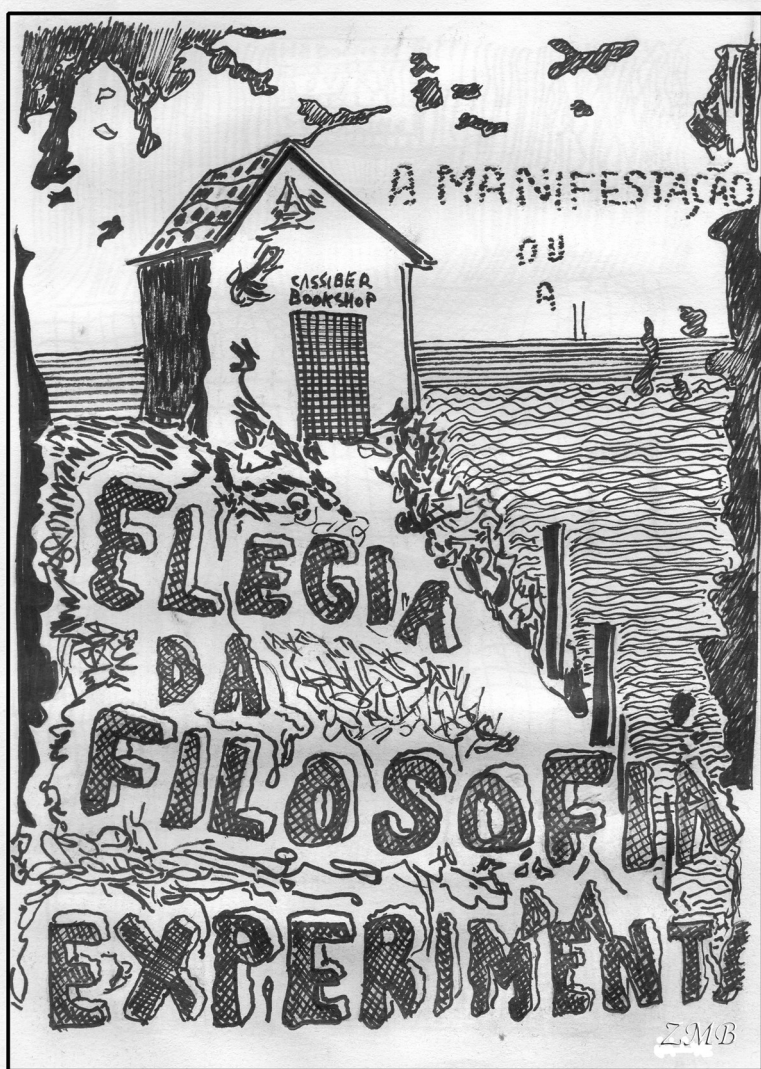
I lay down on my bed, grab a cigarette, you sing *Closer to god*, after all everything was a lie, I saw nothing, the movie was interrupted for commercials, it must have appeared only an ad involving sticky nuns, lozenges... the solitary game at the northwest indicates five thousand five hundred and sixty seconds after turning on the computer and at the south we can hear small toy xylophones.

I turn on the light and grab another cigarette.

I smoke a dream intensifier while adoring *Keine schoenheit ohne gefahr*, I adore the beauty I adore, I support all danger for beauty, in poetry I fall asleep, in dreams that is my ladder, my truth, the rope.







ZMB

## J Chapter L

### **The manifestation or the elegy of the philosophy of experimenting**

*Current93: Dogs blood rising: From broken cross, locust*

Once upon a day C. left home with a pimp look, I lament to say. He dressed white trousers and a coat equally white. Missing was the tie and platinized shoe. I'm going to tell you this in the first person to be an easier tale to tell...

I lean in the direction of the garden where a team of kids, age around five or six years old, play the ball in a space surrounded by chestnut-trees. I seat my self on the bench. The sea in the distance. I look to them and try to remember what I was and the dreams I had. On the improvised grass-pitch, the defender looks sad to the goalkeeper who with fury shouts at him. You shouldn't have done the tackle, now the game is over, we'll never play ball again, you know how's the ma'am neighbour like, we'll never see the ball again, says him disappointed.

So innocent, so candid, so happy, who knows what are they going to be as adults?, some of them will not even have the chance of choose, others will maybe choose wrong, equally many of them will not want to choose, perhaps they will want somebody to choose for them, they will enter in the 'sleep through and it will happen for sure' cycle and they will not be or will be only that... some nada of vomits and subtex, many will fall before the arrival point, its the regular way of things, I don't believe the class struggle will ever have success... there are certain letters that were born to be considered strong, other letters were born to be considered weak, not all the letters can choose. Who knows, let me see... race drivers, football players, scientists, engineers, doctors, lawyers, ministers, bank managers or then the opposite, the beggars, the drunk, the thieves, the junkies, the plumbers, the fishermen, the painters or shall I classify them as *the fools*?

Now I am going to pause. I am going to take off with stage-play manners my beautiful white hat, undress my beautiful white coat and with frugality roll a cigarette.

Everything is like playing with words, a enormous association of words, sometimes we start talking about 'alhos'(garlic locks) and finished talking about 'bogalhos'(oak tree locks), sometimes we even talk about

'caralhos'(balls locks), I am mad or perhaps overstating too much sometimes things shall or should function on reverse and for some others simply wash away... there's still people who thinks to be intelligent, there's still who thinks that to have a conversation with an old man and a bottle of cheap wine at the tavern is one of the biggest philosophic experiences we can get. Oh... it's good to have the pleasure of doubt... yes doubt... having that pleasure but with an empty stomach?, or with a fat belly at the age of sixty? This self of mine, named D., today he is young, he feels respectable respectable feels that others can occasionally say corrected things in the wash of uninterested things, how many percent... 70, 80? Good after all, marvel of wonders!, as some say we must keep an open spirit to new ideas, we must be all different all equal. Glad I don't know everything, like this there's still a lot more to learn. If in theory is like this, in reality perhaps it is not, perhaps we may ignore all those philanthropic campaigns, perhaps the fundamentalism...

Originality? Right to difference? Is this all true?, will it be that I don't think on being an original, on being different or, was not my self that dressed my character as a pimp today? I am able even of having some skills for big words, aphorisms or nice words or, will not my self be trying to live above my own capacities?, giving space to knowledge?, and if this is like originality then let me be, you please excuse my self if I am original if I am different if no one searches knowledge and, actually, we are under the age of postpostmodernists at the end of the millennium with incandescent meteors falling over us and Armenia on a double image, the before and the aftermath, a black and white of destruction in apotheosis, originality is a mix of knowledge learned here and there by empiric observation, it's good to say to my self who my idols and heroins are, with whom I identify myself, I pay actually a service to the said Original, I recycle him, I save him from the filth and oblivion, I move him away from the bottle of wine and approach him to the pillow, sleep my boy sleep, dream with all your myths, philosophies and perversions... I say to you, boy, the said Xeroxed have added value, he became autonomous without never have been an addicted or bloodsucker, masochist maybe but now I must go on a search for my own flock... no!, maybe I don't want a flock because I don't want to be a leader, I use means I don't talk about, it's no good someone to know how I act next, then I release my self create (my self) create (my self), I resist with the mouth closed, there's nothing to say, silence!, I let the image at your care, shall the doubles be created even if the recorded images aren't

erased, we must live today and now I must rise, walk and search for my solitary path, I say to my self.

The evil is not I lie but doing it to my self when my wish is maybe to do it to others, perhaps because I get bored with their incomprehension or the mask of incomprehension or shall I say dullness? Or the ass is my self. Sometimes, eternity fascinates my self, sanctity fascinates my self, it fascinates my self to think on black angels, white angels never!, never angels absolutely white because the white colour reflects everything and keeps nothing. These things we can feel but not see, sometimes I think I had a vision where I was illuminated but by electricity.

I would like actually to speak about the future if there is one, if there is one now that I imagine my self rich, isn't it true that I did win the lottery?, now I am in an African garden, in front of me a canal, a building eternally being built, a palm tree in the distance and a small house from where in some movie from the twenties Buster Keaton could walk out, I am near the sunset simply getting the sun and watching the kids playing football.

I remember I don't know at what hour did I agree with her something so boring I even don't remember what it is nor know the place nor know if she is there or what she pretends. I decide to go talking with my enemy conscience I left at the shop. Surely is what I want to do more in this moment and it's going to be right now else Id escapes to the coffee shop and thus I will not be able to talk with Id nor to look to that ethnographic piece that scares my self, that Henry VIII ax.

I shake off my trousers full of rolling tobacco ends, equally I clean my new shoes, I stand up, for me all is logical. I feel Peace rest in my shoulders. As if nothing had logic or there existed only my logic and my black angels. I walk out of the garden, turn on my jeep imaginary key and walk on the imaginary chaos at the rush hour. Reached the destiny I stop. I go by the subterranean park of the shopping mall and after the elevator I see a lady in despair begging in return of a bucket of flowers. I give her the biggest bill I have in my pocket and she offers me a small yellow jasmine.

I enter at last. My conscience is not there. This time I start to feel attracted by the enormous quantity of bottles, small bottles and big bottles on exhibition at the window, small lights turned on, electric candles imitating the artisan cemetery wax candles recovered to the days of today by the means of a new walking over design that reminds or demands, makes a point on to imagine the golden ages were ships crossed the seas loaded with gold, lots of gold.

As I am not and am at the coffee shop I start to grab and skip pages of some old books. You don't do old books anymore. People sell them new, others are cheaper, they are the remains of an alienated society that washed away their personal memories, books that gave them orgasms or books that never got the fair value. Perhaps people don't like orgasms, perhaps one day?!, when all of us will become dead (!) perhaps at that time would be useful to tell but will it be worth of? I open one and read:

“Il n'est pas gentil il n'est pas gentil. Je suis triste il est bon que se sache.”

The bells toll four times at the clock tower of an invisible cathedral. It's hot. On the shop bench I seat with a black notepad where I write the daily impressions.

“I saw a D. with a suspicious and deplorable look but only in the afternoons can society bear a man laying down over a garden bench, fifty five years old – it's the age I reckon he is. He seems to be sleeping.

He wears a cap over the head and I can't see his eyes, perhaps because of this detail I can be saved. Never checked his identity.

On the sidewalk two men of a certain age walk with the faces corrupted by the sun. Perhaps fishermen with wrinkle faces and retired. They look for a bench to seat. They seat near my self. Thus I can listen their coughed words because who smokes knows how to distinguish. Look... I heard they say, it seems I have already a program for this night, on the tv will be screened an important match.”

Now I choke my self to give the illusion of laughing like the sublime Ionesco, after all was not he who did write a book called *Le Solitaire*?

I save the notepad and lean towards another desk.

J'accuse then, I am one of the ones with the grandeur mania and with the mania that is different from the others or better a superior being. Oh... what will happen to my notepads?!, oh... what will happen to the self-flamed and inflammatory pages of my notepads?!

The element conscience intervene coming from the coffee shop: Would there be someone that will read them?

Oh my god oh my god do you still exist?, I searched for you alive or dead in the information society net, I did offer a reward, it doesn't seem to me that god exists... what Id says makes me write and laugh, glad Id can't hear otherwise Id would rest forever with a doubt about my motives to laugh. It'll take one full notepad to explain.

That's life, Id says. It's the natural course. Life can go by torturous and dark paths as by long avenues full of flowers.

I grab another book.

I read as if I carried a great sorrow inside my self just for afterwards to explode out of hanger but even not my self understands my contempt.

Now read this with a passionate tone, yes my son?

Interesting. Let me see?, Camilo... what??, Castelo Branco [a subversive portuguese writer that after being in jail continue to write until become blind and in the end eventually committed suicide], *Mary, don't kill me cause I'm yr mother*[a title of Camilo Castelo Branco]!!! I imagine having an epileptic attack while saying these words. I try to calm down. I ask what's going on. Everything is ok, nothing wrong. I just tripped the title. I found it funny.

Perhaps I exaggerate a bit or perhaps it's not like this and one day I will come to understand. Always the maybe situation, I wait for the day but I am waiting seated as my conscience Id may take a long way to fix the mirror schism.

And now with a dreaming tone, yes my son?

"I can see upfront the fireplace of my mansion with twenty four rooms, six bathrooms... here I shall look to my self because I approach my self, I don't see my self, I just transmit the image that everybody sees, I see nothing but their reactions, they don't exist as mirrors, I may have an ice look... with continuous sound... and minimal, in each room a funambulist, in a warm and cozy place.

Guilt? It shall not exist.

At this instant, I shall raise the accusing finger of judge. For that may exist a judge it is necessary the existence of a system, that system enshrined at the society by the alphabeta symbol. The final reading says: Convicted."

I keep reading.

"I kiss your tits under the shirt. I touch you, you observe and I feel the breasts becoming tense at the up-room of the bus and the yellow brown curly hair, it sells like innocence, virginity, you were born under the virgo sign on the eighteenth and then I kiss your hands reflecting your flourishing, your red skin all bruised, for that you can remember my self and I remember that you were the sweetest girl I had and have, shit! for the memories, destroy them all, that all proof be burned. On the other side of the point, these memories are erogenous ganza points for my masturbation. Then I shall implore to the heavens for my self to be killed, a full year condensed in an instant offered by the god as inside the Borges' tale. Shall them send a ray and rape my self for that everyone can laugh, and my self

too, during the moment of epiphany of my guilt, the ridicule in front of me reflected in the mirror, sad... sad... sad very sad. Here I shall cry but I have no one to cry with, no one, no one that may listen. I am alone. Suicide, the truly philosophic act. Is life worth of being lived?, it is one more test. If I resist and, here I shall turn to be a dreamer and to have hope, if I survive I shall say certainly: no! I didn't kill my self!, I'm still here, life is worth of being lived, I want hard to be around for some more time, you, the consciousness deceivers, the mass media, the opinions and associations, the infamous and the beasts, will not be the ones that will stop me. I shall call you names even when under the fire!"

Astonished I imagine passenger O., the Ego who raises the closed fist and shouts filled with rage looking in front a bottle of red wine: I am here to torment you and to you all give an hard time.

Element conscience tells me I am doubting eternally about the meteorologic condition of my pity and dear self, my most precious whore. Will I finish to become a fool waiting ethereally death like all my black angels?

I murmur to my self.

The end of the millennium approaches. How happy I would be if I had kissed you when you knocked at my door, there would have had shatters all over the place, how had I liked to have shown you my love by written word, as I should have done when I was forced to opt, you would say that maybe a red fire would fall from the skies and all of us, a long time ago, were finished and perhaps nevermore would have been worth of starting again because the city could enter into a trance of consuming and the voice would scream that everything would be difficult alone, the united being I and Her alone crushed. I shall tremble of fear when you wound me succubus my hears, my love for you I have no more, I am here alone.







K Chapter minus L

**Be alternative be gothic be Electronica be which one? Be**

*Dead can dance: Into the labyrinth: Yulunga (spirit dance)*

Ah! In the future,

the alternative house will melt with the pop beauty if Icata, the goddess, refuses to become a wrinkle corpse while my conscience doesn't come out of the reclusion provoked by the mystifying illusion.

While this doesn't happen I, my self R., live inside four walls and I think often in to transfix roses and pink metaphors, all that may be necessary, I think on transfix my self for ever, I think on outlaw sins, I think on having you even if inside hidden places. Now I know... I am going to connect to the internet, I have a camera, let's have sex over the information net! Why? Don't you believe I can make you pregnant?

In February on a gothic thursday after waking at nine a.m.m.... exactly at that time, the sun rises with the exact shadow and then after the two hours and thirty minutes past lunch is the time to transfix my reality, alas... six months later I shall meet my conscience. The faith destiny is assumed. That is the deadline for my internal referendum. It is necessary to think on the first slogan for the electoral poll and get votes with it: "Release the Id conscience, define Id gender!"

I ask my self, I continue denying, I follow the way by experimental means. I ask my self about life beyond death but I think forward than that, I also think on the first five minutes after, what would it be, would there be black lights and skeletons and scratched crucifixes to watch? I continue by radiation circuits, Smith's diagrams and other slang, by moon phases and lunatics, those come looking for the honey but with them there's nothing to share, I don't share, I am and don't have patience for virgins, even the ones that renewal their selves every month.

I ask my self what She to find, I ask what philosophy is still valid? I ask what to compile? I should make a file...

I ask my self if You are a B-type intelligence? Negative or positive? And what is a B-type intelligence? Is it a question, a definition, a class definition? The fact is I forgot.

What is your preference? Is it all a matter of preference?

The answer comes in the form of an aphorism on the book where it says

that the sincerity of a writer manifest its self more true, more pure, more sublime when it releases its self from all the illogic remains, the sudden flaws on the universe, love, objects, crimes, impersonalities.

But here...

... is the context or the form that matters?

... is the value or what we are that matters?

Reality whatever it may be.

More each day is necessary to separate the value from the being, what we are is different from how much we are worth of, they are different concepts, being value context form.

Perhaps, this was just to explain the whys of desiring to reach the moon, the naked and white light over a self reality, objective historic but where everything is a mock-up realm, everything has an hidden meaning. You just have to look because if you don't look the moon may not be There. I insist that is necessary to undress everything, take off all scenery, that all flowers flourish, if they go dry... bad luck, it shall not be of our concern.

I insist on searching for the white, pure whites, walks along the sea during the summer, drums coming from some There where there only exists photographic reflections of cowardice, of lollipops, solitary and philosophic acts, the ascension of a few more steps using the supports?... but then the museumlogic crowd of a river running in cascades, the full of sunny lust green beach and areas of pine trees when you get coffee with books about people who read by catalog or by alphabetic order? They are the first catalogers, the market analysts. The nausea alas can boil and that is a dilemma I ask my conscience to analyze... it is easy, it's just the whys of to imagine somebody, a kind of definitive She, the last solitude? I am too young. Will that be only the desire of moaning to Them by imagining them. Come on answer! No, as I said to Mr. Sprout, I saw porno zines at the age of fifteen and then he answer that the nude didn't appealed much to him...

Then the next step is for us to start thinking on the slogan from that guy who once said he didn't like people starting to doubt about his self and that afterwards didn't like to stay and doubt about those same people, and then the next step for us is to start doubting... we must have respect and I was just thinking about that in a way not sincerely ironic when F. C. Porto scored on my way out after the coffee and rolling cigarette: in these days that conscience is my voice of trust, the one I had not before but that voice leads to doom, I can feel it.

Then for the painter who has nothing in common with that doubtful Benfica

supporter being, she reflects her self in a blue hair illuminated over the shoulder, her self reflecting in the future. Sober is the line of her eyes... the eyebrows, the nose cane in green, beige apple cheeks, the red mouth...

Will it be through the manifestation of a double the existence of a supreme god proved? According to genesis, L. created a man as a 'look like to his image' being, we are the last step, the last version. Will L. be egocentric, will he be cancer? Will not the first Adam be androgynous containing one only being, man and woman, twins, identical?, mixing together, confusing their selves, beating each other because being identical they say only one time ad eternum, then it urges to create siblings, will that being have been created by god and his double for that they could finally communicate after getting bored of having nothing more to do?, then it urges to break the mirror and maybe the prophecy fulfills... still in another philosophy the spirits of samurai leave inside the cancer people, then...

Then I ask to my convicted conscience: Do you still live in that place?

Hein, in that den... No! I was invited to leave. And after all, the house full of tropical landscapes, too much sense of missing for my taste. I've screwed up. I remember the landlord, he was nice but...

Do you want to tell?

Basically, he told me I couldn't stay there. He didn't allow me to use the kitchen, so he took care of putting a camp stove in the studying room. The problem was that bad smells rose up to the first floor where they lived even if I never saw the missus. Hum, stove smells. Flavours, she in ether, aphrodisiacs maybe?, I know he didn't want me there due to that rebel metaphysic.

Of course.

Now I am fine, I classify the old house where I live as a clandestine clinic, big rooms, two bathrooms, several living rooms, wooden rotten floor, abandoned, at least two idiots had the original idea of trying to film the lair, nobody ask from them promotion or baptism, we had already our faith. Poor guys... they will never consummate. Lives there a weird guy, an old man with white hair, he seems to paint, it's rare to see him, I listen more to his music, imagine this... a guy at two o'clock in the morning puts John Cage, an exquisite music, you know?, prepared pianos, puts his lock on the door, he forgets the window open, the lights are on perhaps trying to attract the audience, a big population of female pigeons, turtle-doves and skylarks. He heads out locking his door. Perhaps he searches for food or an audience that understands him, the virgin audience but even he knows that those

dreamed talks are not useful to him, it will not be the white virgins that will save him, not even the virgins, perhaps at the first touch they will break their crystal tears that they learned to hide while dressing their hair everyday with care at the mirror. I don't know, I just arrived some short days ago. He head out with the open window and the lights on and from there it happened many miles away the assault of the attorney general residence...

Funny, I haven't had a laugh since a long time ago. I laugh more of what I say than of the situation in itself but... ja, and after, he comes back at dawn, leaves the car rotten drunk followed by two cool chicks and... a car appears, knocks him down and in the hospital the doctors say he became a cripple... ja, I am seeing it, Morton Feldman and flowers on the table! But she, that sterile compulsion will be there.

I don't believe. Anyway, Seigneur is hot but I don't believe it, it's not plausible. I am not Roman P.

I repeat the old man is a wacko.

Sure I believe. I am used to that kind of look here. Look. Notice around. It'll not be necessary to search for too long. Look over there that couple, father and daughter, don't you think they seem displaced?, have they mean looks?

Actually they don't. I don't know what to answer.

L. is a true psycho, an original, I've been listening to many stories about him, believe!, there's no one like him, he is a good motive. I never have talked to him before, meanwhile once at lunch time he stretched his glorious hand to me and in two or three lines he told me his life story. You do know that everybody has a story to tell, some times the story is told repeatedly along the whole life... Boringly interesting even very interestingly boring, I affirm that he puts your Genet on his knees and all your depressives fellows in the trousers purse and still he asks to the guards to iron them. Oh yeah... I tell ya, standing by him all your depressive fellows are rookies.

I ask what philosophy, I ask what She I am looking for. I ask why do I catalog personal data. Maybe because I have nothing more to do. Never an artist can be morbid, an artist can give expression to everything. With my conscience I continue: Thought and language are tools to the art and the artist. Vice and virtue are matter of art.

I have my eyes closed. I think on the first pop star. I think on that couple, it's a case of fundamentalism, they will call him saint, she a pop star, she

seems pure, natural, will she be a saint?

I lie down with the pendulum gravity and laugh as a little boy that goes to school without the politician wisdom but with all the fire in his tongue.

Fuck!, where have I heard this before?

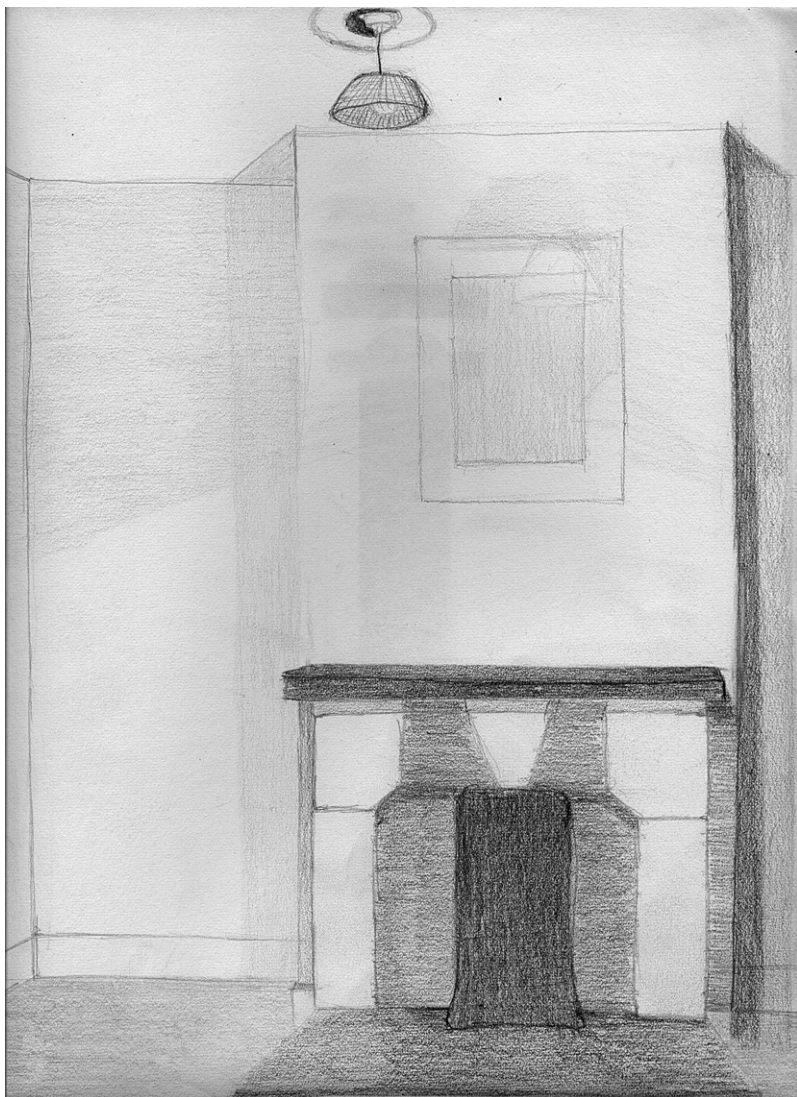
Oh son, is the myth of the eternal return, eheh...

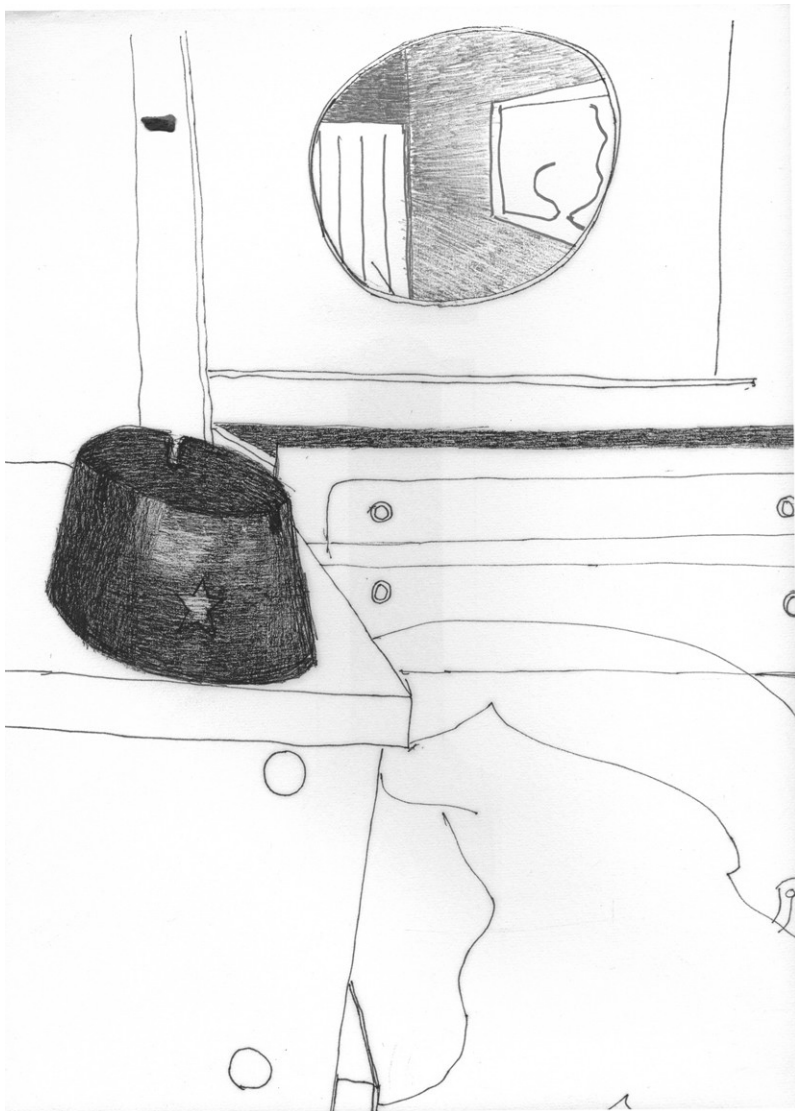
I turn to look again to the couple. I watch also that child who gives with care a small wrapped package to a convicted inmate there in that table, a young daddy another innocence. I observe the terrible mistake. The building is protected by high sensible cameras placed with care. I hear what seems like a bell vaguely similar to those of the village sunday mass. The guard W. leans with care in direction of the coffee stool, he stands by two tables in front of the video screens, takes hold of the object, oh... it was just a small candy box!, and leans towards the pay machine stool to announce at the microphone that by superior orders the rights of communication are forbidden from this day on. The guest visit session is over.

As you see everything is possible. People are leaving, they return to the city. They catch trains.

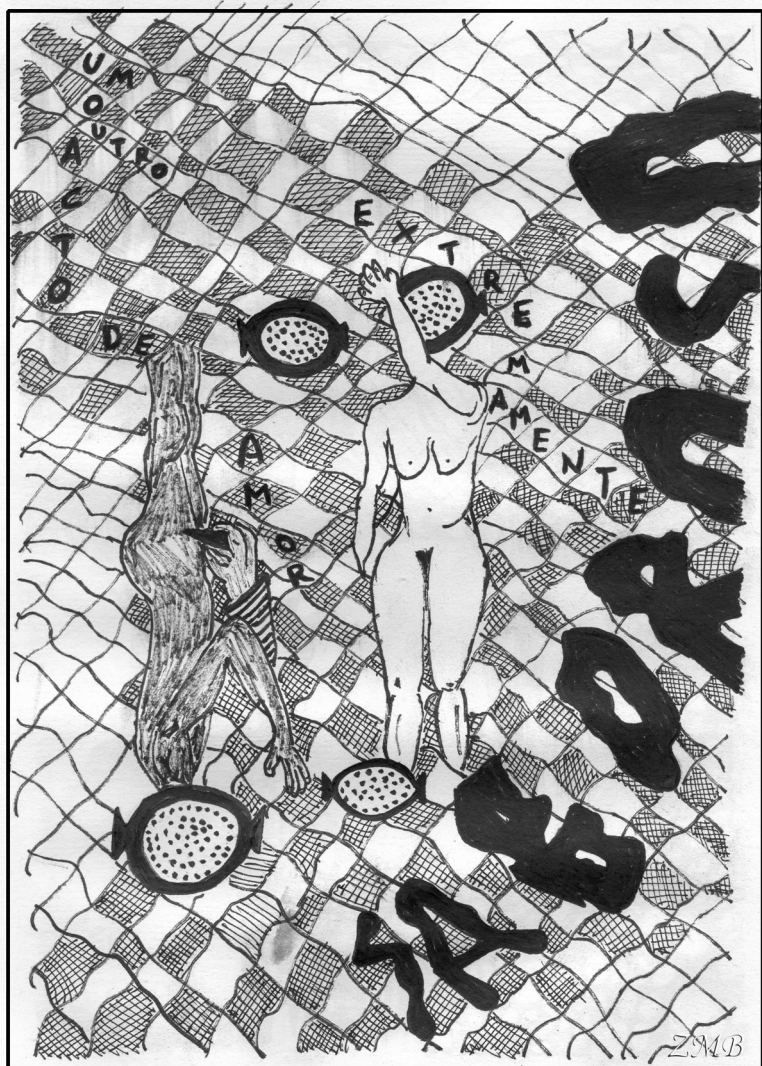
I murmur astonished: "She is going to feed her white black cat that is peacefully watching the turtle dove and the canary inside the cage of the 6 mirrors on japanese screens. Five o'clock p.m.m.."

I tell you the story later. Rest well.









## L Chapter C

### **Another act of love extremely sweet**

*Sonic Youth : Bad moon rising : Flower*

I kiss my self in poetic delirium and the weight of morality would say that Adam never existed. I take my hand to the mouth and my fingers are kissed to test the existence of chromosomes and the DNA theory.

I put my self onto thinking and writing on the draft page to the examination test at FReEC that, if Adam was created to the image of the god of the theories, where it is said that few people are wise as wisdom is associated to experience, to let innocence and virginity go sometimes are necessary years and decades of many kicks on the trash bins, shit for you Hatar waiting that you are ok... then god would be by analogy a being already old who decided to have a son to whom he called the first man – Adam.

Well, god, drunk in the eternity of thousand explosions and big bangs along time and because he had to distract himself from the fact he never have met a father and have been raised, so to say, from a basket left by an ancestral stork at the door of a black hole, created Adam already old, he was the first clone, a clone of his self as there were no women, there was only his double who entertained himself by ennui-ness to confront the mirror. For that this Adam was not eternally a loner as his father and he was fully conscious of being one, after all what are the fundamentals of people having kids?, then daddy wanted that from this son a new clone was raised, one to be his double, a feminine being raised from a ribbon, there appeared morality and all the sins of the world, it was the big mistake of an ego god, his empire grew moral and full of rules, Eve shouldn't have been a clone.

It arrived the day then when it was said that the sun was our center. The 'I' ceased to be the center. Mathematics gave the unity to the universe scratching the initial theories officially off-the-record of creation making ways for the theories of the species. Christendom was scratched on the dogmas and reacted, shew its teeth and what goes from there: all to the fire, jews, drunks and the ass tattoos and books.

After that came the psychiatrists, the police and the collective consciences as everybody may think a certain kind of people as a center. I reassure that every time more the 'I' is about to be lost, of being annihilated by all that, that... how to define it... system?!, but what system?, people could write

even more books about systems, several kinds of systems, mix them all inside a pot, to be the new legend of pandora's box and, in the end, in the confusion of interpretation of all those 'T's' of society that, perhaps, got stones on their sure hidden roofs of child repression where, perhaps, back in the day they have beaten so many times on their brothers that at the end of the second reincarnation they decided to become priests maybe to get rid of their original sin, the one of being born, why don't you ask to children on the moment of birth if they want or not to be born? Although, if we are already not christians not even in the surreal version of following the wives to the sunday mass and take the chance to send vocal postcards with morals and what you can not do, look that terrible figure passing by me, he has eyes that kill sometimes, we have the right to be wicked and to protest by communicating fetishes and dreams, our flag: to act against things defined as moral repressions and yes, Eve, if she existed she would have been a great woman, she took Adam from solitude.

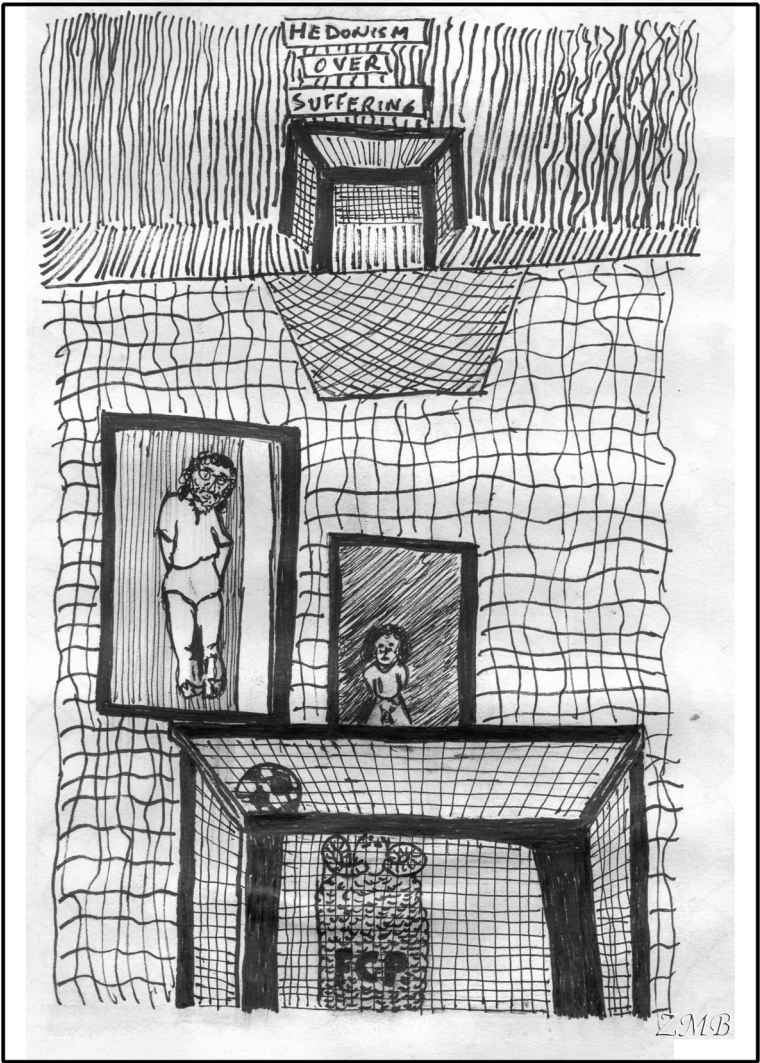
For all this, it's my desire to continue the test by communicating to you that my sick obsession for you is justified above all by your sexual appetite. I am on an examination test with J. or JC superstar or even Julius Caesar. A test at the Alphabeta and after, you come to meet me. The most part of the greek heroes were created from a divine god and a mortal mother. These semidivine heroes did invent the jealousy and discord to agitate Olympus. Romans were more decadent and in their prayers to god wine they did the purge, put the claws in the guts and throw out the shit coming out of the liver for that they could return to alpha full of desire. And so this is it!, I guess it was here that the test was over.

Minutes later, my she arrives. She has a strong body, large hips, her breasts are my most visible fetish when we go out together to have coffee after dinner all days. Seven o'clock in the afternoon. She is wearing black. The dress is a unique piece finishing down the knee on a miniskirt. Her legs are shaped by thin silk stockings. She is wearing a black hat with a white stripe. The hair that falls over her shoulders is dark brown and shines sometimes transfixing itself into blonde by the action of the sun. Today it is gathered at the back of the head with a pencil. She has a brunette skin reflecting her Angola roots, she was born there from parents abandoned by the society, faces red from the heat, the lips are a red opulent rose button. I open the window showing the factory I once worked in poetic mystifications and after I sit on the bed. We talk about the test. I touch her legs. The test run well. I take off her hat. I let her hair go loose. I touch her

neck and acquire her heat. I take off her earrings. I notice I am turned on. She plays with my shorts she offered me in a special occasion, shorts I made my mind to wear all weeks, she plays with the multitude of curls populating my conscience. I decide to rip off her silk stockings. I touch her. Then, she asks what kind of communication is necessary to invent in the days of today. There are already no desires, we are becoming blind, moral, then my conscience mix with her conscience and becomes our conscience.

Our conscience answers tactilely, the fingers enter deep into butter and are soaked in the thick grand canyon. Our conscience communicates by mixing itself on the small water fountains, whites, smegma that is collected on our smoke mouth. I touch her tits under the shirt that flower like fruit small rose buttons, our hands transmute in desire when I touch her clitoris, in her most pure rose button when rivers run deeper as the waterfalls are swallowed and, in this continuous process in two steps, erosion creates explosions of small pleasures contrary to the sun theory, our 'I' is still stronger, morals is destroyed, would ever be better pleasure than death? We kiss the juice taken from our tree like eve and that juice runs slowly on the red branches of the tree to the small river being created on the rocks between earthquakes between our fingers. The fingers watch and navigate over this red border crushed with death. Death rounds this house, I can feel it. The moon often un-eclipses itself. The wolves act. It's their time. I kiss her soaked hands. I kiss her mouth. I kiss our mutual pleasure as if it was always that first time. Our conscience creates embraces without the existence of God but with the presence of the symbols. We create love. We create pleasure. We create crime abortion orgasm spasmodic moans activated frictions fingers incisive teeth between walls voyeuristic fluids parades with slogans like: look son sun, look, a mother's love is the only one, the best one, there is only one like it...

Ai!... innocence. It's so sweet the innocence! It's sad peace to decay with age and the increase of wisdom and ulcers that are nor treated with orange juice. In fact, it's sad all empires to decay but she... Maria was so pretty today.



M Chapter minus C

## **Hedonism over Suffering**

*Sei Miguel : Showtime*

*Popdell'arte : Free Pop : Poema para noiva circular em betão armado plástico cor de rosa com rádio digital programado em f.m.*

They are then several twin beings, several 'Is' judging a story, asking about if it's true, asking how, why, what for, asking about tears, about despair, nausea, hate provoked adored desired. Desire is very far away of being fulfilled and everything is just possible theoretically and created from the solitary act.

Tu peux sortir... then the book is closed and we roll a cigarette.

My conscience is today fifty one and seven months old. Tells a distant story... my 'Is', my character selves.

B., the poisonous mix of painting with engineering like fisherman and mister engineer.

A., the elementary conscience, the misanthropy and the ganza.

C., the judge obsessive, despised by women to whom he is no longer a priority.

D., the mad and writer element.

Four twin beings, some doubles after all, they are nine, in a round table and red yes!, they are called by the acronym IRABCDJOL.

In the moment I write these words on the text processor, I am out of phase with the time dimension of the judgment of an hypothetic story with ganja smoked at a forbidden place, a story that doesn't exist alas but... it provokes curiosity on the public conscience. Then, we have to say that the story is no thing but a small nightmare, one of the small nightmares that caused so many insomnias around twenty six years ago... I say 'ago' because I know already the verdict, she gave me the answer I was looking for on her, I don't know if she told me the truth... and believe me, I didn't ask, I sat, let my self be and as if I answered the aphorism: you only listen to the things you wanna listen, then I listened: he is a terrorist.

My selves expand, they communicate between them on every moment: adapt to the environment, learn to listen, disinform if it's needed, learn to consume the adversary, a ninja always look to the quickest way to annihilate the adversary.

Here is the plan, the proposal for a future moral tale - The empire is now!, may all be happy... I will not say this is a nihilistic empire. The book says: *Praedictiones facit. Si vera sunt, a Domino factum est istud.* I still believe in my self. It's one more story very old pre-dated with Adoration, Identity, Drugs, Sex, and You, because pop is good and because there exist people who read and understand wrong the motivations of the one who writes, in this case I know people, let's call them people, let's call her: little girl of yellow hair who writes two cold letters in easter time. There are sometimes funny astrological coincidences if not analyze: more or less on the time he goes seated on the ass and you make approximated tries to paintings with dumb titles such as *christ forgive me 'cause I am blind*, perhaps who writes two letters like these tries to follow the book but only testing the other's limits, due to this detail or wrong perception of a word, a written metaphor, you answer to questions under the terrifying look of an instrument that picks samples to a HIV red test... I suppose, dear audience, that you have to agree that you can't be dumber or you should have invited her to spent holidays with you...

I look to my self and see in the mirror a shaved head but I lied to the barber telling him I was going to the army – when 'the army' would mean to accept that my destiny could be blocked or changed by the moral disciplinary code of society; in the meantime everything is a lie, I am not an objector of conscience, I was purely discharged as a reservist and the volunteer age for the navy went away.

I wear a blue shirt a long time since without rest and that in certain intense moments allows my self to remember her smell, the one who, in intense moments of solitude when poetry acquires smell, mixes with my own self and I have told you this taking you by the hand.

But in the moment, I continue the tests at the Lamp Society inside FReEC. I feel a breeze, would I say, benign? At my front, the wall of a balcony transfixes into a glass balcony. It has eight sliding windows like japanese screens. On the outside, the element that fills the most part of my visual field is the parallelepiped solid divided at the middle by two garages recently assaulted. Imagine this: society was assaulted. A black and white cat stretched over the platform... over a cylinder solid and green like a trash can. A turtledove haven't sleep or eat since yesterday... because I forgot to feed her. The grapevine, the peach tree leaves, the apple tree, the chicken den. I saw a lot of times the cat walk on the windows behind the curtains looking for spaces to watch the sparrows and the little bugs. Sounds that fill

the dawn where you don't see anyone but sleepwalkers. The cat jumped from sofa to sofa, scratched the books in the shelf, danced from window to window, jumped to the glass windows like if he was trying to get the birds, the flies, the wings clapping in the field and thinking on why he decided to head off home. Once it fell down at the glass house due to a bug.

Today I am going to visit C. at the society that means the same as prison, hospital, authority... on a day of visit, this society transfixes from a gothic-roman grandeur to a postpostmodernist grandeur. I admire the boldness of the entry hall that opens to the interested people when they interact with a red button that takes us by elevator to the first floor because the labyrinthine stairway, second option, is populated with memory angels I imagine like the ghosts without shadow populating the halo of my diffused and surreal mind, perverting me, giving me the sensation that this space - used for the conversations between criminals or not and their family relations or not that navigate between sorrow and other injustices - is a space where no sorrow is, where no disenchantment exists. It is really that space, that proposal. I listen to Sei Miguel. My spirit inhabits these white walls, inhabits the orange/brown wall pillars, inhabits the shelves full of poetry, it even inhabits the cake shop!

Eleven o'clock in the morning and I lean towards the reception desk to call my conscience. The desk lady from whom my biggest fetish is her long tongue, the one you, for not listening her talk, you feel like tear it off, fry in a pan, put it inside some garlic bread and eat..., she notifies me that the convict 8267 will not take long to arrive. Then in memory of my altered conscience, I grab a magazine about Genet who Sartre described as Saint Genet.

I go to the cake shop and I search for a table when an undercover agent, trying to fix the cover, asks coffee and rejoices with the implementation of this white collar idea and wraps all in poetry dedicated to the beautiful waitress, good looking, hey!, get me an éclair, I say.

My conscience approaches, I know it by reception. Id uses telepathic means I still don't possess, I need to photograph it. Id asks for a coffee and asks what I think and I reply: I am thinking on beauty I am thinking on conscience... I am thinking on conscience I am thinking on beauty... minimal very minimal...

Imagine then what to say about a football game between Benfica supporters and with a snotty black sheep with a blue stripe painted: the great FCP? A., my conscience got just tired of defending balls after Id more than one week



ago had said he was going to war with them, the deers, and still Id listens to accusations/sorrows saying: careful or you break my head... or then, careful with my knees... I just can ask to go on defending their stray kicks and their fear in front of my JC voice saying: kill!

With irony, because a smile is always ok, I ask my self why did I decide to abandon everything and go angry home. Perhaps those goals were not pure, they were just means of forgetting for a moment the miseries... and spent the time on anesthesia... but even this way will I need to be pissed off by the one who calls himself the "*international man!*" postgraduated with onanist looks when I put on him the trap about santa claus? Only these can be the biggest losers...

D.'s image reaches the top by applying in practice the art of discovery of other's roofs, those you ought not to talk about when there exist people or closet secrets, for the effect classified as the midget who growls in a lecture about lamps shoddy and skewed words to mr. engineer, who in the case is my self... well, as I identify my self with the poisonous and explosive mixture of the things I write because I know the effects I am looking for, I can't stop but replying to him: do you know the password?, tears run in these midget eyes saying nothing, being then helped by mister Bananas who replies saying: no problem my boss believes... and will it be that your mom does also?, shitty little midget. Lies cause fear. The midget carries hate.

I am being told meanwhile that the self, shattered wolf in a eschaton process caused by the tentative to come back and fish the blister memories of his own unconscious, is surrounded and actually shares the car with the midget and mr. Cabbage, elements already identified in previous quotations... and, at last dear tv audience, Edições Cassiber present the *girlman* with funny voice yeah, let's call him mr. Broccoli... an association never imagined to be possible nor even in the most horrific nightmare, pinker eventually of the thylacine in the process of coming back to be a cat and by the time of the two hundred shots sentence, a mr. Cabbage's masked pleasure association, how long mr. Cabbage does it take to shoot two hundred shots?

Answering like a molotov cocktail, I say it's just the time to arrive home, sniff three kg of coke with two pints of milk and, then, offer to all of you three photographs in profile type as a target during the hunting act, to be represented when I go the goal-posts... three teeth. Shoot to kill. Be a man!, I say to mr. Broccoli to whom his mates try to help... but even him started

himself with complaints at the knee and rolled himself onto toilet paper later at home. They are ashamed of being identified on the streets. They are afraid, these big boys out of home.

This memory has something of real, I tell you... on the lamp society there was a fatal appearance – the boss showed in, not the chief who was on the spiritual program. Thus the boss started to ask who was the one giving the ass and the cakes. At the beginning this association was difficult to get it, you didn't get it easily. [in portuguese, the word for 'to give the ass' and for 'to cook' phonetically start with the same sound.]

In the visits room, a mother cries a son seemingly indifferent. The noise disturbs. An elder slaps twice a friend face visiting him and minute after minute others etc. continue to happen and diffuse the image.

Everything is in an altered state, all the perception is altered. Who did never discover, discover but didn't care or, worst, didn't get it, the evil hidden at random on the support books of society? Study and look after your future, read books, recycle.

Well, here we have a man who cares about the future, we shall have for him the greatest respect, he is without doubt someone of supreme confidence, he has although a problem: he doesn't work overtime.

How then would it be if society was built of little cats and kitties? An universe, you listen so many times to people around who don't like cats. In that universe you would be the prey, you would be the social displaced running away and the persecution mania more the paranoia would run reversed in time and memory, memory genes at the time of the dementia praecox, there everything would come to surface, all the eraserheads, all the hellraisers. Going back to find clues to the nearest future.

This dichotomy worries my self and not even the cake shop waitress can dismantle this sensation, nothing can be more real and true, when truth means purity, than the desire to mutilate, live intense, flagellate my self with the wind and the sea waves, the desire to transform my self in a living replica and live with her, inside her, inside one of their character replicas, image, the alternative look, the theory applied to the object, my self, for that I am not a liar without reason, for that I don't expiate guilt without reason or going into court, for that the images don't transform their selves into virtual images, for that the moon doesn't eclipse her self resting the sun to expand his self androgynous over the creation of one or more beings abject crime after crime, the curiosity of a cat sliding beyond the nine lives, how many are left for you in the meantime?, how many times have you

died already?, sliding with experimentation and moaning over the concave surface becoming eternal like a meme, what title shall I give to this poem?

The trees are on the Fall, the leaves mirror at random the yellows, the blues, the greens, the oranges, the browns, the logs are black, their shadow is white, night falls over them. The remoteness is temporary because there was yet no time to relearn the notion of space, I still don't know where it is again, I had it lost it search for it again, that distant place, mine only, distant and dangerous, close to the minarets. Alamut.

After all, when I thought I was a loser days years ago I was wrong... these are the ones, I am in front of the real losers, if we let them they take a photograph... I ask my self why did I decide to abandon everything and go angry home again: these guys... I dunno, they could not be gays, it could just be a psychic content of mine I was projecting, projecting fear and hate when, deep in the woods, I wanted just to learn and in the end roll a joint and have dinner. Anyway, I took care of verifying and solve the problem – I am not gay. How about them, they may even be but the problem was not that. The problem was I. I was there as an overcharge, I was the crazy guy. The group was homogeneous without my self. I was the only one who wanted to learn the city language. It was my self who wanted to go to a coffee-shop. They just wanted to go the window girls and they have finished by insulting the prostitute who was offering a blowjob to all our entire group, they just wanted to take two deep breaths in my joint, but without notice of course, meanwhile they were the first to grass. They with all that superiority based on money or academic grade, they made me up, they obliged my self to be in presence of the general general director of the lamp society and I just quit, I came angry home: I was too different from them, I like real miscegenation, the one where you can learn new cultures, I don't need no moron engineers.

I see three wrinkles on my front face, deep dug eyes and I say they are the reflex of an attitude, rebel it is, because it wants to assume as rebel even if that can only have a personal meaning, incomprehensible to all of them, those little crimes, it would be necessary to explain so many thing it's better to give up. Why? I would get problems. But what crimes?! What evil have you done?, is so good to kill spermatozoon over your surfaces, I am thinking on you, I broadcast you receive, I reach you from here.

But what evil have you done?, asks C. with fear.

I did nothing, I tell you. But I also tell you the girls seem to like the evil we do to them...

I did ask once and saw that image of Her alternative lost in cigarette smoke, dark glasses and long hair dancing at Armenia behind a crowd of cowboys N. that this time were so sad that even the prophet L., whom you know already, asked why? She had power over them, they bashed themselves of their humiliation, they hide themselves, put disguises, the midget had fear you could go tell his mother he, for instance, smoked ganja hidden of... and then they asked how could it be possible to filter their own bullshit. Then I asked again but my conscience, days later in a day of giving away to the solitary act, informed me that even in the dreamed days of the alternative angels Id never knew the answer, L. never told Id the why.

Ganja by itself is not an excuse but when we listen to stories about the postgraduated man, we think he may be too much patient, the man is too much patient, he is capable of the most humanitarian and altruist gesture, in the stories he plays before the audience he thinks he have it at his feet, Mr. Delay sees himself capable of doing the homework and taking the girl to the movies along an eternity of three years without ever seeing the light... then what to think? I know, I am in doubt... I dunno but he may not be a good sheep, he must be looking after photography lessons and then if he asks for details it's better to calling him by the name: you shit moron!

What to do then when Rosebud lights off leaving us with a riddle on the hand or it assumes as a lie, a simple and innocent whim being finally despised, voted to oblivion or simply forgotten, how can I believe Id, that conscience locked in society?, Id may have changed identity. Would there be that self titling my self as a Sun god (Julius Caesar great empires ai Cleopatra you too Brutus) I had finally over the disguised defeat shamefully started to adapt to society by appealing to the expiation of a guilt raised in excess and the pursuit mania? No, money is just a mean, I don't need a bed made of money.

I ask my self if it never happened to grab at random a book of any shelf and notice one day, at awakening from a very electronica dream, that that vague title, those words, by its sonority and temporal measure of hours walking on, are details, descriptions of little nothings you lived once or guessed once, when?, in another life you don't know previous or forward, awake or dreamed and here the case complicates itself now that the millennium ends to start from zero or one backwards... minus I, minus II. Will not this be just a reflex of the, shall we say, Pavlov's aesthetic? Will your self be a puppy?

My conscience got tired, has no more will to speak as always with a word,

a qualifier turning into beauty a name, a letter, a tone resting when the image of social delirium becomes transparent, for example, when a dining hall is closed due to a difference about who supplies the bread, if the up guys, the down guys or the general director, see you for your self this oak tree lock?, and due to certain theories they say we shall offer the best of us, so there it goes another denunciation. Let's call him the baker, nothing against the bakery in general, but this man came once to me full of trust and shrewdness and stated to my self I should perhaps buy a cotton mackintosh and some shoes maybe... we have to understand him, he's middle aged, wears a white mackintosh, reveals off the record I don't know what, and here I leave your imagination to function about what that 'what' could be, but he says also he goes to the window girls... well, behind my recorder who searches for the final evidence, everything in the confession was going fine until someone listening to the conversation comes out with the line about the gay manners... and goes from there that the baker decides to say he goes to pass by the gay cinema but still he gets the joke about the mountain boots and pays the dinner with a visa card to us folks. He was just the boss.

Being things like this, if people ask me how I am doing and what I handle then I say that, for the sake of all, I can not want to know anything more. It's not so easy having to write the recipe against teachers that in the real life truly introduce their selves in the character of a such teacher supposedly onanist and finish to tremble and to reveal at the lunch table: *one day we have to arrange one of those shitty things...* the answer can only be: don't say anything, look with evil face and watch him falling to tears right there in front of us. Poor fuck... but why do they fall in love for me shit? Will there be that after we have to send them to hell with a smile on the lips? Sometimes it seems people just put their will on being kicked in the back, excuse my self to say it. For all of this, it's obvious I can only prefer to go back to the origins and find the truth, the primitive animals didn't talk. My conscience has no more will to speak as if inside her green eyes the portuguese flag still existed, she sometimes considers her self with dark humour as a non-citizen or with perhaps pity a straw man. I prefer other symbols, the dub techno beat, the industrial samplers, the locusts, the wizzards, the sun, one only title: get down make love.

Id thinks that many of the sensations I show are sensations, influences beautiful but dangerous. I answer that I live very confused and surrounded by aphorisms. Id reproves and says I let my self be influenced by things not

natural in me.

Dorian Gray... the portrait, maybe the first pop star and pop is not pure, is promiscuous, it's a bivalve shell that answers and has reason on what it says: things as moral or immoral books don't exist. Books are well or bad written. That's all.

Think well on what you say. Think well on the name of the chapter, it's perhaps a bit androgynous, think well on the name. Sometimes, those little things that come to memory, titles and such you read on newspapers, on the magazines, will not be just your dreams coming to memory reifying themselves? Will there be here a reality disorder?, asks the analyst.

I take a deep breath and, in between black and white contraries, I decide to end the subject. Androgyny is, for me, a theory and meanwhile there are people who affirms that if men were androgynous then perhaps were more sensible, so do as you please.

Meanwhile, in a meeting with the other FReEC trainees, I understood that nothing from this they could understand. After all, they never executed a cunnilingus. At last, I asked: Do you reckon the story as coherent? I let the midget to shoot his hateful kick, I clapped hands, he obviously said there exists a lot of incoherence, leave it!, it's equally true, you had a bad day, numbers were wrong and the graphic tables came out wrong. At awakening from a insomnia I notice at the mirror I grew older six months. I had to quit that class. It was all a bad dream, white, scary where I had to prove my identity. When the circles grow and fill all the space, they mix, become ellipsis, convert into infinite, infinite symbols become a scattered identity: he did this, he did that... what is true... what is a lie... what is real... what is a lie... what is a dream... what is black... what is white... what is original... what is a photocopy?

One o'clock and thirty minutes AMM. I dreamed a new girl. I desired then a new goddess. Although I've never seen you, I know you already, your image will save my self from doom. I take you out of the pantheon, I touch you, I imagine you inside ganja dreams, I tell you dirty details. Consider only this: *L'amour va bien merci*. I have nothing more to say. I don't seem I like, desire or want purity, that saint and sanctified virginity; I like Joan of Arc as a myth based on value but perhaps I prefer the poverty of the operator who wishes to be pop and appear on the magazines. That... maybe is worth the price of jealousy. I say this because I was turned down twice or because they said they liked other guy or because I was a moron on the art of romance. And why moron? Perhaps because I was looking for someone

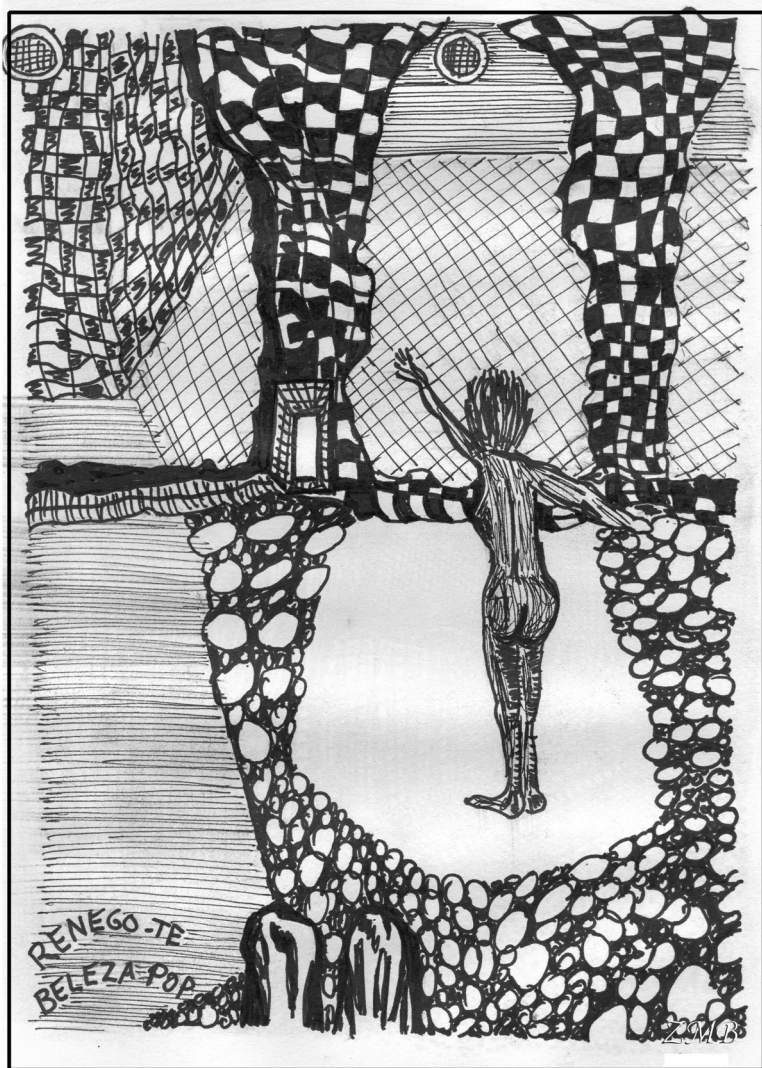
to kill the previous love. I was searching without rest like a damned soul, I was under a lot of stress due to the eclipse. I came out worst than before I got in. I came down to reality: I am an insect inside a fridge. My head hurted and I started to frequent the pharmacy of this society where you can find me always you want to.

Perhaps due to this, I need the poor people, humble, more down-to-earth or due to Astor Piazzolla's fault, I feel something to germinate, I ask in the eternal solitary act of analysis if she is to be born, if she has a car and if she is a teacher. I answer with a question: But when have you seen her? How is she, how is that goddess? I don't know what she works on, never saw her driving, saw her once when I was going home, she run and in that rush look I saw something I don't know..., I imagine her and the form doesn't matter, I don't know but when I do know which is her is she I would let her run away no more. I will give her roses. And that means that any one is she? I don't know, we never know, I don't have much patience.

Zeit ist kunst. I head home after the visit. Alas, the stage setting of a sleepwalker struggling against time: he feels he too can be taken into compulsory internment. He understands the why. Oh that week...







## N Chapter V

### **I deny you pop beauty**

#### *Nine Inch Nails : Closer to god : March of the fuckheads*

Three o'clock in the afternoon and I go towards the Bus Station café to meet my colleague H. with whom I am working on a project to deliver in the end of the month. We sit. I've once worked here. The waitress E. asks in the distance while cleaning some tables: - Two black coffees?

I ask H.: - Do you want coffee?

He says he already have it. Then he says to E.: - A Sprite and a coffee, black. He continues talking: - Sure, I did nothing these holidays. I spared time in total apathy eating and sleeping. I was in need. I must have study three hours.

- Well, I also didn't do very much but I was reading the Comnet III papers. Nothing special at all.

- It seems there's going to be a music festival here this weekend. A friend told me. Do you know anything about it?

- No, I don't but a festival starts today and runs until the end of the weekend.

Then he shouts: - My friend told me there's going to be one here in Derza and remarks, in Derza!

Huf and I answer: - I don't know nothing about it.

How everything is boring. Why will it be that nothing is said ever. For whom to know my self so well as my self, he will surely knows that this is definitely the thought. The others are always the ones who talk on the whys, but why?, because I never have nothing to say. Say what?, perhaps what matters more are the what fors... Perhaps this was just a normal chitchat.

Four o'clock at MarchPush café. I am seated at the balcony and ask for a coffee. Waiter F. compliments me with the usual reverence: How are you Sir? Sometimes I ask why. I ask my self what I do to be treated this way often. Maybe the outward appearance, I always forget to ask him.

I search for the newspaper. Inside *The Scandal* newspaper on page 3 they tell a story when perfection is originated on number 3, the problem is that if I may even try to believe that yellow improv candle may be cool the others

seem not to believe, and on page 23 they tell the story about the one to whom somebody once said the world seemed to turn round him, at least that was the impression that rested, sometimes he looked like a public relations, it is at least the sensation I have. Meanwhile, I prefer to search for the *The SearchFor* newspaper and when I find it I skip into until reached the enlarged section of The SearchFor, I recommend it indeed. I have conscience of oughting to work. From this conscience sails a big thought and this transforms its self into an image. I search for independence when I am on the last year of graduation and I search for work as a waiter or a blacksmith. Anything. It's not the conscience of the lack of money, it's not the conscience of living under family expenses, no. A noble job but I lack experience on the jobs I search for. At the same time I should study the ComnetIII papers or am I not myself who affirms that it's for it I walk, like: Bollocks I am a serious guy.

Some moments later enters junkie J. I once defined this way perhaps because it seems he belongs this group where some like my self hide from the world not always due to the same reasons meanwhile... I don't like them but I ask: do you have some shit?

No, but my girlfriend knows who have it!

I repeat: I am addicted. It feeds me over the days when everything goes wrong.

Sure, says J., I've been around for some years now. I'm thinking on getting a job, years start to weigh. Last year I managed to enter second year. Oh really? You are from software engineering, aren't you?, how are you doing? Well, I'm on last year. I hate people talking about my degree. Are you from geology? No. I am from electronics. I thought you were from geology. No. It is my colleague K. who is from geology. He continues after a pause: You are on last year but have you delayed subjects?

I am rolling a cigarette whilst looking down because I have the habit of rolling my cigarettes with my hands under the balcony and I am saying: I am delayed on four subjects and the project. I say all this without any pride. So you are doing well. You were a rookie at the same time as myself, weren't you?

Yes it were. I start to get sick of this conversation. If I knew what I know today maybe I had chosen another degree. This freaks a guy's head, and I continue after a pause to give the impression of thinking on the case... although I don't know which...

After all you have always the chance of getting a good job?

My nerves... shut up!

Lots of guys I know finish the degree and... are lecturing!

To my self it doesn't seem that lecturing will be a bad job but it lacks something. J. doesn't agree but what would you expect. After all what does he foresee, will he believe in destiny?, sometimes I feel curious, after all I foresee what in him? I foresee in him a person with a future limited on the horizon. I ask my self what are the horizons of the future, my future and my supposed ambition of reaching somewhere, to some position in the limelight or to where? Being among the best, the best of what?, if I foresee also the wish of writing books, painting pictures, making photography, direct movies, etc. Funny, all thing related with the degree I am finishing. Nice contradiction but would I assume it? I think that so few people assume their contradictions at the mirror first and then only after in front of others. I think that so few people assume that those contradictions are necessary to the existence of life on planet Earth while we search for water on the Moon or life on Mars or other planets, who knows? We could go living there, who knows, with the soft light of Mother Earth shining at the glass dome... few people assume but assume for what?

Changing a bit the subject. Are you thinking on buying some?

To J. it may, perhaps, sound a bit strange someone of my condition want to buy something, perhaps to release stress, who knows?

I don't know. I'm waiting for my girl. She is the one who knows who have it.

To what purpose this shows up?, I ask my self then.

I don't know nothing about him. He uses to appear later after the end of dinner.

And... at what time does he eat?

Nine thirty seems a good time.

Well, see you then.

Funny, I don't like the elements I defined as junkies but meanwhile I buy joints and smoke joints with them. I talk about businesses I don't like to talk about but why do I talk in the first place? I imagine that maybe I am above them. I imagine they can understand. I consider my self a J.. One J. is always conscious of his lack of will although he sometimes rebels due to poetic impulses. He looks to the mirror and is always shitting to what the other Js. say and not only, also the other letters of the alphabet. I look to you and I am shitting on you. But here it is the expression, the one that the society laughs about: life is like this. Some letters produce, some have

ideas, others practice them, others manage to feel ok and the Js. and the selves?, does someone do something, do we feel ok? I imagine that somewhere somebody in a poetic aesthetic impulse will grab a tape and it will be heard perhaps a saturday night looking for angel dust, we like the life we live.

Around two o'clock, Armenia makes part of my universe. I turn to be my self. I am the prophet of sensations and ideas. Js., I don't see them. I walked away. I deny them to a second plan. I don't even understand how letters don't understand I am always doing the same, living the reality of making fun with them, abusing them. Or they don't understand or they don't mind or they do as if they don't get it or maybe they just say that it is just my way... he has some weird eyes although. In these instants, I am a sagacious, inventor, well mood person, capable of dominating a small world.

I feel well. I find colleague L.. Let's have a drink. I feel right on paying him a drink. He thanks. I feel right on doing so and you drink the wine I payed you. I drink because I feel like. L. is saying: what I like most on our people is their band-aid approach, they go out at night and all, they drink, they keep doing the subjects... you, for instance.

You know what's like, it's all a question of time sharing, that is, to give to the user the sensation that the processor is entirely dedicated to him but I go thinking in another direction, this is the prophet of software engineering, the lyric who believes on the Order of the Engineers, what he likes the most is the band-aid approach. The mean rate of the exponential distribution is... I am shitting on you.

I don't know L. very well. He seems like a bon vivant but extremely theorist. Meanwhile, he believes or seems to believe, he does people think that he or is a big asshole or then he really believes. On what I believe tonight is my ability of communication. Some many beautiful shes. So many little shes. Funny, I notice I like these little shes. Always with a smile and joyful, in a good mood. Will it be because I desire to get an adult and serious she, grown up and beautiful and because I don't have one at the moment? That is not for me, they are unreachable. I am continuing to teasing the little shes L. keeps introducing to me. I stretch my hand with the glass, little she accepts, L. asks the name of the drink, little she wins and for my self I say: so little you are. It's a funny question. The right height was always clarifying for my self, my she would always be tall and would have black hair. Little shes are so little. The only thing I can do is try to

enjoy acting like a small twenty-four-hour clown or with gestures of a person coming out of a frugal dinner, a good Buondi black coffee, some beers and an immense joy, good mood, extroverted, restless, different... funny I feel I abuse them, funny I feel they seem to like, it would be so easy to pop you... no, I don't want, you're too little. I turn to L. who says: hey man, yesterday I couldn't show up to the class.

Really?!, I think in a millisecond.

But I have an excuse, my girl had her birthday and I went with her to the beach.

I get to give to him my compliments for such attitude showing to him my total understanding. You don't need to explain, my self in your place would do the same. At the same time I hide that I didn't show up either, I did go to buy wood. Meanwhile, I am rolling on a cigarette with three skins but this time with pride, I am celebrating my god of the moment and I like to assume my gods, I like to be controversial because it gives me mental orgasms of pleasure.

L. rejoices: I knew you would understand man. He puts his hand on my shoulder and continues: it's good to have a colleague like you and you know what's going to happen?, we are going to have a good grade.

Yes, we are. Meanwhile, the story is a bit more complex as I went to buy wood after coming to the class and didn't want to stay there due to not know how to do the exercise and as he didn't show up it was not worth to stay there. It was like this a noble way of lying staying everything ok but how many times we lie and things go wrong and how many times we say the truth and nobody listens.

After a moment, L. ceased to be important. I go for a walk. I see a man with moustache and as I didn't like men with moustache I can't have nothing to say to him. This is an imaginary detail, one of those details often unnecessary. Element M. turns to my self and asks:

This music is shit, isn't it? This disc jockey sucks!

Ja, I'm going to grab a beer. See ya. (Go fuck your self)

Now, I am at the balcony. I look to the side, watch and as incredible it may seem I only see colleagues and little shes. Armenia is tonight... too much. I am going to speak with colleague N.. We had an argument and tonight I put my hand on his shoulder and he starts talking: Man, I am pissed with you! That story with the professor O.... I rested to think on what you said to me, believe me, it never crossed my mind the idea you could have wanted to make prejudice on your colleagues. Bollocks man I'm your friend damn it.

Face to face with such argument I let him continue. We talked about a study subject we had to deliver. We all had to do an essay. Mine was to take all their formal essays and convert them into html, a unknown language! We all kept our doubts if... or then mania went on dogging my self during all this time and now it's the time to fix things, exorcise them. Even my self and professor O. after the class, we spoke of spy work or so it seemed. Will all have been total senility or not... was it really about that we talked about?, it was just a matter of organizing all the collected information and to present it in html. My problem was: where would I go collect that knowledge?

Bollocks man, I don't believe you wanted to prejudice somebody, I don't believe someone of our course would want some time to prejudice somebody, the personnel is all cool!

I agree yes but think no. The personnel all sucks. The personnel doesn't understand but what will there be to understand? Sometimes I ask my self if I should not explain them that this situation has nothing to do with what they thing it does. We speak about 'alhos' when the story is more 'bogalhos'. There is a certain ambiguity I prefer to preserve or even keep that perhaps already existed, who knows?, at some time since but I found it only now. My mind got me walking one of these days over the salt mines taking photographs of water, salt, dismayed green vegetation, long narrow walks on the landscape of the sea city with postpostmodernist remains of society as if the fire, image of certain ovens, reflected the suburban decay, the decay of things and people.

At this time, the colleague N. is equally possessed with booze. I am now in a double game I actually learned how to do when I discovered I had to hide behind the letters of the alphabet or some of them at least. Why?, it didn't arrive yet the time of discovering it. I am thus saying that... I am explaining a bit of the facts, I am listening that the assignment N. did was a hell of a trouble.

Bollocks man, by xmas time I sent him some pork pies. I deserve a good grade, damn it. I did work! I tell you if I don't find the grade fair I will protest.

I see him gesticulate and I am saying that professor O. is fair at giving grades. He last year didn't pass a student convicted with 9.45. He said: You didn't reach the level. It's obvious I know that professor O. is rigorous. My grade is fair and your grade is the grade you deserve. N. looks at me and a flash tells me to say Bingo! Look, tell him about the pork pies.

Funny, I say this cynic metaphor with so a committed air with his cause he falls without reaction and availing from his facial expression he can not know if I am just making fun of him or if I am in process of understanding him and acquiring some of his attitudes. I don't know, somebody explain... but little shes of course. We like them. The friend likes little shes. But my self... would I like little shes? I continue on teasing.

We all laugh. There is a certain attitude which finds its perfect target. Sometimes, we only need to act weird or look in a certain way for the little shes to fell interested in us and even if that doesn't happen always, who cares? Just to say that smiles are all different and neither all are equal. [this paragraph is a ramble on a portuguese slogan, please ignore!]

A joke here, a push there, N. turns to me and says: I did well, didn't I? Yes, you did well and then? I decide to disappear.

Minutes later, I find my self hero at the balcony where I turn to find J. who fail our appointment but who tells me with a shinny look: I see you manage to score.

Yes, it was a representation.

Minutes later, I am drinking a beer in the middle of the dance floor tripping and asking my self what a firestarter is and answering that a firestarter is the man who starts the fires. I dance, around me all dance, all drink, the little shes all run from here to there and the dis-suckled all run after them and I scream: *I'm a firestarter*.

Everything is beautiful. Everything is logical, everything makes sense. Shitty periphrasis, shitty repetition. Shitty life. I curse you all to hell.

A bit behind me, I notice a she drinking beer with a friend. I see she's different, she's not she but I go to compliment her.

She says: I thought you didn't want to speak to me. I saw you some days ago at the station but you didn't notice me. I smile and say to her with a certain naughty and unexpected shine on the eyes: You should have come to me. She protests: Would I know you wanted to see me? Oh sorry, I must have been sleepy. Sleepy?! Yes. I was surely sleepy. I've been tired.

Lately, the train travels home are always like this and fulfill their function. I didn't want to see her. I could feel that she is not my she, she was more that friend who could enter in a movie where I would go visiting her at the victorian garden at the weekend to have tea. We kept talking, talking about what?, nothing but that is not neither important nor unpleasant. I am starting to get interested on her. I can define her as the pop beauty with mobile cell and eight degrees west, she wears a thin blue shirt with small

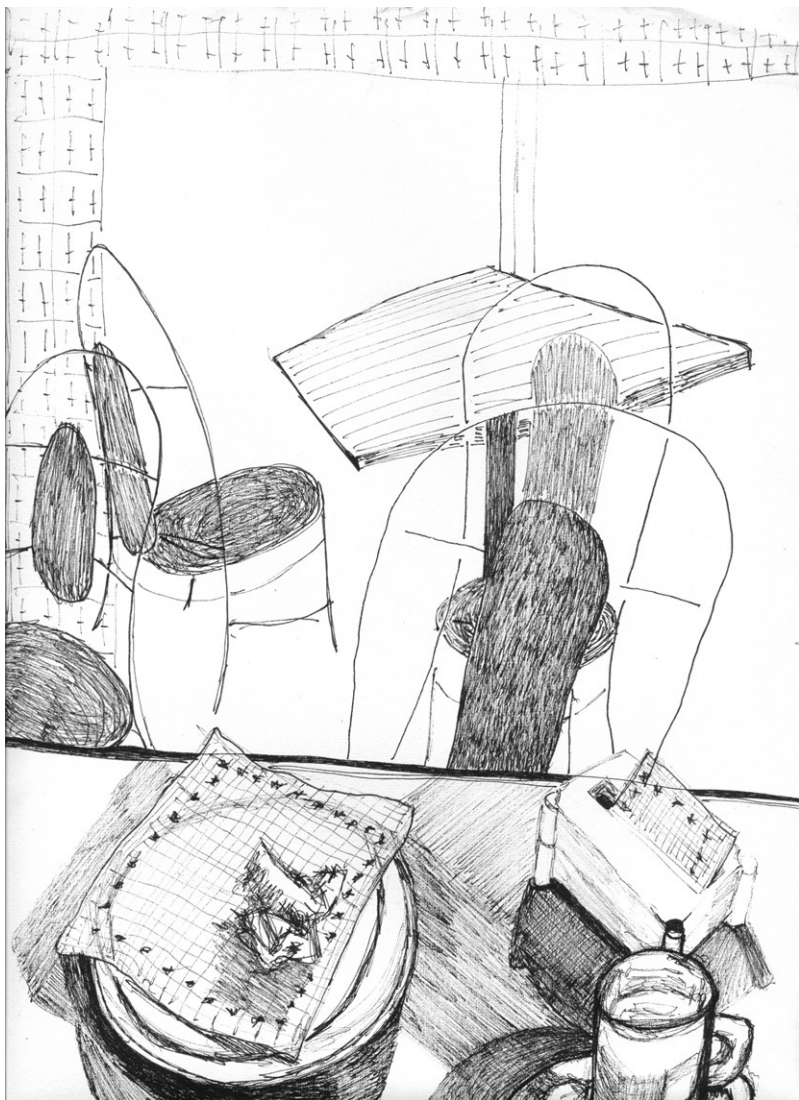


white spots shining in the dark, the tightened trousers mold the long and thin legs as if they were filters in a light focus. I think on her artistic beauty, a certain recurring aesthetic and I ask my self if I could not like futile shes. As I don't find an answer immediately I imagine small games that could teach me how to conduct water to sea mills which are mine in ambition. And these are the situations which make me laugh and give me the joy I haven't felt so much for the bad sake of my sins holy priest. Sins I want mine. Thus I feel like saying as if we were at the sunday sermon: blessed shes, blessed the joints, blessed you immanent doubled gods who transfer shadow and gradients of light, nine tones of grey, vegetation and such beauty.

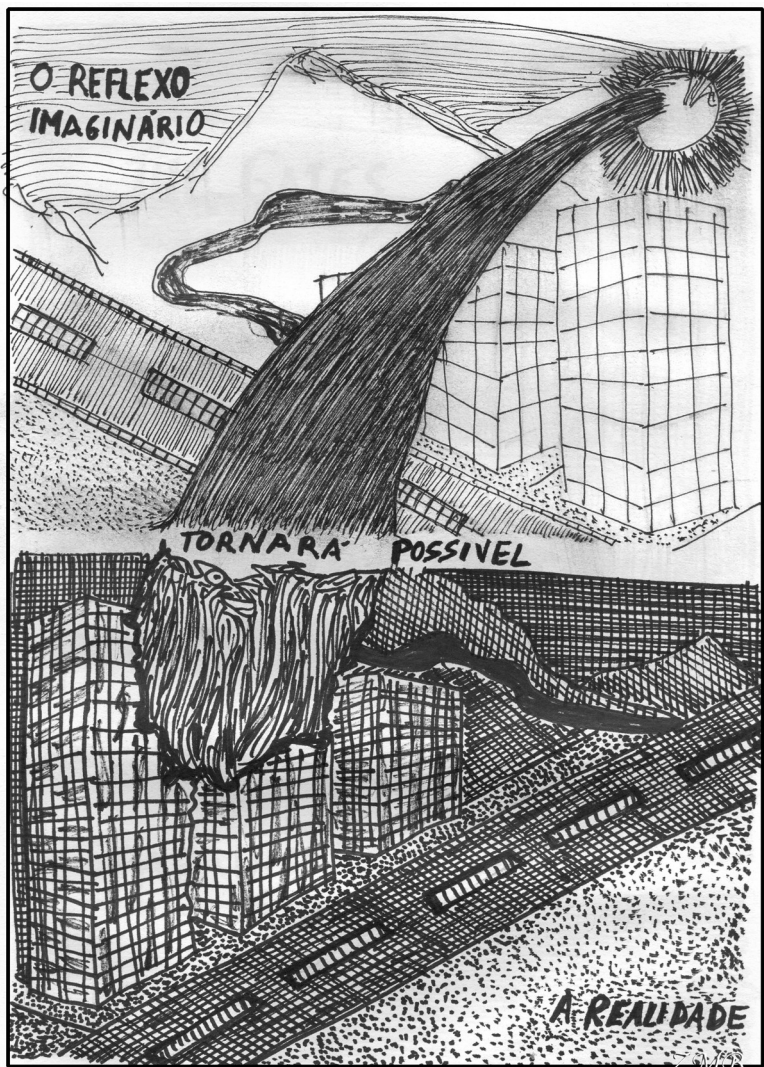
Whilst looking like this, whilst tripping Armenia like this, whilst having solutions of this caliber I ask my self what will 'alternative' mean, once she told me I was like this because I only want to BE. Will it be that we are what they think or say we are? By day on certain hours or occasions, my being oscillates between the bum or the styled high school lad, it depends of the periodicity with which I shave... there are boring days to shave. At night, the obscure depressive or the kissable womanizer of the planet, it depends on the periodicity, inverse of the frequency of companionship of breakfast, if it still exists or is just a case of particular indoctrination.

Tonight, I believe on this pop, I even desire her, I identify my self with her but desire her how?, maybe as a washing powder I could use to purify my self?, and tomorrow?, tomorrow I don't know, I don't have the power of foreseeing 100%. I don't know. Tomorrow is another day. It will be even a good day for you pop beauty because your image purify my self. Do you know what's the problem? It is that tomorrow clothes will dirt again, it will be needed a new boredom or a new oblivion as ambition... the ambition... yesterday is gone. Goodbye pop beauty. What to fool you for?









O Chapter minus V

## **The imaginary reflex will make reality true**

*Einstuerzende Neubauten : Funf auf der nacht ritcherscala : Keine schoenheit ohne gefahr*

... or the variations about Keine Schoenheit ohne gefahr  
because it would always be difficult to believe there is beauty without danger.

There exists a symbol contained in memory since the cats started to moan in shelter as the wolves used to run free by October time in the red city. It repeats over two year cycles. The said love exists in memory, it's the one that is after the physical passion which ends when people get tired of smelling the other's body and decide to move forward to eternity. This love is therefore hidden away from reality by the swapping of the compilation album of photographic real reflexes and the time when imagination reaches animal lust.

During my violent accesses of humility, which I only have when my ego reveals itself an inexhaustible source, I give six months to conclude a love story. O.'s love story. I want to do things calmly. For that my dreamed she may become real.

Ah Icata! Poetry is so beautiful! Yes! Ah Icata, poetry is beautiful but your body wants nothing from my self.

As if in a prophecy she will appear coming out of a chrysalis. When my eclipse happens provoked by the absence in reflex of the sun resting the moon (who has no self light saving the rare and unreachable exceptions) alone without no one to illuminate her. Those are the exceptions I shall look for. Someone to cultivate organic zen gardens with. There, I will already be a priority on her life. Who doesn't look for the sun but lives on the moon. So I shall transfix my self from sun to moon, alter slightly my identity on certain moments for that I can learn the moment when I will at last find you and for that my vacuum be fulfilled by the force in you – the real she. I need someone to vacuum my scrotum. Empty my self, come on. I know you have no interest on that so I punish you with the pen. I vacuum the pen. In ecstasy I decide to write, as you know I dedicate my self often to poetry which brings me only disenchantment and freedom.

It come to mind that is just a matter of time. When? It can take an hour, can take a day, a month, six months. It will be a time question until I get you in my arms. Really? Because I don't believe you can resist your self and your temptation to possess my self.

If I were to paint you my lovely african queen... where in Africa? Hmm... maybe in South Africa... if I were to paint you my lovely animal queen I will ever put your soul inside a smallish female kitten... And you know that you are not smallish, you are a stunner! Your colour will ever BE brown orange... and you will ever wear that black hat your grand papa offered you in an act of love. Is your colour white when you are beyond the blackboard wondering the children of god with beauty? Quelle est ta language quand tu me parles on my moon to moon green dreams? Have you ever heard of green, the green fields of dreams?

Confess. (Now with a drama tone.) If at the time of waking up every morning you don't feel you deny your impulses but indeed you continue searching for the limit point, don't get scared. How can there be limits? Why not reach that limit where probably everything falls apart and the game falls from the skies sowing the destruction of the city? And why not live without the need to find the limit?, with no need of the Time element nor the search for space, why not let time flow without the fear of crashing, why not understand that will be that way a consequence of the fear of crashing even more? What to do? Leave you alone... but if I'm forced to give up meeting us together... one of us will have to move to another city by the need of having space for a moment, months or any other time measure. I'd say even nevermore. I tell you meanwhile that a magnet of us will unconsciously search for the other. Start to give up. If I give up for any of these reasons or any other still unknown or not identified as a 'cultural reality', you affirm, my dreamed She, you'll lose and because of that galloping it will increase the number of days you awake sad and fire will thus be a crash. You'll lose because you never wanted. I propose to your self, my dreamed She, I propose you decide between losing your time for ever and I search for you forever. I even will not be able of speaking about anything and it will be necessary to discover other human forms to forget you. So sweet the innocence of a person in love... Id would say continuing: her love must be very aesthetic. I think she'll never give you the key of her rose button to whom you'd like to say yes.

I write a poem called Aqaismja: I am anxious to see you, I miss you, I want to touch you, to feel, give you pleasure, the responsibilities the

commitments don't allow meanwhile, I aspire to the perfume, you dizzy my brain, I'm totally out, nothing more makes sense, minimal is the key, I don't say good shit, maybe I never did, it will come the time where words won't be needed. But I make love to you in my dreams and white poems.

(And then I imagine imagine myself in the kitchen.)

My momma says: look sunny I can not get you a girl, look... I am going to offer you a small Pandora's box with a lock and key for you to keep your book saved, thus you don't need to jump the bonfire on st. John's night while the balloons are going up the skies and you let your floppy disk fall...

My papa adds: Well son, I can tell you son that there are there a lot of marriage agencies son, you can get a three year deal from there son... son...

I brutally answers and so innocent as Bart Simpson inside a PH plastic tv: Eh... I actually prefer to look forward a funerary agency and think on the coffin colour after receiving a phone call for a job with a glass of wine in my hand...

My sisters laugh of all this, well they were born in the lucky star...

Well people, it was just to cut the subject off.

All they finish to say: Look that jelly look, it is made of black berries...

Hmm... tomorrow it will be a new day. That the deluge comes and throws the shit out of the brain pipes.



THE GATES OF



PARADISE! CITY

ZMB

P Chapter D

**The gates of Paradise! city**

*ZMB : IRABCDJOL II : Mikrofon*

The wrath telescopic sight points straight to us, yellow and green audience.  
Behind the purple and violet sky, bellow the horizon line, in front an island  
in the middle of a carmine river running to the waterfall of a paradise city  
coming from the mouth.

From this river comes out a light of intense yellow which reaches me, the  
ganza island (you) laughs of this theater play I now perform.

I smoke.

On my right hand I wield firmly an umbrella sculpting a skull  
on a wood stick which has a sharp edge  
where is impaled a parrot (or some other rare bird of the caribbean on the  
pirate times).

It holds on its back two small babies who are us.

You in purple emboss. Myself on the underground barely seen such is the  
darkness.

An yellow green man looks and from him comes out a man of transparent  
eyesight.

I see the underground of a red granite rock  
shelled on the back of a man who walks half laid down with feline  
eyesight.

An old man of red nose walks towards the mouth of a river  
resting on watch to the underground where people say there exist light  
points.

He takes on his back two babies hugging each other.

Koillapse thus prepares his funambulist act which will lead to the  
underground,

maybe there is the possible explosion, my mermaid.

At the surface there exist two pots, one purple and the other violet,  
near the mouth of a river daily reached by the wrath of the sea waters.

Near them and illuminated by the feverish of the waters a conclusion is  
waited by the crowd.

In the sky I only see purple clouds, grey which menace the hope of a river  
leaning blue,

following its course, separating the audience,  
green men who look the granite underground where a feline eternally  
thirsty carries a faith:  
to change of life.

From the four angles colours are drawn which are the composition of the  
contraries.

The vanishing point is situated in the following of our eyesight  
melting in the inside of a colour conjugation.

On the four vertex of the frame.

On the pyramid walls the colour fades  
in thick brush strokes almost surgical.  
Soft and in their days, the days of today,  
in exact harmony with the environment.

Spiced with honey and pepper.  
Contrasts, flavours, tongue mouth, eyes saliva.  
Multicolour colours.

Something still escapes...  
certain forms considered important are coming to be hidden with the  
passing of time.

They only exist escaping from darkness which falls over them.

The happening runs all away by the biggest vertex of the pyramid who  
resembles a funnel.

The carpet, which will serve the frame, takes on its chest a sphere on the  
center of the flight.

Where colours melt it lacks harmony, balance, a Libra sign after Virgo.

It lacks two equal weights.

A scale is built

under a waterfall on brown and chiaroscuro blue on the rosy riverside.

The scale tongue points to the sky at an half km of the flight.

The pillars are a pot of flowers on the shoulder of a man

in rotation like a photographic series in green, brown, red, circle of colours,  
around the scale tongue we catch sight of the last colours of the flight:

white purple rose mate dark blue red purple rose.

A woman stretches the hand contemplating: we could say a goddess.  
She's You and you resist to be taken away by the waters. You are strong.

Everything is in a continuous movement of rotation,  
everything wheels at the mouth of the river where an old bridge links the  
flower pot to the helm of a man smoking.

A parrot with a green beak tuck two small babies identical twins: you and  
my self.

It observes all the generated situation.

The crowd waits,

there it appears a skull,

I look and see

in the body of a woman the head of a man,

rings round his eyes and white hair,

S/He has a sad eyesight,

behind the forgotten torso of a woman,

impossible to define its meaning for the audience,

always the same void,

always the nullification of senses and reasons of being,

in the affirmation of several moments I say: To stop look and to feel peace  
and love.

I paint what I see,

I see no peace nor love.

On everything I paint it seems to exist such schizophrenia that  
it's easy to feel nothing as real.

Senses, double senses, denied senses, nothing makes sense.

Rotations, translations, circles that move forward.

What to explain the meaning for?

The truth is there, the images are pure,

they are the force of the impulses which attracts us to an image,

we often look for the meaning where it doesn't exist

on the search for the definition of a title,

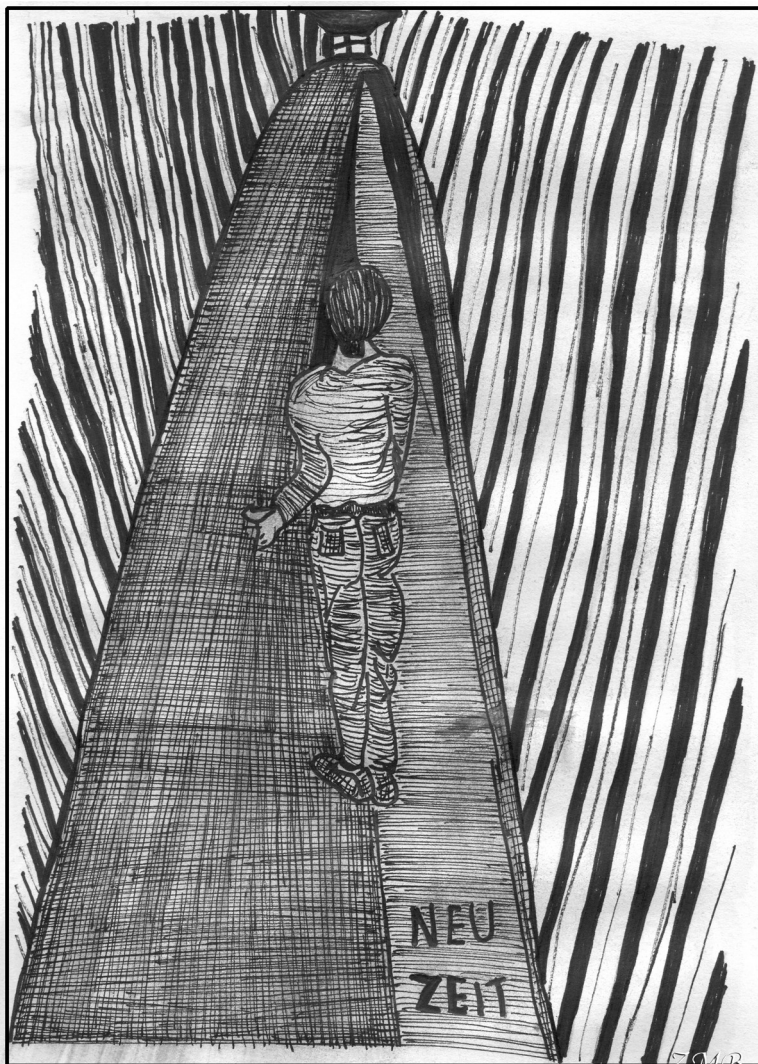
to my self I tell you: we are in front of the gates of a paradise city

... but where does it starts?

... where is its presence visible?

... will us be too mad to have ourselves?

Ad eternum.



ZMB

## Q Chapter minus D

### Neu zeit

#### *Swans : Children of god : New mind*

Today, friday dawn, the day awoke knocking twenty past six a.m.m.. The deadline for the referendum is near. I put a guess on an immense human heat full of hope on the result. But that is a matter for some weeks later and my self doesn't always walk at the same beat of the functional mechanism of objects. Thus, for today my plans wish this day becomes memorable, shall I win or lose a page of the grey book will be turned or another karma cycle will be renewed.

Outside waiting for my self she will be, I know she will! Will she come? Will she correspond to my personal sigil, a AOS' one or even a Cyril Grey's question mark? I dunno... but a new day rises today without shadow of doubt. If she doesn't come, it will be because I am not a priority... or my spell has failed. In that case, I shall be strong and never give down, suck the bone of the question, wrap it in details, paint it in an artisan raw cloth canvas and after who knows... perhaps forget the desire, the longing for her to appear in some hours time outside the gate and, at last, for that I may believe that the transmission of my fluid functioned and she appeared *as if* or she phoned to tell she wishes me in an organic fashion.

After breakfast at the canteen, I return to my bedroom to clean the remains. I am twenty three and I am coming out of a long two year blockage. I lived one more existence. Now, I pick up the wall photographs, the small sketches, the poetic reflexions, the illustrations for future books about past memories. Two years inside the FReEC society made of my self a new man. Above all, I had time to read books without thinking on something else and I did have free food, bed and free washed sheets. Now, I must think well on this rebirth and on what to do with the books if I have to return to the other books, those that supposedly will be our official income, the one the rules say to be the family income... but that is past, it's gone, the cat died already several times as you may suspect.

Nowadays, I have nothing of what the other people have. For example, I don't have a woman to kiss as she will not appear nor I have a car to chill out although I have the driver's license since years ago. I don't like the place I have to return for. Meanwhile, I have what I grew up with: the

books and the field recordings. Who knows if the social worker doesn't file me to the welfare or if the micro-credit lends my self some Gs to open a publishing house with my artifacts. Search for the luck. You will not find it while searching but you only can win the euromillion jackpot if you play.

I don't know. I have to sleep over the future well. Neither I know if I have an audience nor know if she will come... but exchanging thoughts to the mirror while shaving, I would guess I have everything needed, everything desirable, everything the Marias like. But I don't know if I still like the Maria style. After all, I hope to have the conscience that the experienced reality did really happened. I hope to believe that everything occurred, not inside a movie but in reality. Though. It's necessary to possess a strong will, a power to try to go to Rome because Mohamed don't go to the mountain anymore, and after all only the one who believes goes bonkers and mad.

I'll search for my space but don't know in which world and if inhabited at all. What's my dilemma? I feel my self heavy, it's hard to feel human warmness. Over two years of social exclusion there was much time to think. I'll have to deal at last with my displaced self. Analyzing this period, of all the persons I've met here the one I will have more respect is certainly the professor O.. From the dealer who sells fivers at the weekends to students to the one who deals in big figures, from the robber carrying infected syringes to the one who robs jewelries, from the innocent passion crime to the bloodiest more religious murder, it was professor O.'s case who stood above all. Of course, there were equally the angels felt from grace, the innocent people identified by society as unadapted who don't belong there, there's no law, other solution doesn't exist than society do not release them nevermore and exhibit them thus to society visitors. To what class do they belong? I don't know but according to the justice they belong to the lowest class, the one of the society junkies. This situation is not solved with propaganda politics of confinement. Today, the consumer class wasn't yet changed. Bob hasn't yet been released. Catalogers include my self on the drugged-recycled class, I am actually surrounded by catalogers, I stink with analysis. As for example: when I go to a record shop and walk through the shelves searching for a letter or when I read on the newspaper the review of some event, everything is cataloged even if only on an unconscious level by everyone with few exceptions. We are actually surrounded by fundamentalists. If they see you with a certain type of letter you are cataloged as a person of that kind, if they see you with another letter they add you immediately another letter to the curriculum vitae, if

they see you with two types of letters you are a socio-cultural phoneme. On the limit you are a word, a metaphorical expression, a big mess.

I head off to the canteen. I take a sit aside professor O. for the last time. I tell him: Today is the day.

Congratulations, and what's next?

I've still not made my mind but the regular is to start over again. Get a job to feed my vice.

Good plans then. After some moments, he continues: I have something to tell you for a while now.

Go, say it.

I've finished a book I was writing over the last years. As it is a mark for me I would like to put it in your hands. More, I would like you to show it to someone. On the limit, I would like it to be published. I imagine it in big words, big posters, big bookshops. I imagine it read by people.

People?! Why? Are you really the author!?

Why what?

What do you pretend? Why do you trust it to me?

I'm not sure. I think I would like to explain my self to people after having explained my self to my self. Sometimes, books are like stamps, a collection, others are objects of art, other objects of study, others are work objects and works for future times. They function a lot of times as exorcisms and they must even a lot of time to function at reverse. Taking a certain nihilistic-romantic view in inverted commas, if you identify your self with certain characters of a certain well written book you may sometimes think of your self as an underground insect, in those moments you are in the well because you have the purity of observing the decadence and observe that there is always some motive to that decadence, the downgrading is some thing of sublime sometimes, whilst observing the deep of the well you can be sure of going up at the expense of your inner strength, of what you are or what you found out you wanted to be or do. Then, by endogenous observation, you are more than an insect, you are someone superior to that. Whilst writing you are recording your doubts and looking for your answers, you get to know your self better, you are thus becoming more lucid. Do you understand?

Sort of. It's a self biography then?

Yes, but a disguised one. It contains real things, others not so real. When it comes to talk about painting we cannot say all...

The sun beats my self in the eyes and, by a finger gesture, the eyes close, I



feel warm, I ask: Why do you want to give me your disguised self biography?

He decides his self with an half lie: Because you are the only person I know here inside with whom I managed to get along for more time and because you seem the most balanced.

Then is that?!, my self says, I shall keep your biography and pass it through to other people as marginal literature, a new Rimbaud, an object of knowledge and/or an object of torture. Supreme ambitions... then is that? I ask interested but full of doubt.

Yes. And I give you then the plans for the cover page...

It's time to leave. Six o'clock p.m.m.. I head towards the entrance followed by two officers. They tell my self they would not like to see my self again. I will try, thanks. On the other side of the street my conscience, the plague I wouldn't want to see, waits for me and says: good lord, we're have you been? After all, this one remembered. Shew up... I wonder why, did it all happen or did I dream it all... here we are.

The sky is blue, the sun shines over the blue sky, the shadows are grey, the walls painted white, the garden is green, the trees finish the season.

Let's have a drink?

Near the end of the street a coffee shop has a neon saying MarchPush. If it is not it doesn't matter, meanwhile MarchPuch I long for it... I ask for a super Bock.

My conscience starts to tell a story: Once I was seated on a rock along the castle walls on the top of a hill that on ancient times protected a small village, with the pine trees developing along the slope, the river down there, the out of planning houses at the middle of the fields of sow... I was in the middle of an existential crisis and I was asking with strength for loneliness, a place of my own and I was asking it to be put in front of me. Observing this weird wish I defined my self, it's necessary to be noted, as a lazy one and a misanthrope one and, perhaps due to the Doors movie influence or perhaps not, as I don't know which was the first to be born... listen... I imagined I was alone at home and had received a phone call around dinner time informing my self of all my family's death. On a road turn... the tires slided and the car fell down the mountain slope. Whilst knowing this, I screamed to the wind I was free and could have a space, I could have or acquire the will to discover my own will, I could have all I could think of or desire.

Only with nobody to mind your sock... says my self with sarcasm. That doesn't matter!, I reply: I will grow up, I will know, I will become big.

Why all that interest in becoming big?, asks my conscience.

Why?, perplexed I ask, why? Because I pass on the time caring about the future.

I repeat: sometimes, it is the symbol of that mission I have to fulfill, later are the means to accomplish it, the books, the music, the classes I have to go back. The mission is an illusion maybe, I didn't go to the astrologer to read my hand, it's not written, it's a dream I pursuit, a desire to be free or of being a character, a self personality, correct, original, (a)moral.

My manners betray my self. I listen my self carefully: I am far away but not so much. It's natural to care, enchained with dreams, searching the definitive. Meanwhile, the definitive I dream I feel it violent, too much tragic, the ends, although not justifying the means, use always all the means.

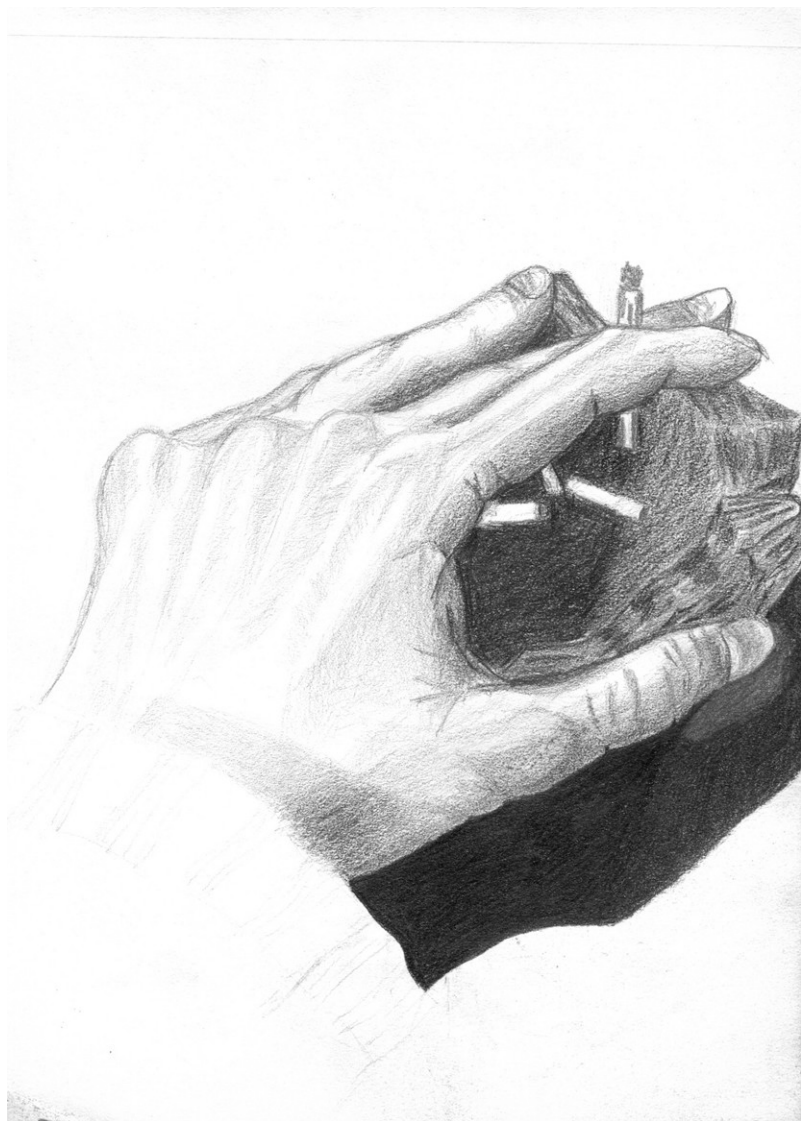
What do you want to say? Aren't you full of tragedy?

Not sure. I have to head home. Going to catch the train.

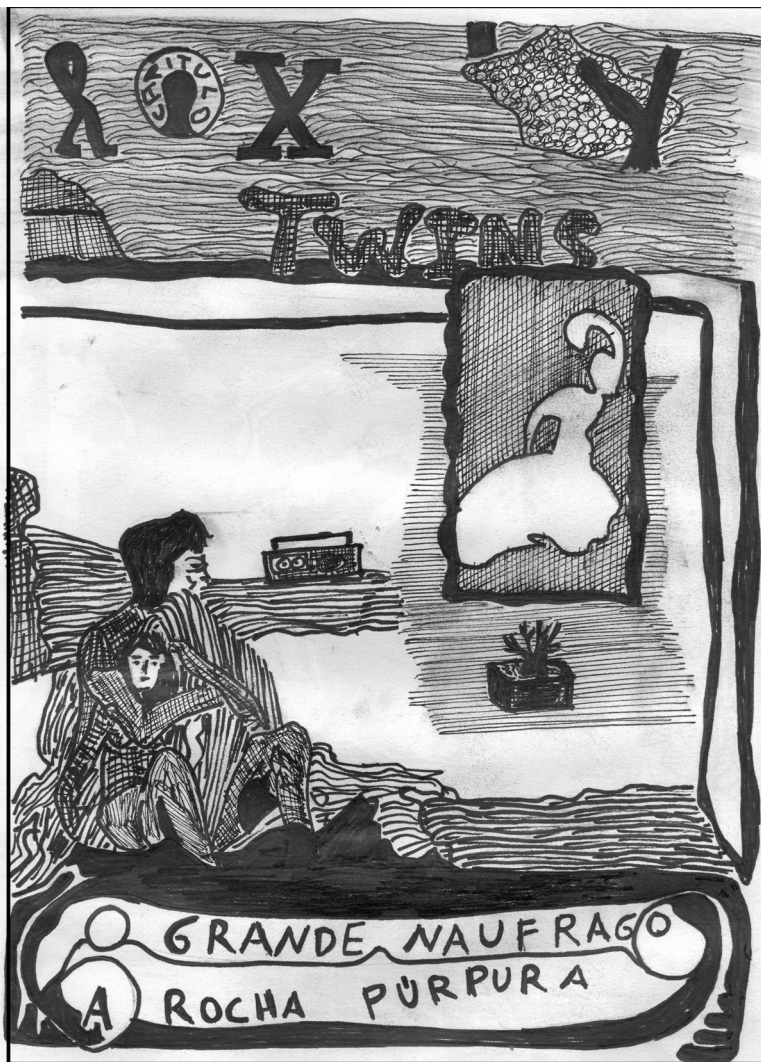
When do you return to Derza?

Not sure yet. Everything is uncertain. I call later. Thanks for coming.

I ask my self where the mermaids are. After all, the two year retreat didn't score for me as nothing has changed. I did already thought like this before the departure, now I have one more toy-repetition, a professor O.'s book to expand on the infosociety nets with twenty seven chapters and two teeth less due to not washing them during my stay on the social exclusion society or then...







ZMB

## R Chapter X

### Twins

*John Coltrane : Expression : Be*

C. opened the professor O.'s book and started to read:  
I don't forget.

C. opened the professor O.'s book and started to read:

I am at some friends house watching television, listening to music, smoking joints and discussing the tiredness of the summer festivals. A good looking chic shows up and, before my switched off look in front of her sculptural legs, decides to take an interest on my self.

Some days later I move out onto another house. After dinner at MarchPush, I head towards Blitz to have coffee and I meet her again. She's with a girl friend and one colleague. We made our mind to go do the opening of my new bedroom. When we arrive, it occurs a small unexpected case, the one of not having electric light, so we start searching for wax candles in the dark. We improvise one with a clay dish, a bottle of kitchen oil and a bag of cotton. The so produced light is soft dark reminding rasta tents and jugglings with fire, it creates dreamlike chiaroscuros and illuminates the Cassiber style, sometimes romantic to our grandparents style, of my bedroom containing a bed for a couple, a bed table, a closet with three doors for clothes, a table for studying and in the wall a vertical mirror. She makes a drawing as a sacrificial fee and leaves her phone number, the girl friend says we should fill the ceiling with stars. We head out to go to Armenia to drink a beer and, after taking everyone home, we kiss each other in her car and we agree to meet tomorrow at my place after noon.

The next day, I am awoken by my colleague who says there's a Maria at the door. When she enters, I take her hand, put the lock on the door and without a word I take her to the bed kissing her, hearing her deny. In the end, we kiss wrapped in the duvet touching the pear tree leaves which approach the window. It's time to go home. On the station bar, when I ask a sandwich and a chocolate milk glass, I have a certain shinning since a long time hidden from my eyesight, a shinning of happiness after the reborn desire.

Days later at Armenia I am Dj-ing. There's a she who comes to talk whit me and asks for Miles Davis. She's with a girl friend. At the end of the night, we go to her place. The friend studies at Triza, she's passing by, they sleep

together. They prepare a sleeping bag for my self to sleep on the floor. I am not able of sleep, it's too hot, I finish to come out of the house but in this very moment I experience another kind of eyesight, well more ethereal well happier.

*Merdre!*

Once more, the desired she doubles her self and from the act of Onan we become Bacchus. Hmm... I have to choose. Knowing already the lines of my knitting I opt in for the ethereal eye, the eyesight which puts things open and I don't know... at this phase it seems the best eye.

We establish poetry. We get up to go to classes, we walk by the lakes, bridges and streets, we study together, we smoke joints during the night, we dance in the bedroom, we sleep together. I tell her things, show her what I do, what I write, she tells me her fairy stories. We go to the theater or to the cinema watch *Crash*, we walk on the midnight by places without name under the only protection of the stars until we come to a natural belvedere where we sit to watch the lunar landscape. We go see and hear concerts of piano solo, we go to night street cafés on the top of buildings and in between of the grass mixed in the rolling tobacco we invent characters, doubles of us, colours and feelings, games of expressions... the sign of the fifty percent in a pizza place on a sunday night scores two points to my self, logos, symbols and lines of love I keep on a box of matches.

The mornings become nostalgic, boring because we have to go to classes. At eleven p.m.m. we are seated having coffee. I look her and see a certain shinning, she's beautiful. Behind, the glass window frames her self leaving its impression of light shadow on her thin skin, her geometric face, her eye violet purple, the thin lips, the dark hair falling on her shoulders. Would I possess a photographic camera to record this moment.

Once, we went to see a theater play we finished not to like. It was a bad performance, no! I lie... it was a satyric play and laughed to hell. We went to Itapens, we got to eat a sandwich, read the newspaper and talk with a friend about the Camille Claudel movie, a mermaid who ran out of water on a movie about sculpture.

I love her so much I forget all the rest. I show it every hour, every moment. I write notes to her, we exchange small paper napkins with small games, symbols, diagrams of complicity in cafés and bars and I keep them in a vulgar box of matches. I forget everything, my stair ceases to have a meaning, I have her phone number tidied between the tickets of all the

memorable concerts I went to see and I keep it along with the driver's license. It starts, actually, to become difficult to drive myself to attend class, to pay attention, to speak with the teachers, to take notes only if it is to the windows from where the sun enters filtered in front of the desire of wanting to go see her and record our kisses under the protection of the silver palm tree and the flute enchanting the serpent.

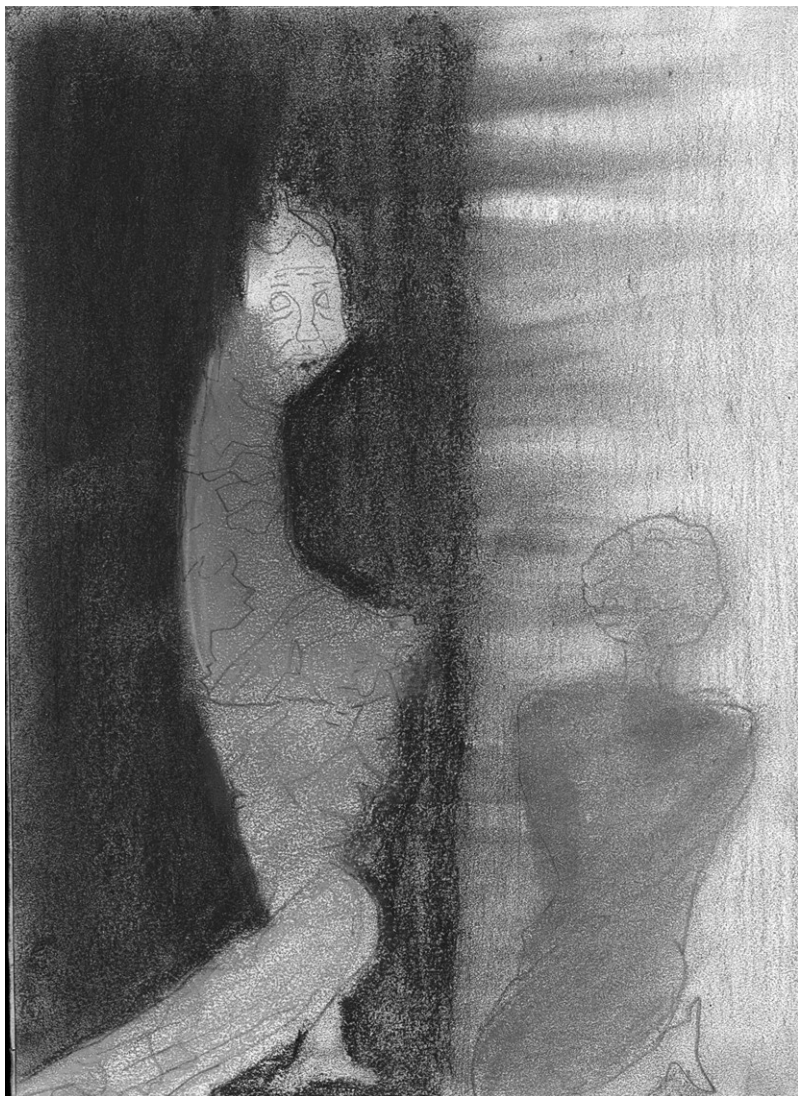
I restart to paint, now in bigger formats, the room has a high ceiling and thus the walls are easels where I put papers and tissues, I got an old table where I put the yogurt cans, the ink, the brushes, the linseed oil and later the turpentine, it gives a pure and emotive lightness. On the screensaver of my 486 computer without a cd-drive I establish a symbolic conjugation between hardware software and post-modernism using the following aphorism copied from somewhere: *Don't Use Me I'm Sick*. One day, I got upset by some reason and we broke up for two days and when we got back we got to the conclusion that we should study more and we made efforts on that way to shorten the distance to the taught lessons. Sometimes, we went to meet the other walking late by the dark street, yellow, rainy, photographic, sonorous, symbolic, surreal, post-modernist, uncertain, a post Armenia and still the desire of saying that if someday we disappear we disappear together alone to some place from where the return is only possible in theory, a profession, a caravan, a black forest, Barcelona, Venice and the art museums, the act of making love and the animals with strength and desire even stronger than the act, a certain love, naturalness, a certain book *L'Erotisme* which cost me the humble sum of three euros and which we don't read because we feel we already know everything, the poetry records, all the tobacco shops of the world, sometimes interrupted abruptly with crap folk music to cut the effects of the day depression, on the ecstasy we know what we want, we know it's necessary to give up for some moments the music, the poetry, the painting, the ganja due to... you know it's like it's sometimes a shitty world. Fuck them all... letters. At the end of exams, we are taking coffee stoned and asking ourselves if we had scored the only question we didn't know if we have scored. Delirium nights follow and we get back from xmas holidays sooner, we go to Serralves, we offer the same gift to the each other but from different editors, the big *Ode Marítima*, the big *Tabacaria*, we open the door to little girls singing, I show her the pastel start calling '*To change life*', it's my wish to expand it during this weekend, the last of the year, small silhouettes in the middle of letters, the remains of a movie called M. Butterfly, jazz bars in Baz, ganja and nice



movies ad eternum.

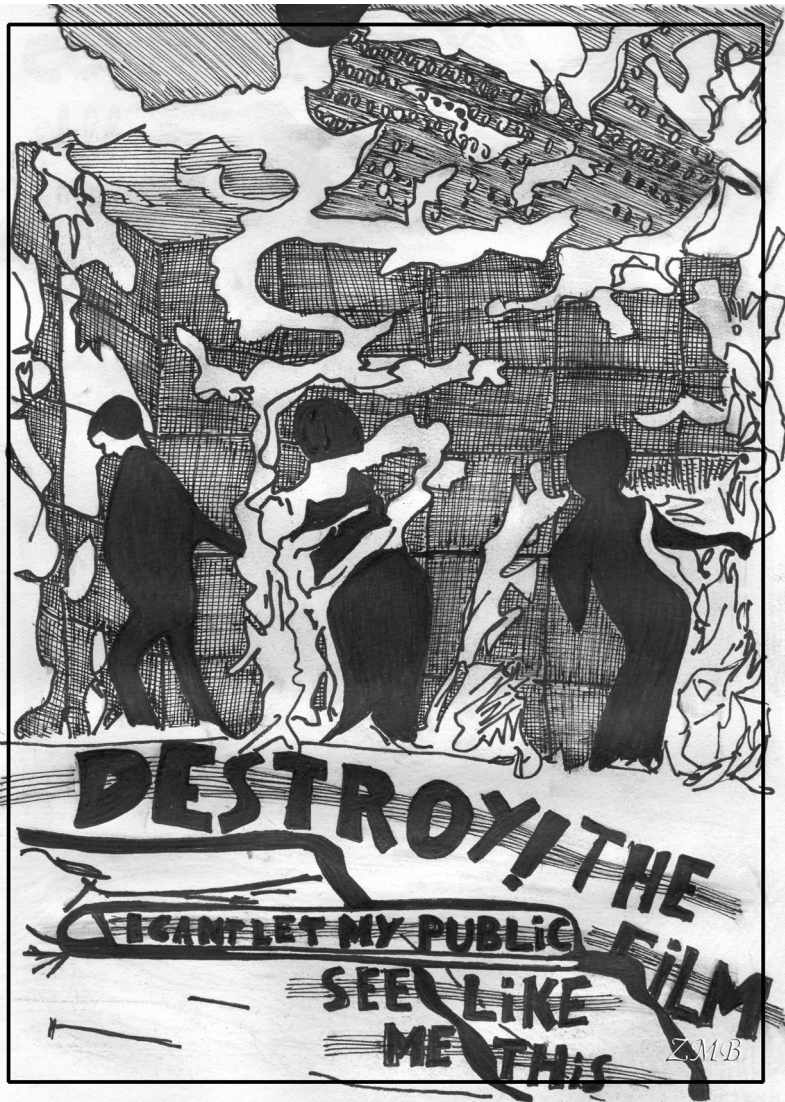
There was only a thing that did go wrong, the only IF, the split between the engineering and the art of painting, the desire to paint, paint more each day and, after, all that time we lose in places so boring when it rains and my self has not carried an umbrella because as Tom Waits and Marianne Faithfull say: *there is always one around* and where is she to help me concentrating? Today, she is not, she couldn't come and I must also be able of studying alone. There's an excess of information I have to give attention, I would never can give you all, I would not have time, and what was that?, I'm not sure but something like a future in common, something like that and things do get complicated, studies don't go well, the professor O. makes us go on thinking we are losers and, or more secretly! also because of that, a failed cat, I am not able to finish the job, I am not made for this. I prefer to paint and I am not rich or, perhaps, I am more selfish than you, yes, we are that beautiful being, at the same time fragile and strong, misanthrope and selfish. Maybe we had more story to tell each other but a conjugation of factors, cracking, paranoia, vomit at some restaurant door, you said I had told you I love you when you were caring my self when I was unconscious on your arms ... and I replied I didn't remember, was it so important to remember? And then I have told you so often that... and you never told me, you were not sure maybe.

Once more time the incompatibilities. But this time, the roles were inverted. It was my self who broke up, I was not broken up as in the first time, the one I chose wrong... remember?, although this opinion is one of today, or better, it's an analysis... who knows if, when I chose Maria, it was not for good, after all I could have got ten children of my own if the condoms were punctured or the transmission emitted worms by email into the moon uterus. But yeah! This time it was at terrible decision. It's ironic to leave the woman you love due to pressures of the forthcoming failure, maybe the 'letting out of the own body' of a trauma content carried by the shitty feeling: I did break up with her because another she broke up with me.









S Chapter minus X

**Destroy! the film I can't let my public see me like this**

*ZMB : IRABCDJOL : Train II*

*Nurse with wound : Merzbild Schwet*

*Tuxedomoon : No Tears : No tears*

I have to say that the deadline for the referendum has passed away a long time ago, yet to say that this title is not original, I stolen it from *The wacky races*, but if you prefer a more original one so there it goes: The black and blue cold of the golden pavilion burns abstract of yellow and orange by the hands of a black repeated 3 times, a scratched message to Mishima.

An ambulance with red stripes takes us to the hospital, people pity you, they ask what happened, you answer and the personnel announce: other causes; you wait in the hall full of people suffering, you don't see your self but you imagine your self destroyed and failed, you pocket out coins and you go to the phone boot and you decide to call to tell her what have happened. There's in this attitude a sincere sense of relief, a moment when we forget there are other people there suffering and listening to your misery, by white flashes you hear saying to your self you said this and that on that moment and you say no, you haven't said: whore!, it's you who is destroyed or are the people who don't understand you and say: take him into hospital custody now!, you haven't yet explained to them, the explanations, the famous explanations, the big Cesariny whom we listen on magnetic tape more because of the sound of his voice than the words he plays, he says a big true to the world, *shave yourself with hate the beard helps*, and then the nurse who is taking care of you, after perhaps one more white flash, screams enraged, full of hate/fear: custody now! She is obviously a psychiatrist. The difference between psychiatrists and priests on confession is that priests tell your self that making love or having sex (call it as you like) is a sin and psychiatrists tell our selves that the evil of all people is sex. We have to agree: women may become stable and taking care of children. Men don't, they look for it eternally. Then we all have in our head a big phallus, I at least when I see my self in the mirror I see a big cock, there are people who sees in that a target to shoot at, it doesn't matter roll it over, and you say no, hospital custody is like to admit on being crazy,

becoming crazy or letting other people say you are crazy, dependent of others, each day smaller, an agitated with incomprehensible tellings, annihilated by the power of things others tell you, dependent controlled, the onanist phallus over you, in the end the society, all the societies and all the systems, and if you get confused by them is because in the end you are sick of standing with all them, you want to get rid of them, they are all suckers of your self and you seem to like, you hear them everyday with more boredom and you have to explain to them that perhaps instead of talking around that everything is bad and a big shit, nothing to do, you should get a job, get a girlfriend, all that helps, normality helps, that normality helps passing the time. Isn't it true that you pay glasses to people who are supposedly without money?, perhaps it's just a time when it's not important to pay or not to pay glasses, it's just one more way of passing time, isn't it true that you stand with people talking to your self about their problems?, will it be they don't know how to cry alone?, it's necessary to bother the others, will it be that they don't understand that the others are also sick of their selves and thus they don't have the will to stand with their colleagues... but perhaps the others are not sick of their selves, they thus like to go to psychiatry to cry over shoulders, we are all girls in some moments, when we cry over others what do we ask?, and as I don't like to go to the shrink then I shrink my self, it's better this way, like this I don't bother anyone, I don't want to cry over nobody.

And then, the destroyed self returns home, they search him at the hospital, he gets in the car, it rains, it's night, it's cold very cold, the difficulties are now going to start, the explanations, leave me I have nothing to tell, confound the ones who ask, confound your own self, mislead the family ones, try to ask what they never told you: father, do you like my mother? But as it rains without stop you tremble, you continue to tremble, passed some days the air doesn't renewal, the elevator is each day more narrow, it's claustrophobic to support this ambient, G. calls asking for you, how are you?, and you know you are nothing already, you're on the lowest point, so small after the supreme failure, you can't give one single word and one that disguise and which says you're ok, all your self, all you say is one more lead to those who thinks it's her fault, when it's not, when they get in her call asking about my self, they ask her if she knows the why of everything that happened and she feels outraged and I outrage my self thinking on that, in the end, they are trying to instill guilt on her when there's no guilt to instill on her, when guilt is not certainly hers, she even comes to see my

self, see how you're doing, she wants you, I want her too, it's just I can't bear my self, and I don't want nobody to bear my self, I don't want her to be my cane, I want no canes, I'm not old in body yet, I'm old in spirit, oldness is an masked image, a mirage for me. Then, because we're sick of listening the same story everyday, always the questions, always the try to conceal, to offer help, we say this is not our home and we need our space, we get up from the bed, the face denounces the lie we want to explode and we say now I am ok, everything is past, I was in bad shape, my head freaked my self, now I am ok, I look to the garden full of vegetation, it rains as usual, I tremble in my inner self, in my memory I remind I am in a café skipping through a newspaper, the section of the SearchFor wraps my hands badly, but you're not ok, you need to rest, to eat, look to your face, you're so skin, my son... my son whom I bear so much to raise, a mother on her agony gave up her self to despair telling things like these, we have to forgive her she is the mother goose, she has nothing to do with this case, rest... rest... of resting I am sick, I need to do something, something that fulfills my self and I here do nothing sincerely... but where do you go?, asks the father who deep inside his conscience may ask his self as all fathers... I've never thought this could happen, of course you never thought, meanwhile it has nothing to do with anything... where do you go then?, eh... I return to Derza, to my clandestine hospital bed to try that R. remembers by the process of writing a thirty years old story, a week when the cat died or then when he saw just a performance of death:

To birth to die to rebirth. Nirvana eternal or oral resurrection?

The process of writing tells at the end of a week that a colleague exists to get me a room.

I ask my self where do I go for?

For a lesser hell, no mother don't look me like that, I need air, I need to get out of here, I need to become useful. I return to Derza.

Over that night, as perhaps over so many others where I saw lots of things lots of films where nobody appeared nobody existed they were all statues or automatons I don't know I don't want to know... I hear voices in a room next door ( under a soundtrack with the title of another brown world that later is reconstructed with paragraphs by uncle bill clinton saying to the family/audience who listens him: *that you can be proud of having your children living* – don't worry! All was recorded...:-) saying then: he's going to get up, shave and have breakfast... and the martyr on her joyful-and-daily sacrifice, once she asked I heard and he said: I never thought he liked me,



and she added once: I told him he would always be a disgraced one...

All this is nothing more than the voices that appear coming from inside the memory at 30 frames per second. It's difficult to process so many information over so few time. The translated-in-time self would say that they would not ring a bell anymore, all those voices, or better, thoughts would passed to be only one of the different sources of radiation, an element of the sound and urban landscape, after some time they would not ring no bell no more, it would be past or even my self would doubt they ever occurred or, then, so much white noise would put my self in an altered state of conscience forever.

The exquisite corpse took off his own heart one more knife, he bled but he didn't die, he continues to exist... but why? Because every wait is a stab, because all the green men, those green from mars walk around multiplying like spermatozoa on the fishing nets of the information society and for all the curious who ask, I transmit in stereo to all the planet, I don't have one single thought of my own. I occult, then...

Days later, the parents yield to and say they take my self to Derza but I reply no, that it's not necessary and that although it's raining and it's cold as always and that I need to care for my health as always... they are all stupid sentences that are pronounced, I say and I repeat what I have eternally said before: Shit!, don't you have anything more to do?, I repeat my self once again and I am tired with all the repetition shit and with all the circles that turn, I know the way, I think and I write that life is a future... uncertain, so if sometimes is necessary to shout at people for that they finally cease to bore us and let us get up and try to walk using our own ways, I say that, surprised by the violence of the answer, they finally accede, they finally understand they nothing can do and twenty minutes later the father stops the car at the train station and asks if I am really sure you don't want me to drive you?, no!, as a matter of fact I don't, and I think unsure as always... I see the sun, it is there, it appears between clouds, it shines, it reflects its shine on all it touches like Midas, could it be a sign?, and questions of praxis, do you need money, give us a ring on the phone ok?, we are worried about you, I call of course I call tomorrow and after tomorrow but now let me go.

Goodbye.

I write: a false goodbye... I laugh with my self like an infamous with no future, like a ten year old boy who drinks wine and smiles to the photograph I record and of whom father prefers better to watch him

drinking than stealing and because he also grew like this.

But after all the sentence: '*to change life*' was an image, an illusion... and now I am disappointed.

After all it feels to us to tell a dream we had over a shrink when the first thing we say to him is to throw out what we did and he tell us what we already know, that we are obviously depressed, and prescribes bombs and tells us to get back over two weeks time to speak about the importance of a woman on a man's life because now he can't, now he has to go take his CAR out of the park, otherwise he will be fined. I can't go back there anymore... or wasn't my self who gave up of her due to self shame, a shame of my act of love. What then going back for?, for the onanist phallus to start to posit things with nothing to do with my story, guilt you already know is Freud's, he invented the failed acts. The priests are redundant.

For all the others' guilt which on certain moments we think it's ours and for our own guilt, we degrade our selves each day more and we are never judged, if tomorrow a truck crashed over us no evil could come to the world nor would it be the last judgment day – that doesn't exist, then things can't go running well, we enter in a new character, we dress a new skin, a new self is revealed and new atrophy is started, it's one more circle that now is augmented by money to offer to doctors and supermarkets, it's the consumer plague, I seem not to care about the colour of my SKIN, I seem to like it this way, I look to my self on the bathroom mirror and admire my beard, I am heading out to a café, then I say I am a bad little boy, I should shave but... how my skin grew older, how many blank points were raised, now the rings round my eyes grow darker like the beautiful sun that doesn't exist, it's always raining and even if it existed whilst looking to it → it would hurt you, I need then to buy some sunglasses to see reality... after all... to change for what?, I am well this way... on my couch waiting seated.

As I feel like to continue with poetry, then there on that side keep out the tears... the following is called SORROW.

I lose my self on my room on far away feminine faces, on the chaste walls of the jail room → glued cutups from pop magazines.

Where am I? Over a big incognito.

For that I don't forget all the afternoons I spent with her listening to *Be* by Coltrane playing flute for us, imagining on the outside maybe an indian player is charming the serpents... whilst looking to the imaginary

photographs on the white wall I say to the absolute void: I love you I love you. On those photographs I confound my self, on a look I see her, yes! you know your name, I don't need to write it anymore. In another way, I see the suffering air, the dark pose, you're not a pop beauty, good! Today at night, I will tear your image from the pantheon and make love to you.

Title for a painting: your hands, I would like to draw your hands, I would like to paint your body.

Sad luck. They are memories now far away of a stupid loss.

Not so far away but they want their selves far away.

The sentence once more repeated... to change life, it gave origin to a painting.

They are only twenty three years old, it's just a aged body, a small mind.

They are only white angels coming changing to blue on a setting with few shinning stars on a certain night when I just finished to leave the room saying I need to grow up, and I said it's difficult to grow up... and meanwhile I said always to try to change... but I lack the strength and sincerely the only thing that flourishes is a certain state of impotence more psychic than real, a kind of rare disease.

Then one day you awake around noon, the palm tree is wet, the mirror self wrote around few many what matters that hours days weeks ago and by the mean of dark lights I decide to say: enough!

The delicate psychological conscience trembles, the days and the nights succeed to the nights and the days.

During the days something succeeding to nonsense.

The nights, now that I asked for time, are an isolation and a void and a lack of a secure emotion and the passion and an excess of constant coldness and a constant atrophy and an inexistent strong will.

The extremes touch and all the rest contribute to a certain calamity you wished only as if imagined or written or just a 'deja vu' on a movie near us.

The end, a situation of breakdown played in E#.

(...voices...)

You did perform all, all!

You denied the happiness you possessed, your mary jane, your Ga...nja.

Who's the guilt of? Only of your self, shame on you!

Then, the madness boils.

The soul overflows the all inclusive tree turns dizzy.

The will continues to non exist.

A painting starts to be drawn.

The impotence of trying and the joy that doesn't come up.  
Papers swirl at wind and don't come back.  
At one hundred mile per hour I am lost, I am seated on the bench saying I  
can't go back from this hallucination, I can't go back.  
A light in the dark appears.  
(...Time!...)  
Promises me opium.  
A door opens and suddenly everything changes.  
Go!, jump!.  
Take with you that book she offered to your self.  
Keep that remarkable photograph.  
Suddenly everything changes.  
(...Jazz-off...)  
The darkness strike us.  
We feel the furze fields embracing us.  
We see the stars.  
Maybe there is Cassiopeia or Orion.  
The stars shine as the murderous knives you once described being thrown  
at my eyes.  
With the blackberry bushes we try to cut out our wrists.  
With the scarf we try to asphyxiate our selves.  
Ah sure!, I owe you all but perhaps it would spoil the image I made of your  
self.  
When we painted our bodies with oil in the end you were my angel dust,  
my idol.  
(... cassiopeia approaches orion in the distance... more definitions)  
Stupidity, deception, appeasement.  
I a collector... collector of frustrations to join to so many other things.  
Lost the opportunity of being free.  
Death will always be a lonely business.  
The walk over the uncertain rail.  
Three hours of unsure reason.  
A train that approaches and you hid your self for that it doesn't see you but  
at the same time it crosses your mind to put your head under that wheel.  
It's just you don't have already the will, it run out of stock.  
You are a frustrated kamikaze.  
You start to walk again, again trusting life.  
One more test passed, one more limit reached.

Come on, you are near.

Why did you write on the mirror *love sex I hate you*?

I AM HERE!, screams the junkie self putting the hands to hide the face.

LOOK TO THOSE HANDS!, they grew older, their colour with the cold vary from red to blue, but still my favorite colour is green, ja green is the colour!

Look to the photographs, look!, continue to look to the cut-ups continue!, you should have keep her photograph instead of seeing her on other faces. I tell you perhaps you should have not destroyed the only photographs you record of her, in the end you never kept photographs, you lost them or you burned them.

Then I say I'll have to learn to live alone today of course.

For that I don't hurt my self.

I owe you that.

I owe my self that.

I don't love you I love love.

Maybe I'll have to put it aside.

Maybe I'll live less maybe I'll live better.

I'll have to forget all the frustrations because life is not a movie.

We are not on the cinema where the Butterfly myth appears reconstructed and strikes your self in the deepest point of your androgynous poetic theory and rests in the end static in a mask of blood being spilled.

Who cares now if life is not a movie?

We are in the end the biggest suckers, the biggest idiots and, deep in the end although nobody wants to say it, everybody knows what this small garden sown at the shore sea is. Actually when the police inspector asks my self the why of everything, I tell him that actually I wanted to leave this world, it was just I didn't kept to the border of this shit where all of us, or almost all of us, think that the outside is the best. No! We are not dummies, we only think others to be always better, it may be just a question of mentality... forget!

So, no more tears for the creatures of the night!

Can you tell us why did you do that?

Can you tell us why?

I... I... I Thought I was a queer...

?!WHY?

Because... because...

... perhaps because of the books I've read and the music I've listened or maybe not of course not!, perhaps just because of the absurd in life or because the world according to the west or because I said to her I would experiment everything except taking on my ass and because she told me she would like my self to have a homoerotic experience and because a little she with yellow hair sent me 2 letters spaced by a week saying that I could have AIDS and because 3 weeks later she laughed and asked if I got scared and because I believe she made an abortion without telling me or it was just the offspring of the OTHER as they have fucked together probably in my bed and because my best friend confused friendship with homosexuality and invited me to fuck and I laughed with repugnance (I wonder why...) and because my boss was a divorced bisexual with three children that didn't like me to be able to discover his crush on me and passed the word on to all his friends to destroy me with lies (was it really so?) and you should know LITTLE BROTHER that I've read some books and learned from there that if you are unable to possess beauty you feel the need to DESTROY IT and because I liked the act of Mishima and because I was writing a book and because one she called Claudia was actually a police woman in disguise with long black hair with a gipsy strip on the hair and a face painted like a chinese with Doc Martens boots and bright blue tied jeans and because I offered a POEM to her and she said it was not for her because it summed up all the shes and because at the time the tv went off with a red thunder and because after there in the house a aunt appeared with a baby car with a baby inside and a sister went off the house door scared and asking if it was everything all right and because an african maid was smiling of all that entire hoax and because perhaps she was only a man in disguise just to fill my Butterfly movie and oh little brother and so I kissed that man how awful how unnatural and I enjoyed it because I thought he was a woman and because after I went to get some photographs and called all them queers with all the letters and some other invented in the wooden stairs of the class in some alphabet(a) and they have made signs of blindness to me and because that movie *The empire of the senses* yes! that final and real image yes REAL because it really happened in their lives I watched hidden on the kitchen really fucked my mind and you little brother are you able to understand love's insanity, are you? and because I adored to read *Querelle* and adored to watch *Querelle* on the sofa with her and because after all this shit I asked for the thousand time to my father if there were microphones

inside the house spying me and he finally confirmed this shit and because I looked to the week and agonizing mirror and asked if he loves my mother and he trembled and said yes but asked why I asked that and why not talk about a bisexual called Miguel 'Roses' that tried to drag me onto his cause and when he discovered I was not that he started to talk about smashing heads perhaps because my lovely sister likes smashing Pumpkins, the lord is not my shepherd and I shall wound them and I shall be faithful to my GOD Genet by telling that he has blond hair and is the boyfriend of a lovely and great underground actress and I shall tell that the initials of the boss are FM working at PH, will they try to kill me? I don't fear, will they assume themselves?, I don't think... stupid people don't assume stupid people should be VANISHED and that all the LITTLE STUPID BROTHERS SUCKERS INCLUDING THE STATE come to suck MY COCK, say that you love me and kill themselves after because for me YOU are NOTHING and SHE was EVERYTHING yes! she really broke my insides and shall that IMAGE of my self acting on two five seconds HOMOEROTIC IMAGE frame be SANCTIFIED!, that all you stupids jerk off to the image of BEAUTY and wonder if it REALLY happened and do you want to jail me or kill me? I HAVE NO FEAR and little brother it just seems so easy to me to discover what your strange sexual preferences are oh little brother it's just send you a clue or say something on the phone like ERASE THE MOVIE SEQUENCE... don't fear me boy... boy... boy... don't fear me... I don't hate you... I just don't like stupid people you know... I know I am the soul of a brainless Borgia talking to the fish. Nothing is real, nothing is true, everything is permitted.

I AM OUT THEREFORE I AM

! I SEEK FOREVER HONOUR LIKE MISHIMA

!QUERELLE ARRIBA AVANTI MARINAIO QUERELLE! FOREVER

Bye normal world.

See you in HELL and no tears for the creatures of the night.

When you dream do you dream in colour or in black and white melted into grey?

And you my violet twin sister will you ever forgive me?

For the stupids who tried to destroy me I am just the postman that rings twice or the train driver, how ironic...

AND WHO THE FUCK STOLE MY LUCRETIA DIVINA CD SHOULD  
BE BURNED ALIVE.

ZMB the mad one RULES.



COMPRIMIDOS

All  
Kind  
of  
pills



## T Chapter XIII

### **Comprimidos, all kind of things**

*Death in june : 93 dead sunwheels : The last farewell*

*ZMB : IRABCDJOL : Intermission III*

On this moment it's a pleasurable coincidence, pretty happy actually, to have the know-how of someone near to whom I can go buy some peace, if I want of course, and of course I want, I am in need.

I walk in the night already and I find no one. I am going lost on my real distorted self, in part without having the wish of seeing G. because I am not in condition of being seen by her... vodkas and Normison tablets, self macerated exorcisms. Even like this, I wish to know what our eyes will say today, a year after.

Today, I see her with restlessness, she's nervous and that worries my self. We don't talk much either because we don't have much to talk or because we may not want to talk. She trembles, not even a coffee she asks to the waitress, she doesn't want to talk. Everything is quick very fast. It doesn't give time to think, we exchanged the necessary words, she gives my self a Sade's book, she tells that when she bought it she thought of my self, swallow man!, I return her the photographic camera she lent my self.

After, she gets up and leaves. We part from each other for ever. Not even a word more. So it seems. After all, she's taking pills to care for a depression because of my self.

After, I walk in another café and I draw a man on his knees in front of a cross, it's me of course!, and I remember the apparent coldness, the quickness of, minimalism meanwhile, ganja is not here yet, I didn't start to think yet and, thus, reality seems to my self to be staged, the nervousness would be disguised, my indifferent look would be disguised and that quickness... after all, I enjoyed the moment! It would have been a nice performance but as it is not...

Yes, I liked the moment. The problem is the it gave me the will of continue to drink, of getting into shit again, it's been so long since I don't have one of those deliriums. Maybe t'day?

For all these reasons, of course, it was a happy coincidence to know I could go knock the door of a guy and ask for a fiver of peace, a fiver of joy, a few hours of oblivion, and you are so inside of that painting that only you see

what's in there... of course! Sure! The microwaves...

The good of these moments is I to may lock over my self, to forget everything and thus still to feel happy and to say tomorrow is another day.

When Ernest arrives home he sits on the armchair, in front of him the mirror occupies all the wall. He has the ashtray and the box of matches at his side.

(A long silence.)

Give me lights.

Thanks! Don't light off. Let it consume itself.

I remember now that yesterday I had something to tell you, I have not told you, don't know what.

I was trying to remember it now but I totally forgot.

It's natural. That happens...

But don't you remember even the general form?

Well, I think I wanted to tell you something like how much you are beautiful and adorable... but the sentence which should on my belief to charm, I totally forgot it.

Don't care more about it. It's not worth of nor are necessary big sentences poetic and romantic for me... it's not necessary!

(After a long silence, the necessary to put the roach on the ashtray, the dialogue continues.)

With you everything is easy! You make me feel so free, so abstractly out of reality that...

Hum relax! Don't exaggerate. You upset me because it sounds fake. Life is something more than the sensations of being immersed on a perfumed sea of roses.

I adore the way you play with words, with the punchlines!

Explain your self!

Look, I hate to give explanations.

You are not waiting that I'll contradict my self, are you?

Well, I'd like that for brief moments you could forget your cancer pride and explain the why of not liking to give explanations.

Because... because silence is made of gold...

(I laugh softly, I light on a new cigarette and I wait amused.)

It's more worth of, sometimes five minutes of silence than thirty minutes of talk.

Agree... but you're not always like that...

Obviously not. That depends of circumstance. There are times when for some motive I get emotional and interrupt other's sentences and fuel my long speeches about... about, look sometimes about old used triviality, and from it I make stories with beginning middle and end, and never more I shut up my self and generally nobody interrupts my self nor ever anyone seems to follow or agree, they just laugh amused, I don't know if from what I say, else from my face, I don't know?! On those occasions, I'd surely like to have a mirror pointed to my self to be sure, or better, to just eliminate one of the possible... one of those possible hypothesis about the laugh. But I have not any and what really happens is to get sick of them because they laugh of my self, it's to get sick of them, to get sick of my self. Then and as by formation I have almost always the stupid delicacy of not getting up and leave, I shut up my self abruptly and switch off indefinitely.

(Long silence. Cold starts to be sensed.)

It's a nice day, don't you think?

I don't know why do you keep to bother my self.

Oh... I was just playing with you.

And a long emptiness lights on...

And the provocation degenerates...

And nonsense is cultivated...

And I adore your self...

Yes, in the end we understand each other well... or better we accept each other.

(Brief silence.)

The question is: follow the rules of games... the ones that, as the other says, lead to nothing. And then it's in our hands not to let them laugh and to be us to laugh of them, to put them down...

Being this way you agree with my self that...

Yes but for different reasons. You shut up or keep your self quiet given your self being afraid of the other's laugh. My self no, I just keep on observing...

Well, not always I do as I told you... it depends on the circumstances, on the people...

I keep to observe and condense the small whims of each one on a big general form in a way to may say something of concrete and almost always with a well defined objective.

Hum, I can almost guess it...

The objective is... the objective is... come on say it!, the objective is...

The objective is... is sarcasm!

Exactly! There's nothing better than play a part on those who are always waiting for a better opportunity to laugh at our selves.

(Brief silence.)

You are a dictator!

(I laugh at my self.)

Not obligatory. Anyway, I think we must not have pity of the weak and that the strong must not be, how to say it?, minimized.

Heil!

Not obligatory, however... the crowd likes pretty and severe faces...

Selfishness is a virtue of our sign.

And it is equally the one most sensible to share and offer...

The problem is that there exists so few people to whom we can give something ours...

And how many more times we observe more we notice the sad true that...

Until then... it appears someone who surprises us...

Yes, because we are never waiting for nothing. Yes we never wait for nothing... until someone appears and says a sentence, someone whose eyes shine on a certain way and on a certain instant...

And who captivates us, who binds our senses and body and who makes us wanting her body, who makes us desire to sense her flavour...

And who makes us sink on the solitude of never that person be on reality what she is on our dreams...

And of us wanting always to adapt her self...

Or of us wanting to adapt our selves against our whims and pride to captivate her, to can have her...

(Brief silence.)

And in the end, to have the sensation that once more we lose...

And that what always stays is what always stayed...

The punchlines, the big words we would like to pronounce loud and which always annihilate us...

And which take us to experiment the strange sensation of existing someone inside our selves which reflects on a loathsome mirror, which accept us for what we are, which understands us and doesn't demand nothing nor promises some thing impossible, nothing... nothing of unreal...

Someone, a twin soul maybe, someone who makes us think we don't need no one more...

We are beautiful and adorable... and happy...

Yes, we don't need no one more because we are happy and are not afraid of

becoming alone and isolated...

And we can, then, to drivel with sarcasm thrown to their astonished faces!

(A long silence.)

Give me lights.

(I grab the box of matches, light on the cigarette and a soft clarity reflects in the mirror framed on the cold wall.)

Perhaps what is missed in this room is a nice fireplace.

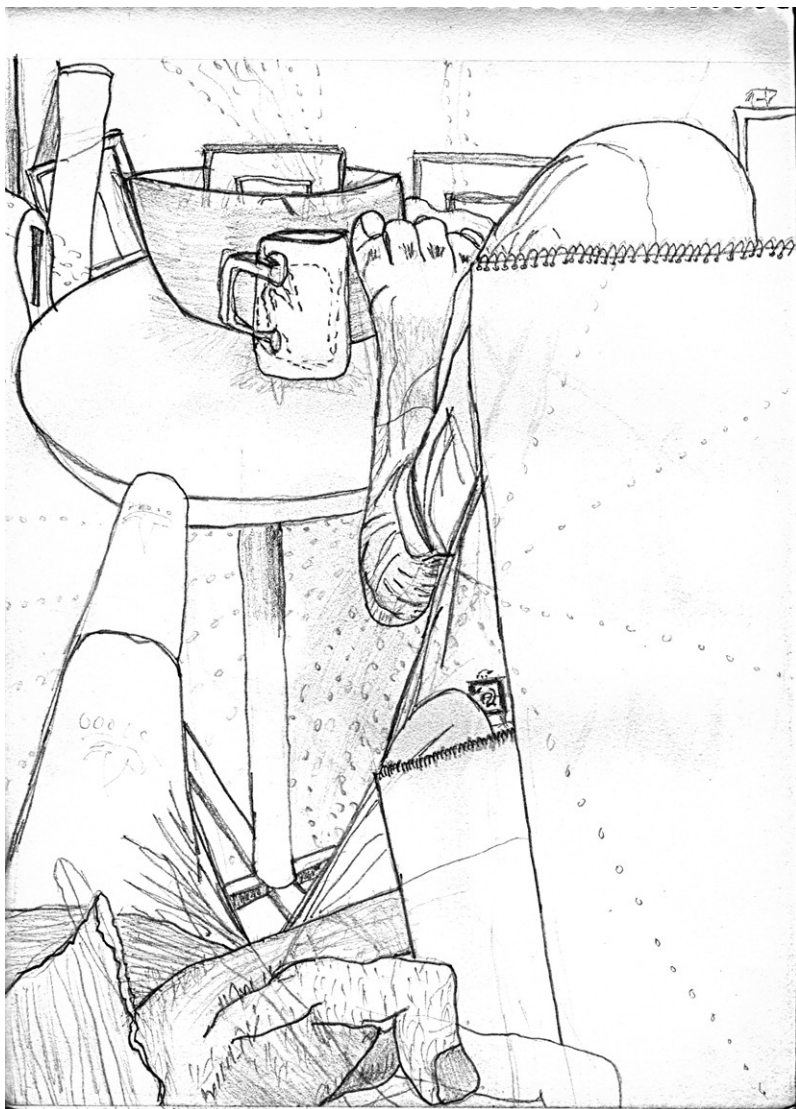
Oh!, if it could always be like this!...

(End.)

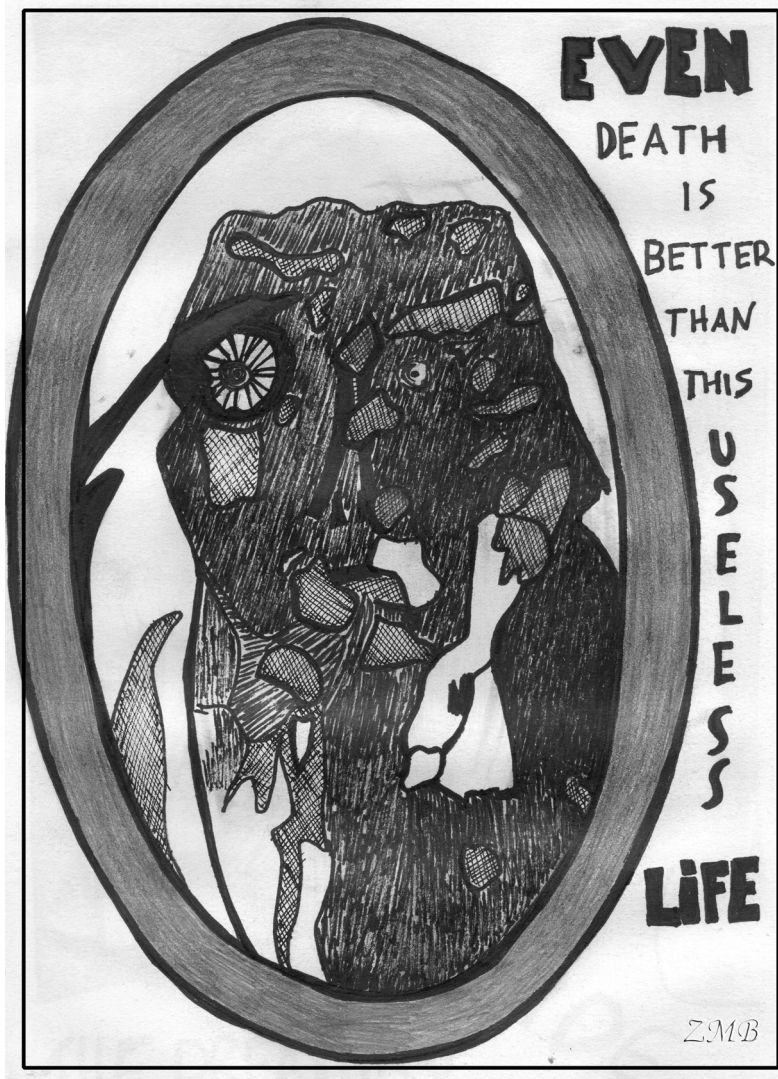
Ernestine opens the door of the room and enters and sees in a reflex on the mirror a cigarette colour, then she gets a bit scared and then thinks: It looks like a man, let me see, I think is just the reflex in the mirror of their cigarette colour in my mouth, to me you seem like a clown on the march of spermatozoa towards the uterus listening to Vangelis and Christopher Columbus, why did they not let the native americans in peace?

Sincerely you were really my woman, at least you gave me your little voice, some of your dreams, some... sleepy... your body but not your soul (or did you?)... your voice... your sweet voice... black hair... true love? mas bueno que si, vallis jordi! You are my shadow.









**EVEN**  
DEATH  
IS  
BETTER  
THAN  
THIS  
USELESS  
**LIFE**

ZMB

U Chapter minus XIII

**Even death is better than this useless life**

*Joan LaBarbara : Sound paintings*

*Scanner*

*Swans : Greed/Holy money*

I woke up late today. As today was saturday, I got up from bed around two o'clock in the afternoon. I didn't wake up in a good mood nor was I quick. It's being repeated along the weeks. The guilt I think is the laziness. When I finally got out of bed, I went straight into the mirror. I took the hands to the face and pulled down with violence the skin irradiating my eyes with capillary blood.

Bath?, I thought.

No. I take one tomorrow.

I headed towards the bathroom, experimented the new shaving lotion and the new razors. When I put the blade on the face, the face had complaints.

Ai! The ones of the other brand were kinder, more gentile with me.

I took the towel to my face and saw on the mirror a small red incision, I opened the mouth trying to find the tonsils but I saw none, then I answered: Of course, you are right. I should have opened the pack and having experimented before buying it.

I turned to the room. The drawer waited for my self to touch it. Its virtue contained pills for the memory and drinkable blisters for the good mood. Turning to the mirror I started to think.

Well, now I'll go out to buy the newspaper, have coffee and eat something. Yes, I need to buy... I need to buy some shoes, some trousers, I need time! I would like to speak with Coil. Their drug induced madness, the drug as a stimulus inspires my self.

Today I woke up with the talk of a colleague saying: I think when I finish the degree I go to Hawaii! I think my future can be the internet. Look! Hawaii, waves, surf, women... and here he drools as if he were an hungry wolf! Ja, I interrupted, some coconut trees. I imagined my self... I imagined my self, my character with a waikiki drink on the hand, thinking... thinking on what? Hey listen, do you know how to delete a file? He answered a bit

scared: mdel... and next the name of the file. Sure! I should know this.

All the people have the fixation of associating the music to the musician, that is, all the people have the habit of characterizing the music as being a instantaneous reflex of the way of being and acting of the musician and if they think the music as un-pleasurable they say the musicians must be too, some shitheads! I don't expect they to be nice persons, I only expect their music to be it. It's enough for me. It's sufficient for me!, besides, music was always the most important, more than the famous words... and besides all that, musicians can be shitheads and their music be groovy.

Drugs are around at any pocket service. People are free to do what they want, everyone has the right to live, to die, etc. D day is gone. I just want the product I buy to be good and the rest doesn't interest me. Everyone has the right to consume. After all, we live on a consumer society.

The shoes I bought yesterday give my self a enjoyable walk, I never thought this size to fit, I can't forget to buy... what do you apply on shoes?, it's wax isn't it? It's ridiculous but I should ask this at the shoes shop: Look please, do you wax? Indeed I am seeing the big picture.

Hum, here I am not seeing my self working, for example, on a restaurant. Or then I can always win the lottery. Damn!, I forgot to fill it in.

You should be violated. I imagine a room, no!... a house, the house I would buy with great impact and style. But why a house and not a room? Oh, because a room is always a very small space to all my stuff.

If I go abroad, should I forget my past? For that I would have to make a plastic surgery and even this way there would always be mirrors to show the mask, to unmask rooms, paintings growing older along the years with the drinkable blisters for the good mood, but why the hell do I take the pills?, for that here I don't forget my self... and abroad would I not forget my self, wouldn't I take them already, is it?

I swear, undersigned I swear!, I swear never more to touch on drugs and drinks and human flesh for all my life. Of course.

I should forget my past to have only future.

The house should be divided in several studios, I imagine: a recording studio, a painting studio, an office and, of course, a bedroom, a nest. All things I like to do! Excluding the bird nest, all things I like to do alone although without knowing how to do them.

Nietzsche said: I do not want people taking me by what I am not, that demands that I don't take myself for what I am not.  
So put a knife in me.

We go on the streets and we look to the people crossing with us and we see Zero, and we see our selves and we see less than zero. They do or know how to do something. We don't know anything. No! I lie. We know always to look to the others and say: Such a triviality!, to say nothing, nothing interests us, it doesn't interest us to come closer one of these illustrious human specimens and ask with a student view: Hey... do you know how to regulate the light of a photographic camera? It's because I was interested in taking some photos. I put on the camera a 36-photo film and who lent me said to my self but I forgot, do you know? And you see, I have no will to ask him again. Can you tell me?

Of course, I never have the will to ask again. I say then that I prefer to forget my self, meanwhile I take pills for the memory.

Nothing is interesting. Glory! Nobody is interesting. Glory!

But I need them. They know, I never know. I'm nothing I know.

We live. Or perhaps we pretend to live.

My definition is: CSUPP – Consumer Society Unadapted People's Party. Eheh, not even to the shit generation, X generation, Sex generation, with so many bells ringing this days, do I belong. The nineties.

Cool. Here is yr money!

When we are in a bad mood we reason the causes of everything, we doubt of everything, not only the whys but also the what fors. Once in a while we atrophy our head but this is a part of the everyday holy bread cried out at the faithful people's church, cried out by all the not-going-to church people and by all those who say they deny the western morality based on guilt, suffering and expiation of all sins. Then, maybe, you say or I say: I must be

the biggest christian in the block but here I rest on the doubt of being maybe the biggest anti-christian, as I assume my guilt... and not on the confession, yes, I will stretch my self like Christ and screaming enraged I will beg to being thrown at with shit because I deserve, I am the guilty one!, excuse me, I deserve it I'm a servant.

I thus divide my head atrophy in three great domains:

... at home alone – I look to the nearest point without fixating it, more precisely I look to the focus point of a concave surface and I listen *this is heaven, this is heaven*, being that what I fixate in reality doesn't exist, my thought turns around that surface, once in a while my mouth speaks alone and low for that nobody listens, lately small grunges come out of my throat and they only tell loads of nonsense as I'm useless, I love you, and I want you to shoot me please.

... on the street alone – if it is by the day, I walk with my eyes well raised to observe carefully the trivialities, to admire or hate the landscape and the landscape architecture, my thought dives by my frustrations and by all the landscapes, sentences and flashes coming to memory from certain movies I have seen; if it is by the night, generally I look to the ground and once in a while I tremble not always with cold, lately when that happens I look in front and start to speak alone... no no!, you are not wrong, you decided that, it's ruled!, you're the judge of your self, and once in a while I stumble but I do not fall down, I feel for you, I am your only friend.

... in public – I remain uninterested of the people. It's actually rare to talk and, because of that, I imagine movies and listen what the others say and once in a while I say something. No! I lie in a brutal way, I never say anything. I remember the scared eye of the young employee of the big supermarket when, even before yesterday, I went there to buy a bottle of vodka, something which is unusual in my self. No!, I lie again, you have to forgive this current, on this field it registers an evolution, on these days I am trying to say something but it seems that my mouth seems glued with the hardness of the effect of those pills the murderer prescribed to my self, the problem is my self can't say anything, lately I am only saying and making rubbish in public, the worst is that the people seem to register it, they even phone my self asking how I am, very well thanks.

Did you see?! People notice that you exist, after all, and notice that you're acting on a weird way! Of course, you never got it, did you?, so formal they seem and feel, so without interest on your character, they notice something, they may not know the cause but they recognize the effect, madness or bad drugs... but what have the people to deal with all this or with you?, nothing, they don't deal with... the problem is the effect is always the most important, is what the people seem to notice in, now the consequences seemed to have changed, now you lost the respect of the others, just to not talk about your self respect but that is another well most unpleasant story... and who's the guilty one?, you never were most sociable or you were and ceased to be, people learned to see you like that, silent and discrete, making rubbish discretely with very few people knowing, people learned to forget your self and you learned to shut up your self, you learned not to reveal your opinions about nothing, and thus you shut up your self!, in the end you learned not to reason logically, outwards, you blocked or perhaps it's just your opinions that are annoyance, perhaps you say things not quite true, things are a mix, it's an ambiguity of positions where sometimes it doesn't reflect the effect of tomorrow, it's a mask displaced of the regular context. Well let me see... if I turn left it will lead there. Yes, but if I turn right where will it lead? Excuse my self where do I want to go to? Shit, I don't know!

From discussion comes the light. You have hidden your self and now what do you do little boy?, do you try to recover the lost time?, do you try to recover the lost space, getting it back from the moors?, and the friends you never considered... it's a bit difficult I know, lately you've been throwing up all that, screaming desperately something which is not a cry for help even, yes!, help is really the word: throwing up means to empty, meanwhile my conscience translated in time tells me and will tell the people that we only learn with errors and with the bad choices, another triviality.

I don't get it, I can't understand, I feel useless!

Sure, you need to sleep, you need to rest, bollocks! to the assignment you have to deliver if not you exhaust your self, you trip your head, in a fortnight we'll talk about the importance of a woman on a man's life over depression days, now I have to go take the car out of the parking station if not I'll be fined, and as a result you won't sail the boat forward again. People don't already look to your self as a wonder boy, they don't shake your hand with that smile of intrigue and strangeness for you, perhaps on certain environments you have lowered your self to their level without them knowing, in the end you don't care to be at their side. In the mean

time, they can never know if not they will say: look another one who thinks he's better than the others. Now people know you and if they still shake your hand is by reasons of etiquette, but see this!, they don't disguise more, some don't even stretch the hand already, some say hello in the distance and far away from them is the smile and the intriguing doubt, some others are more sincere and say: I have to go there; others come to meet you and ask things like: so everything ok?, and you block or groan or start yelling hysterically, you forget the manners, discretion, friendship and your shit goes being revealed to the audience.

Then what are you doing lately?

Today I had a strange day, I woke up on a thursday around four in the afternoon. The alarm clock may have rang at nine in the morning. Seemingly I have not listened and kept sleeping. On one side I did right as it was a sign I was very tired, it only did right to my self... but on the contrary I did wrong as while opening my eyes... I was visibly on a bad mood, all I had to do today was delayed for tomorrow.

Whenever this happens to my self it gives my self the abyssal will of elevating my self to another dimension, to another place, to an unknown other. As I am, I live without pleasure and with no interest. The ambition which always was one of my rules is defeated... just to remember what I've carried with because of it and because of it I have reached where I am now, today it feels to me very distant, it has ceased life. Thus, the only escape to the front that keeps to exist will be to let my self elevate to another dimension. But I don't seem to believe in that either. Misery accumulates around my self, I go out to the street, I go to Dolphin's bar to have a coffee and eat some bread because at this time you haven't eat anything, meanwhile don't you forget to buy tobacco, and you pay a coffee to your new friend who is moneyless. Half a dozen of nonsense and he says he'll have to go drinking the rest of the bottle of vodka, which I offered to him on his birthday just because I couldn't make it to drink all of it on the night I bought it, he goes to drink with his girlfriend, ex-girlfriend and friend, ex-friend, indifference, curiosity, approach, friend and I say: very well I think I wouldn't mind to be on your position.

Then what did you do next?

Next I wanted to pay less than the outstanding expense, by a simply and honest mistake, but anyway it didn't worked out. Then I go out and head

towards the shopping mall, the destination I guess it now is a record shop. I can't let my self to let notice that, once in a while, I lean dangerously to the wall and I stumble but it's not night yet. I know why I behave like this. It's because I was fasting when I headed out home swallowing a blister drained in water with a Lorazepam and a bomb called Normison. Besides these I know Dumirox and Valium with chestnut wine and rum although they say there are others equally interesting. Thus, I stumble and my voice is almost so imperceptible and distant as the voice of Michael Gira whispering without shoes to the fishes and this, I think is just an easy and rude way of describing my brain state of functional stress after-Jump.

Id, more than his master, seems away, emptier, and meanwhile I even... have fed my self better, I even bought shoes I thought they would not fit, I bought even trousers adjusted to my actual thinness of my legs. On my boyhood, I remember to wear larger trousers. But I forgot to buy more food, I forgot to go to the university to solve some problems. I, my junkie self junkie of life junkie of love, say that all seems too crazy burning my brain slowly, I confess my self guilty and I deserve you to undress my self, cover my eyes and do of my self what you would like.

It's already night, I hold a magazine about climbing with some excellent photographs and I feel like having a coffee but the tea saloon is closed. I go then to the record shop that open recently. The first idea I had after coming out of Dolphin's: the shop has a nice collection of classical music. I listen and decide to buy Shostakovitch. It's my first good action of the day. Why Shostakovitch? Partly, perhaps I remind that once in a while I used to listen to the radio while taking bath and of having listened on that occasion for the first time the name and something of Shostakovitch, something like a sonata for two pianos played in different tone and times, something I liked very much, and partly because it was the first record that came up, I don't know, the shop is run by two girls that seem sisters and they are very cute and for whom I look and don't know to define what's the expression of my eye.

Do you I want to change the record track?, she asks... no, let it run, I answer. She turns to her sister saying something I even not listen although she had talked in front of me in a normal voice. When I go out from the shop cleaning the walls like, I decide at last to have coffee. I enter, ask, read the newspaper over a flash with weight on my eyes, smoke a cigarette with the brain compressed, take the hand to the wallet and discover I have money to spent, I pay, leave, and now? All this in the space of a sentence. I



ask to my character: And now?

I return home. My room is still the only space I know which allows my self to be comfortable to make rubbish without the need to whine at an audience. I should study, I should create something but I just feel like turning the heater, grab a book at random and place it over a improvised little table aside the tobacco, matches, lighters, water and Lorazepam, and lay my self down over the bed listening to Shostakovitch. I feel cold. I like russian names finishing in itch, ten o'clock in the night and I start to sleep.

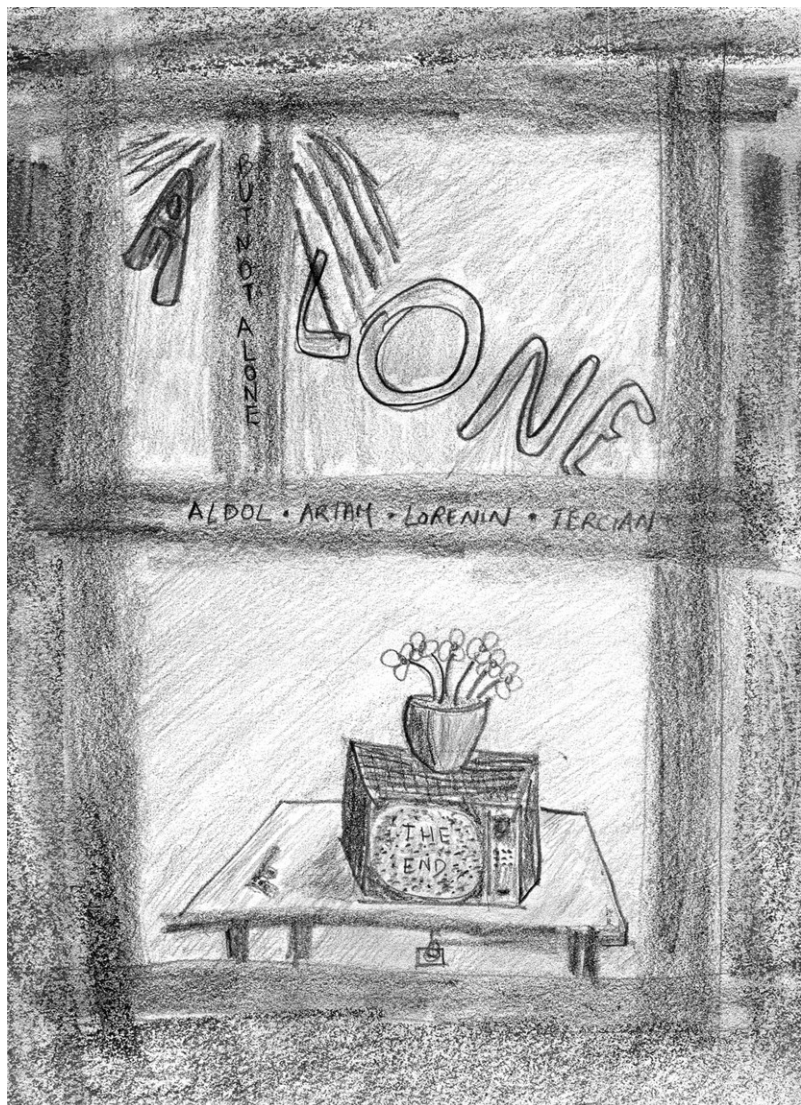
White dreams, heavy.

I wake up feeling cold around midnight and the space seems unreal, spacey somewhere, eyes to the corner... Van Der Graaf Generator and Meurglys III, the last solitude... Leonard Cohen and the despair, the cold. There are only me and Meurglys III.

I lay my self under the sheets and have the sensation that foreign forces suck my brain bit by bit. I try to defend my self fisting my closed hand towards the force that sucks.

We stand, all the selves, on this until waking up on a wave with a pendulum movement in uniform increase of speed until the church bell rings one in the morning. I explode because I don't remember none of my selves, they have annulled themselves all, nothing can be so much bizarre, so unbearable.

I lost my notions of Time, Space, responsibility completely. I think today is thursday.



MEIO-DIA

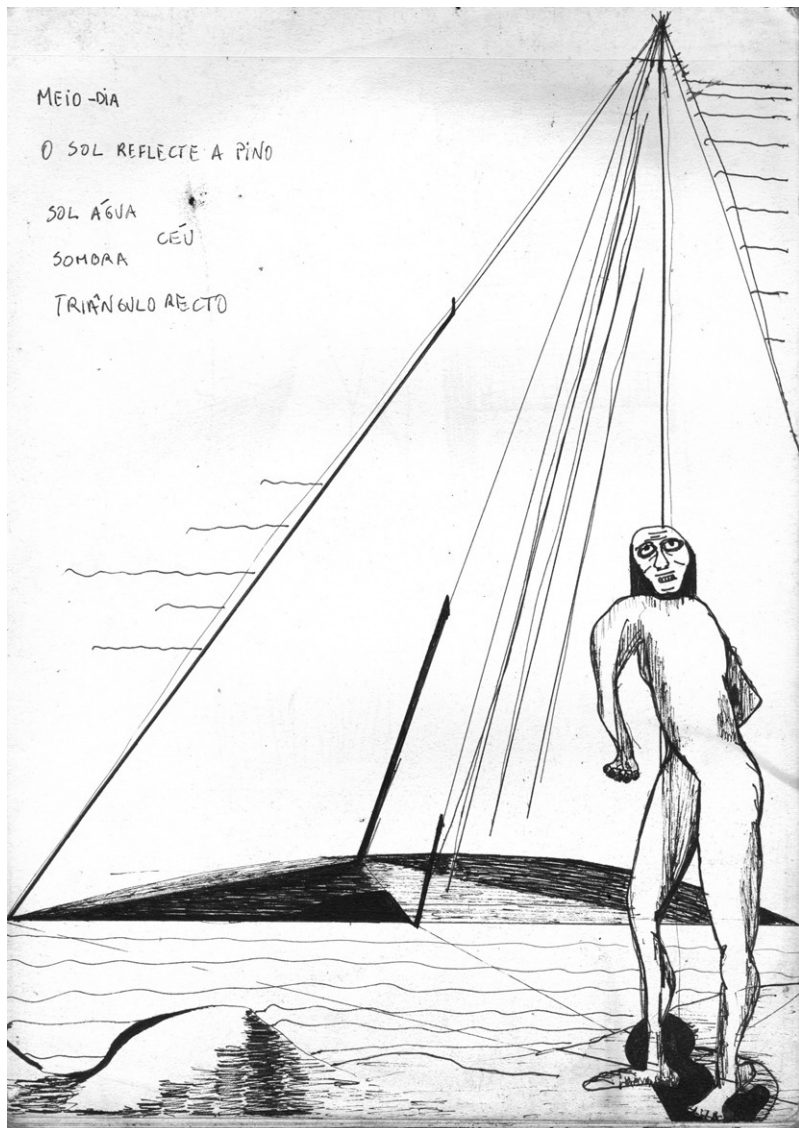
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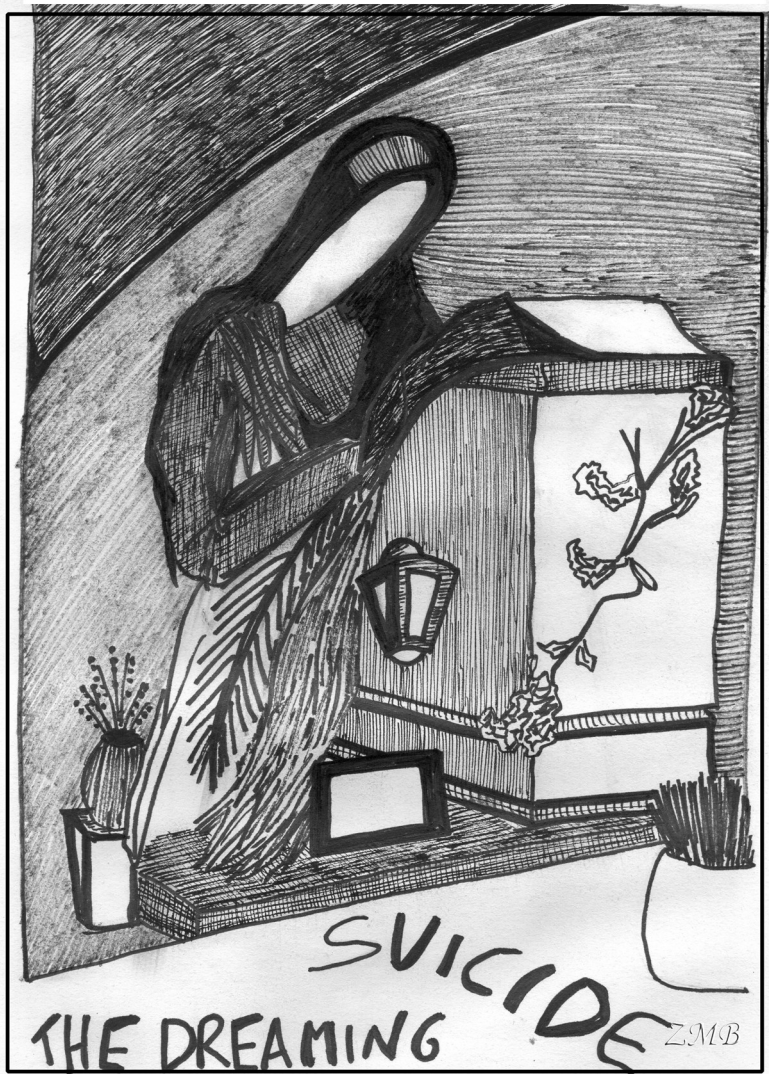
CEU

SOMBA

TRIÂNGULO RECTO







## V Chapter IX

### **Suicide the dreaming**

#### *Astonishing Urbana Fall: Acetaminophen*

The desire is sometimes the need we have to share.

Sometimes we are refugees, sometimes we are children, sometimes we were born with missions to fulfill, sometimes feelings need to be exorcised, they move towards our lack of conscience or the overflow of it.

To exorcise our mirror, to get our hands against the mirror, to grab our need-to-be-shaved face and our bone shaved head we need to act in different ways according to the perspective, sometimes post-modern sometimes surreal.

I should never have existed.

I've exchanged my self during a reality process, it felt more like a dream wandered in shelves caged within wood windows against a center overtone world full of abnormal white plastic people on clean new glass mirrors.

I am sick of poetry.

I headed out of home, anodyne and ammoniac, around five p.m.m. to go to the library to return two books on Bauhaus. I went in a rush and in a rush I returned home. I put everything in order on my room. I threw everything away, hid all that must not be seen and kept visible all I wanted to deliver. Around six p.m.m., I left home below the rain towards the train station.

One day I imagined this event, it would be at the peak of the sun over a clear sky. The avenue was playing the cards trying to guess, her pose was calm and solitary.

The sky starts to darken. There's nothing strange on this end of afternoon. People walk in a rush towards home after their jobs. Others stumble in the contrary direction. The cars clutch on the traffic lights and brake-light to the left. I don't look to anything nor to anybody. Always straight ahead.

I like specially the old buildings, the whitewashed houses. I associate them to Mário de Sá Carneiro's tales, to the minarets and roofs of beyond and to the impossible woman. I feel like giving my respects to a small and cozy tea saloon. It is called WithoutName. From the middle aged ladies who take boiled milk with coffee and butter toasts and chat with dignity about their

daily occupations, to the few couples of students who read the daily newspaper while studying at the same time the exams of early years. I remember stopping at a kiosk to buy the music newspaper that on the cover has a picture of a band emerging on the underground scene, the Astonishing Urbana Fall. I continue to walk without looking for anybody as I am not interested on seeing anyone, just me, the newspaper and the bag. If I stop, maybe I change my mind.

I start to get the idea of a poor devil in the distance asking something to the people or better, bothering them trying to talk with them without success. When I cross my way with him I sketch my self as an understanding figure but I don't slow down my walk. I move straight ahead thinking that I identify my self with him, I recall that it's equally more lucid to offer the fishing rod instead of the fish itself. Sometimes instead of telling a woman that you don't love her you offer small personal sentences with some buzz meaning on the moment it was written telling: look, I show to your self as I am, before you know my self to see if you accept my self and that impels you to struggle for something of your own.

I am convinced of being unhappy because of being human and being unable even of conceiving I may error. I consider my self inferior, a being aspiring to be a stable machine, to be scientific, amoral, I refuse all kind of help. When I get to the train station, I buy a ticket just for a half way just because someone may say: look, there it goes a tortured young man. I try to disguise that all my self trembles.

My movie continues. The sun whitens the glazed tile of the station walls giving them the dreamlike quality of an over exposed photograph. I envy the local artisans, I envy them for being able to continue to fight against the system. I can not affirm that I live according to systems but by denying them I am following one system I judge as my own only.

On the train I try to remain calm rereading *La chute* by Camus, reading the newspaper, reviewing the paranoias, returning to them always without rest. It is part of the ritual to turn to the swirling and refuse over the tunnel of cowardice the reality of feeling like a movie character.

I observe on train room next to mine a couple constituted by a man on his sixties, hard look and white hair, grandfather of a six year old girl wearing a white dress like an blond angel, she dances on the platform for smokers in front of the clouds grabbing the bar like a pinup and she sings a childish melody saying: I don't want to live... I don't want to live... perhaps I dreamed it all but I start again to ask my self about not the whys but the

what fors. Where will everything end and where have everything started? I ask my self why do I feel so mean, the meanness more thug, the more East Timor like. First, I imagined liking to live a life of adventures as in the movies; now, I am well inside the movie like mushrooms growing in the greening fields of dreams. First, I imagined evil and kept my hands in it like an imaginary reflex of a very poetic love; now, evil must be annihilated. Then... I listen to Coil, their music shakes my self. It talks by metaphors I badly understand but I crave for the symbols I create with irony on the top, a reflex of something, of the death or despair of people known and friends, of blood impressions, sex and clean sheets.

There is in my self a need to protect me, a need of no integration as I don't want to open my self to everyone. There is in my self a fascination, a flash for what inflicts suffering. There are the broke ups that make me continue and live new emotions, or would there be beauty without danger? I ask for the past and for the future. I ask for the destiny and the faith. I ask for the future ever delayed. I ask my self if people are until a certain degree mad or if it is just a question of believing too much. I ask my self for promises made and never finished and for tries we abandoned. I ask my self if it is a lack of will, lack of self critic or if it is not just that eternal feeling, gothic and decadent. I grow identity. I show my self on the middle of the supposedly great or that I imagine great. I give hugs in birthdays. I grow the agit sense, jobber of rebellion. I act like a rebel in theory. I go to listen to poetry, buy nihilistic books and don't wait for the author's autograph. I make formal invitations to attractive women and in the end I walk away blocked and blaming my self of not knowing how to do when in the end it's not really like that, it's just a try to protect a certain integrity that's not ours but... a certain u-turn of roles, a big cowardice feeling, a refusal to talk, a certain isolation, a try to confound and do evil and still misanthrope saying my self an admirer of women, well... but it's not this I well want, it's not with this I dream and what is the dream of a she if I have one, should not she be our dream eternal that we should not even dream or ask the why of dreaming. To have someone hot, intelligent, sensible and then break up because we wish to know more world, more bodies to try to scare away the peace eternally interrupted because we feel guilt of not having time to dedicate to the study we even don't like of, it's difficult, it's not really this I would like to do and such... but I say that everything that was started has to be finished. I would like to abandon everything, to pass from dreams to reality, abandon all the snags, all the stairs and live only with her a life of a



young gipsy couple with the peace, only in peace, my self painting and she making glassbeads on a small village, one of many we would know by going from here to there. This way, we would accept ourselves certainly if poetry moved mountains. My movie continues photogram after photogram. I ask my self about violation, actually I ask my self about the root of the word and on why I think about it and on what may feel a violated object, will they have feelings and will they be entities? I ask my self by the biographic identity of the entity who violates, will it be that he writes about self imposed and self inflicted evil, will it be that he writes about the will to possess coldly without history?, will it be that he writes about cigarettes and arched bodies at the sweat climax created on the ever short moments?, it should be possible to stretch to the infinite the tension created by two pure animals, it should be possible to observe all the expressions surfaces of the body you, touch your skin, feel your smell, your voice. But in the end, society always laughs louder, it's their society, the one of the hypocrites, of the kiss-asses in opposition to the naives, the lyrics, the fools depending on the perspective in which the author/reader puts his self. A thousand and one nights always were too much, by testing my limits I test equally your limits, will it not be that my self wants to revenge some guilt or imagination of everything? From here forward, it will be difficult for you to believe my self. To tell you I don't want you no more as I am bad and only badness I can do to you. To say I have no future, I have no life I can give or build with you as I refuse!, I use all the possible ways to deny it, who knows like hanged Judas at Eden.

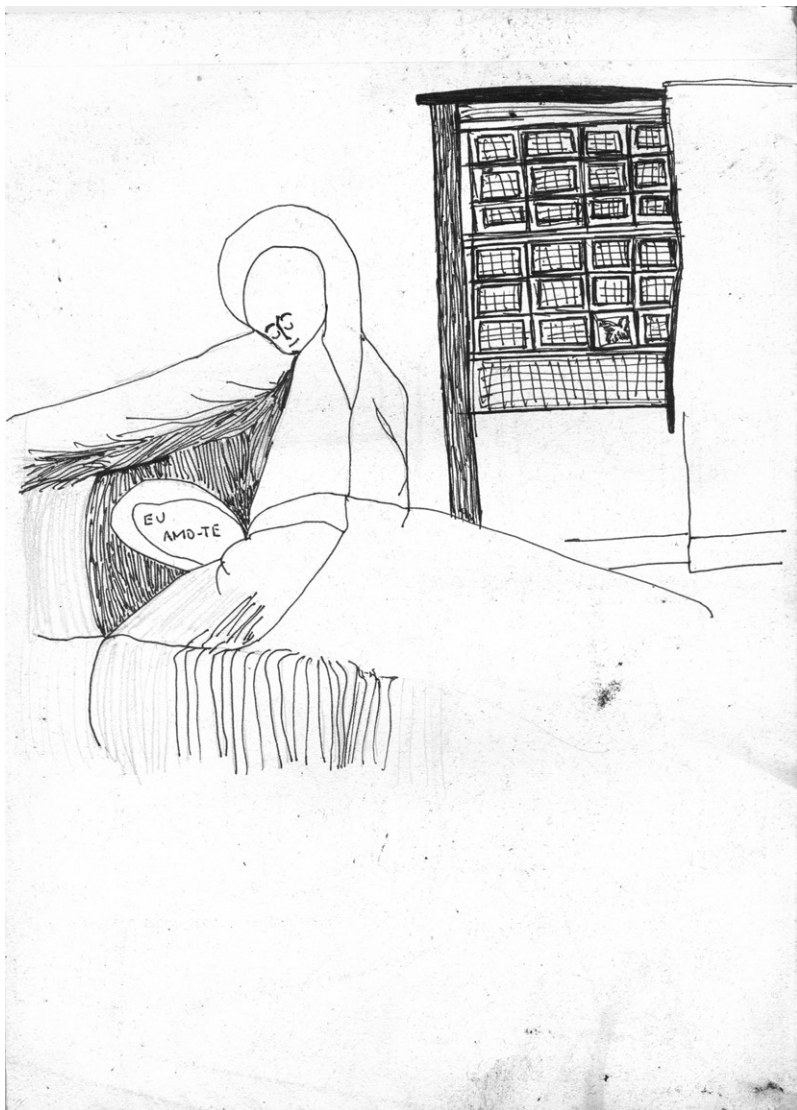
Near the destination of the first train ticket, I grab my bag, consider its content and with tense eyes I smoke a cigarette while I wait for the train to stop. I leave and ask in the station for a ticket to a farer and outer way. It's my wish, who knows, to go abroad, to forget everything and start again. Thus, I take everything I can miss which includes what I imagined once and put down on paper. The intervals between my photograms are filled with white. There are hates with no source or shootings against the wrong persons, things we heard saying but, between deaf flashes, we don't know well what we heard, we were distracted perhaps or then we were just focused on the work. Those white moments, sometimes we should ask. My hates are not real. Or then I didn't manage to acquire the necessary experience to manage emotion arguments. I'm sorry folks: I am not a manager. There are hates I felt necessary to win by impulse, I felt I should acquire a certain surreal, hateful attitude, I am not bad by nature, I only do

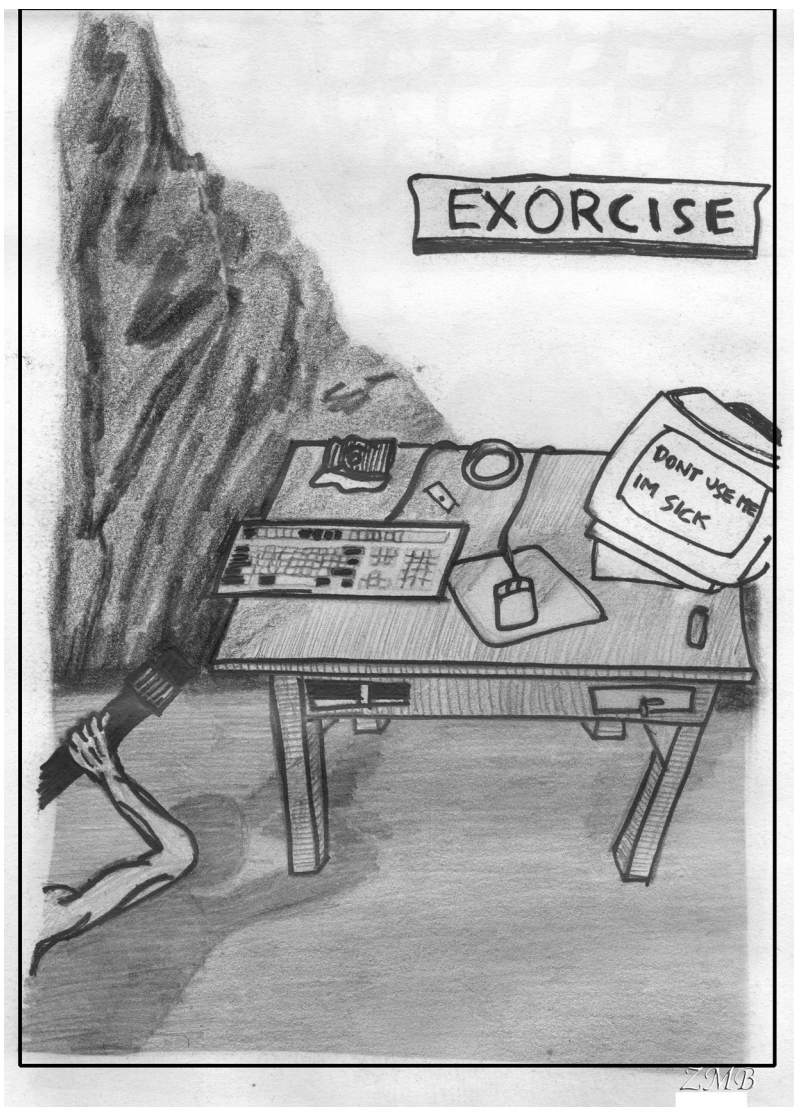
evil by reaction. On the limit of mathematical infinity I would be a fucking anarcofascist just because I don't like people standing on my toes. The intervals between my photograms are filled by memories that don't seem to be of anyone else.. sometimes, they seem to not be interesting or even exist, I say they have ceased life in my ethereal immortality, on the final stations that approach and the doves?!, the doves suicide themselves against the granite walls, against the train windows leaving blood impressions on the passengers tired of one more travel, and in despair I annul my self brutally: I am a son of a bitch, I am a whore never deflowered, I am less than zero, I have no identity. I am no sun or moon. I am no son or daughter. I have no father or mother. I am a dark star in a cold dream. I will fall red over the Armenia club.

I ask my self what will happen next, who will get the tax money and the child assistance money, what will the people, the ones losing the race in big style always eulogizing, several styles several schools. I ask my self why do I put them as objects aside my idols. Then, if I refuse all humanity I shall start from somewhere, I shall annihilate my self because I am unable to have you all the twenty four hours a day, because I must impose my personality when I am dispossessed of the ability to think, I am tired after a first collapse lived and dreamed with a laughable exorcism, it's necessary to show to the people, do you know?, it doesn't matter the final result, what's interesting is the doing, it's just the nihilism revealing itself. If I was more than a nihilist I would say, I would say to be necessary to do well. When you have nothing or think you have nothing, when I walk in cycles since a long time ago, when there are times even exhausted I don't sleep, when you smoke joints after more spliffs, when you paint sketches of xmas trees, when you paint clowns and gothic birds on the windows giving to the eternal palm tree you acquire the certainty that Eve or Joan of Arc is right here aside us, it's just she's too superior to me, she deserves someone better than me, a good person and it doesn't even need to be a saint person, actually no one is a saint, I am no saint, I may have become confused and have thought I was the center of the world, I'm sorry world, the actor will stop acting. It's because of this I refuse her, I don't have a united personality, being a dilettante means to be a scattered being, confuse, invalid, empty. It's then easy to identify my self with the people that are closer to me, we don't love so often. Designs and aphorisms, pavlovian ways, have you seen clockwork orange?, the passage from the greatest to the dumb ass, the great potential youngster, the nihilistic servant hidden but

still on the margins, the one, who has as special interests the rebelliousness, the philosophy, the library, the photography and the painting, asks his self about the meaning of the absolute and absurd word TO LIVE, hoe spel je dat?, a certain *ess muss sein*, Beethoven's the same, a certain logic taken to the absurd by certain white visions of hospitals as my heads trips with pain, my body trembles, Id tells my self that if I am not I can not belong nor give anything to somebody, Id makes me write and then abandon at random on papers napkins small sentences like: I am sorry but I am unable to live. It's that image I want you to keep, the image of someone brutal, tortured and mad, not necessarily on this order. By here and there, I leave trails of guilt in human beings with feelings, I atrophy them, I suffer, I arouse my self with their suffering, I sow disenchantment, wrinkles, nervous depressions, pills and breaking ups and I ask my self: what for? Everyone approaches due to the look like: I am not from here, they come looking for something they don't have and that they seem to see on me. Everyone goes away when they notice that my identity is not the one it seems to be, I am no god, no lord of the world, I am strange and weird. I have hate for not doing what I like the most, I am hate for feeding farces, pauses, I have hate to the word breaking ups, it is more or less previewed, although I feed the nest of the word. We are all bad on certain moments, I am thus unable to distinguish, I ignore I have qualities and still I think I shall have a large back to carry weight, that I shall reflect, when they look to the mirror people should grow older. I see white processions set to the sound of Horse Rotor Vator. I only see people looking like saints, as a joke if I am surrounded by saints I shall be or I must be a saint? Or a reversed angel?

I look to my watch and notice there are due only five minutes to my death, the one I desire my most violent fantasy. All my faith I take off my bag to tear it to outside the door, it will be manure on the next season. Death can only be a lonely business. Believe me: I'll never die. I'll make a victory sign with my left hand. I'll shave my head like a zen budhist monk recovering of some kinda mushroom trip. Believe I closed my eyes when I jumped the train door.





## W Chapter minus IX

### Exorcise

*Morton Feldman / Joan LaBarbara : Only : Only*

*Lilith : Orgazio*

*The towering Inferno : Kaddish : Sto mondo rotondo*

...or the discovery of the magic formula with which he'll win all games he's involved in.

Outside the Gungunhana café a yellow mini justs drives by.

Five minutes later, two female heads look inside while walking.

Not many people crosses the entrance. I smoke a cigarette and chat with my conscience who remembers, wrapped in the shadow of Id's dark eyes eyeglasses rude beard, the key sentence of all this fake mystery: the shit this night is. I write:

*Begin*

I idealize a sentence that could be said with solemn ways by the woman of my masochist dreams. On the same instance I record the moment when my misanthrope self squeezes her neck with fetish-like fondness. The photographer self attends to her pose smoking Lucky Strikes and waiting simply that the masochist self reveals to her his secret: To say I am sorry for that maybe he can have her back.

This mutation of consciences are frequent.

A nice motive for a painting. A great movie, *The Hustler* with Paul Newman.

A dream, to spit on her face. Seek and destroy. Life is a game.

A telephone rings. Soundtrack: Lilith, sounds almost imperceptible, messages coming from far away, mixing with Kaddish from Towering Inferno and, why not?, the one from Ginsberg.

I misanthrope say I don't want to feel guilt of anything. Nothing more should make sense, do you know?, they are sentences like *Rest Well*, they are sentences like *What Time Is It?* Half past ten. Get up, you have a class!, sentences that come often, sentences like *Go Away*.

Life is nothing more than a game of staring eyesights in violent and extreme contrasts. Still yesterday you told me you have no one to which I replied submissive and felt-in-love you have my self. Still today, seated on

a dirty toilet waiting for that the temperature of the shit in my intestines makes it dissolve, I trembled with cold and fear in front of an answer I know I'm going to get later. It's a predictable answer, it happens often on the phone and it means always an increase of the value of misanthropic item of my conscience, the most impersonal element, the closest to the animals, the primitives.

Then, I see on that misanthrope a single will, a single hate, the one of breaking the eighteen tables and the seventy two chairs of Gungunhana's and next of penetrating deep into the brownish and cutting surfaces of the Super Bock bottles, the best beer of the planet. I dress him with a menaced prisoner's clothes, I give him balloons and put him walking in between the astonished beauties at Armenia as if he was a buffoon. What would be the time mean of this MM1 system?, how many people would enter on the system, how many would clap hands, asks the stage manager. Meanwhile, the buffoon has already the eyes painted and even not being a virgin he seems innocent. There's so many things taking years to dig.

*End*

I look.

From the parking station wheels a Honda civic with uncertain destination and inside it a couple that shall be a single being, at least thus I imagine it. As it is obvious, this is nothing more than a projection of an internal subject I want to exorcise.

The stage manager left home letting go words like: psychotropics in between laughs of scorn and sentences like: still I have to forget your self, what's not a part of my role of duty and competences, no!, it's not part of my work, it's work for another character. For whom then? To the junkie, says my photographic reflex and here the pen turns frantic.

I look behind to find if there are spies, I take the hand to the pocket, I take a Lorazepam pill and recall as the old junkie double bought the concerto for piano, trumpet and strings, op.35 from Shostakovitch. On the sidewalk, a man carries a MiniTower, that is, a vulgar computer. Nothing strange except the hour when all this happens, the day is irrelevant. Funny as it becomes difficult to raise the bottle of Super Bock. They say that the psychotropics influence the original sensibility. Who cares?

The poet notices now that a pair of little birds, nice to my view, passes beyond the funambulist line entering Gungunhana's. The buffoon, if he heard him, would have a sentence ready to shoot to maximize the stigma

and that sentence or any equivalent, which is nothing more than a wandering, takes me to the bar where in two hours time will be once more full with elements of the alternative class. In the end nice persons.

It's already past midnight.

The café door is closed. The only light that still lights is the mehr licht. It's the one allowing my pen to write and create shadow. I see my self, I photographic reflex, wrapped on an aura of white neons. I kiss my self and rave. The legs move, the hands drag by paper leaves with transmission packets over lines perfectly dimensioned to can them in birth and death processes described one day by mister Markov when he was on his own jail.

It's beautiful!

Weird is, these white sentences will be or not be motivated by her absence. A single one. The desire is something of complex. The waitress notifies my self that there is the time of closing. The bell rings. A last sacrifice, says the poet.

I get up and delicately I take from the pocket a cigarette I offer to the waitress who looks to my self with a smile I believe an understanding one.

The animal will, the misanthrope feels, drains itself pulse after pulse and in him it only rests that residue, a smile obtained from her, she said to him once more: you are everyday more beautiful. Thus, there are no more games nor thirty aphorisms from the book. Happiness maybe resumes to not thinking on clean or dirty games or on hidden secrets. Respect her secret, do as if you don't know it.

On the street the freeze bothers my self, I remember that Armenia has to be warm. Happiness. My funambulist tries to balance on his rope because down there there exists the infinity and the possible explosion. On the cab parking, are boarding the clients in lust for sex, twenty five euros for fifteen minutes.

I head on my feet, I think the buffoon is perfectly controllable, you just needed to switch on the small switch which they have implanted on childhood on the right ear and to be careful of not letting it fall on the third state, that indeterminate and ambiguous state that remembers the misanthrope convict and his hands full of bones that have scared so much my junkie self, who is happy because he lives feeding his self of an image in memory having always the solution for the situations when everything breaks: hail to the work to the work because there will always be Paris.

Meanwhile, that image doesn't switch off and everything related comes to



my memory. My brain switches off, I feel that my movements are not the most correct when I enter into another café, the whitest of the region. Will they be the pills taking the effect?, will it be the possible explosion of the underground? The hate carried by the misanthrope's eyes transmutes itself to the funambulist, the buffoon sex is equally present in him. We are all one and only one.

I ask for a Super Bock and the funambulist takes from an imaginary pit a bucket of water where awash are two babies talking to each other with the sound setting of a psalm: *Sto mondo rotondo se crolla su me Sto mondo rotondo se crolla su me.*

On the climax of my hangover I affirm that the buffoon living on the underground loves the deadlock and I ironic ask him why can't he apply the calculus of the deadlock probability of  $n$  telephone circuits to his own atrophy. I then write down the characters or phone ids:

First character:

How many times have you already blocked? 60%, 75%, how many?

More than the average! Replies the buffoon smiling.

Have you ever tried to undeadlock?, trying for instance to diminish the number  $n$  or generalize the system to a *MMinfinity* waiting queue?

I never thought of that, never it was important. I always considered the others' deadlock more important than mine. That makes me unable to leave the ground soil like a old and used up mole to carry on the moon you have captured. I tell you that he only needs the spurs for his self to be a true cowboy, my self doesn't!, I just want to be an engineer. *This sky will cover you when you fall down This sky will cover you when you fall down.*

Second character:

Why do you drink? Why do you drink, she says around five p.m.m., these Super Bock chalices mixed with Lorazepan and Normisons prescribed by psychos more worried with the parking car bill than with your self?

Third character:

Lie. Lie. Atrophies are solved with psychotropics and Super Bock. No! nothing of that is valid!

She said: Grab and stuck with your things. She repeated: Grab and stuck with your things.

And you now want to keep her as one of your belongings?

Fourth character:

No. I never thought of her as an object I could abuse of. It makes me remind the sentence we used to write on the sides of books in the eight grade of my childhood: Agitate before using. No, I never thought of that. With her no. The problem is that now if I grab and stuck my self only to my belongings I disappear from the planet, I transform my self onto an autistic and mutant being. I wanna fly, I wanna fly like Icarus towards the sun.

That's no solution, says the hangover who doesn't know how to help.

My self to the misanthrope I would offer an ax, the one exhibition at Cassiber's, but to the funambulist I have no more wings to offer and do you know why? Because, my love, I still like you and care for your future.

Fifth character:

Your shop, you said...

Yes, now I work on an antique shop...

On an antique shop...

Yes, I don't see why so much astonishment! Contacts. I got a job part/time on an antique shop. In a way that now it is my planet and my balance and you just need to find your own.

Sixth character:

8 a.m.m. in the morning and I get my self ready to go to work. I choose the longest walk that leads near the channel and I bring with me the manuscript professor O. trusted to my self. One of the characters of the book says that the greatest giving up was you. So, my self having given up of your self was a sign I loved you or felt passion. I laugh about the soap opera style.

After all, giving up a woman is an act to bookmark?, it's an act to think on or it's just to put people thinking on or thinking they think? Only if it is for a good reason, an excellent reason. What was it? I couldn't bear to ask for help.

The sun shines on my face, I follow the move, everything smells to academy, actually, I think you want to reach sanctity or will not that be the truth?, you want to be fair, faithful, sublime and on a shared balance but... you're nothing more than a man. In the end you're no more than a man who hates humanity and in which he sees not even a single promise of humanity.

Seventh character:

She answers: you have all your life in front of you.

Eight character:

Get up and walk. Look the fishermen boats, look the mothers taking the sons to school, look the houses, were do you see sadness? I say I would like to buy here a house, equal to the others, rustic like the others, indistinguishable from all others, nice as the simple people like people in fact are and not the mask they sometimes wear on the street.

Ninth character:

I hate the city, I hate the people, I hate the society. You are used up and smelly.

Tenth character:

She doesn't want you no more. You don't either.

What I think is that you only have hope when you drink and listen to Vaya Con Dios with her company. Anyway that is a filthy hope, do you listen buffoon?, because in the end you forget your self, she even had drank more than you, she tells you no and I just wants to be your friend, she wants you to be her little clown. Perhaps everything is nothing more than a game of chess.

Eleventh character:

I would like that there existed a self value, a sense, an end, a certain honour on what is written, oralism, unity, smell, Artaud, the mixing of selves... and still To Be.

Twelfth character:

I return to Gungunhana's and ask for a coffee.

I still don't understand the objectives to reach, what's your ladder? Your plans? You shew me your plans to the cover meanwhile. It has to be absolutely black but a velvet black with lots of gold, it will contain the symbol of an half man burning with desire crucified and wrapped on colour blood red, irradiating flames between new moon stations or cyclic eclipses where she is not as she has never been, she was always afraid, will it be the appearances? What to do? *For I was yours and I am yours, and will be yours till death.*

Thirteenth character:

It's easier to say than to do what we say and it's easier to write than to say everything we wish to say to somebody. To write allows to stop and think on every word, analyze it, take off its form, resting reality or then to take off its sense making it abstract, a mere poetic form. Alas, to forget the words. To write allows to search for the best metaphor because the reaction time to a question is infinite and, under this point of view, to write is nothing more but a monologue by somebody at the mirror with several voices, representations of his self. To write is a lie because it's difficult to write all the reality we live, because there is no time, because it's difficult to admit all the truths. Then, because of that we tell half truths. They are ways of calm down everyone living like parasites inside the Self. And so many time they trouble others who have nothing to do with the reality they live in. What are then the metaphors people write? Will it be necessary to influence others? It's so impossible to control mentalities and ways of acting nor we can have time to that. It never happens. A book must not influence anybody to the point of living under its function. What will be more important? Will there be an incompatibility between sensibility and intelligence? What to say of your options? Your initial self disappeared alone, he transfixed his self. I am right here, I have this job I like, I listen to the radio, I do a lot of things to learn that there exists normal beings, sensible and intelligent, for that I don't forget the evil I cause and for that R. paints less academic skies.

Fourteenth character:

Some days ago I had a revelation happening on a barber shop. I was only seeing my head and the beautiful body of the red hair hairdresser. My head seemed a flying saucer dark brown with a small blond strip forward. I remind in the moment what that was meant to mean. She said: *like this you look like a priest*. I say: *or like a saint*.

Fifteenth character:

I think that if I write that a shot would be heard at the jail, I could prove that after all I am the father of my own self.

Sixteenth character:

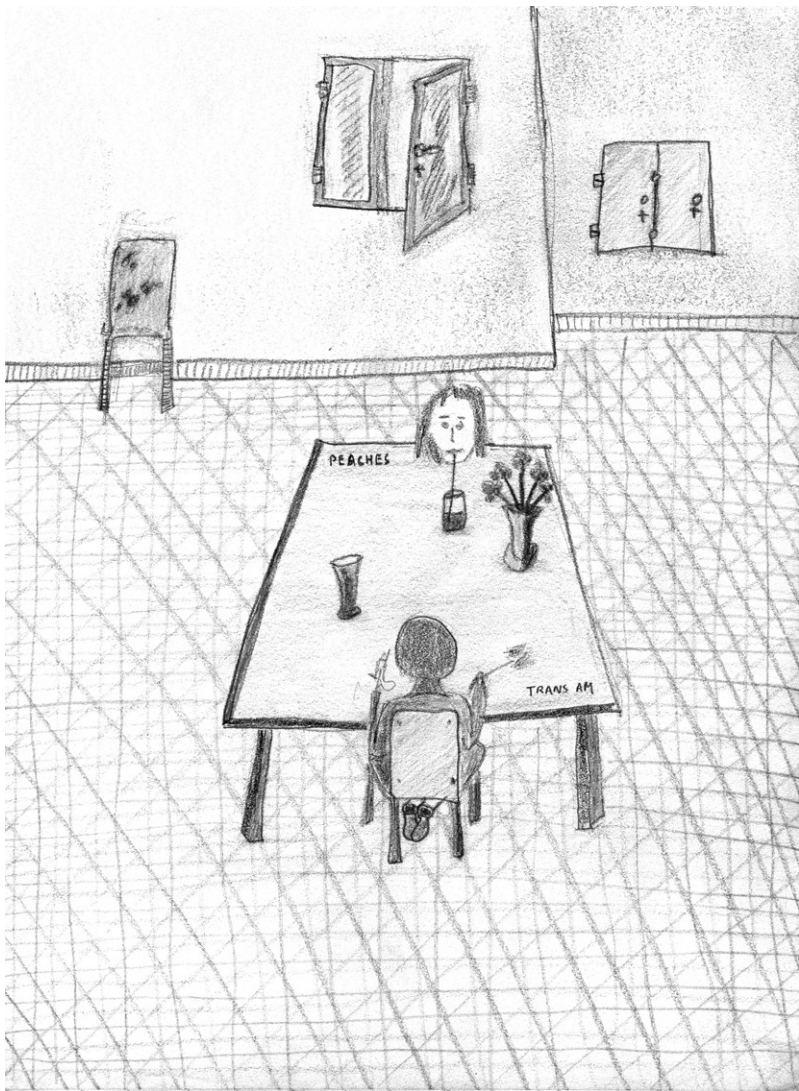
I tried to buy happiness, I wrote a book. It only missed to kill accidentally somebody. Nein!

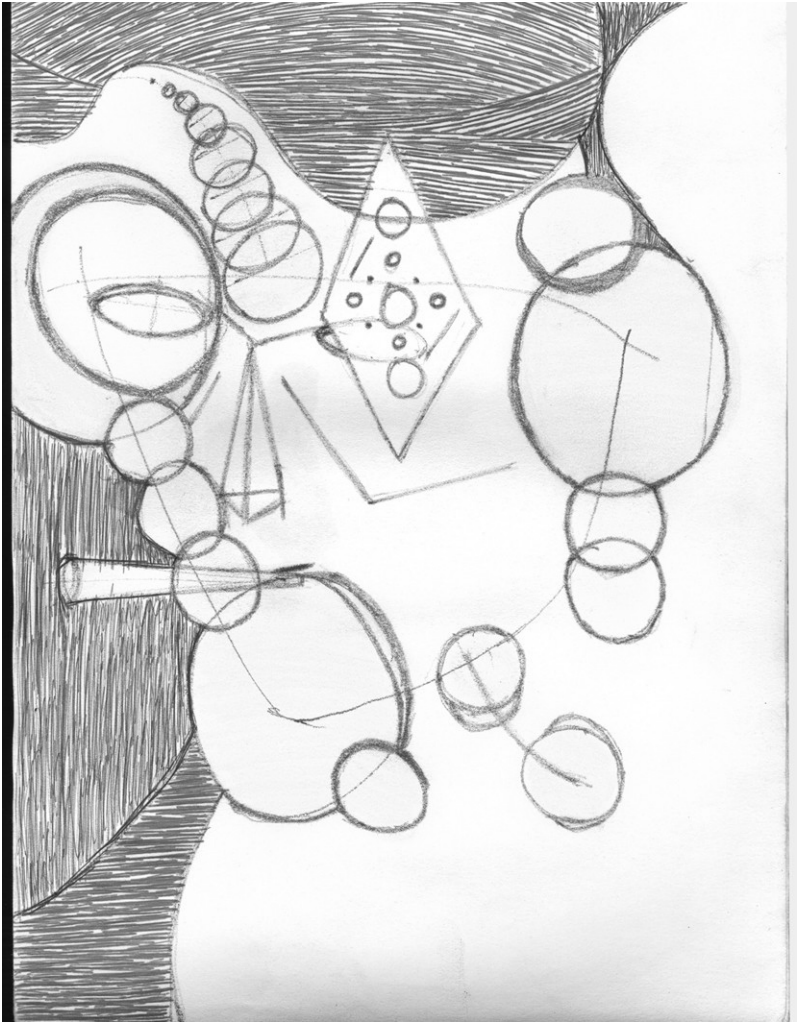
I wake. I have the vague sensation that I headed toward the balcony to ask the telephone. Memory fails me. I don't remember of saying a single word but I remember of in a flash I had got the idea of a sentence come from the other side of the wire saying: stay cool. Armenia's? I may have been there but I don't remember. I am over the closed blankets half dressed without knowing nothing, nothing of what I did and how I got here.

Whilst investigating the case, they said I asked for a tea and I was at Armenia's seated at a table with the mouth shut, they tried to talk with me but I had my mouth shut and they thought I was hash stoned. Nice excuse, they didn't insist because they thought I had smoked a joint and I was not for anybody, I was in some movie not feeling to talk with anybody and thus they didn't insisted... my answer was to tell an incomplete truth: I was very tense and thus I swallowed a pill on the beer while I was studying at the café. They laughed, they found a joke maybe. What a crazy thing! It's already too late.

Last character:

WHY?





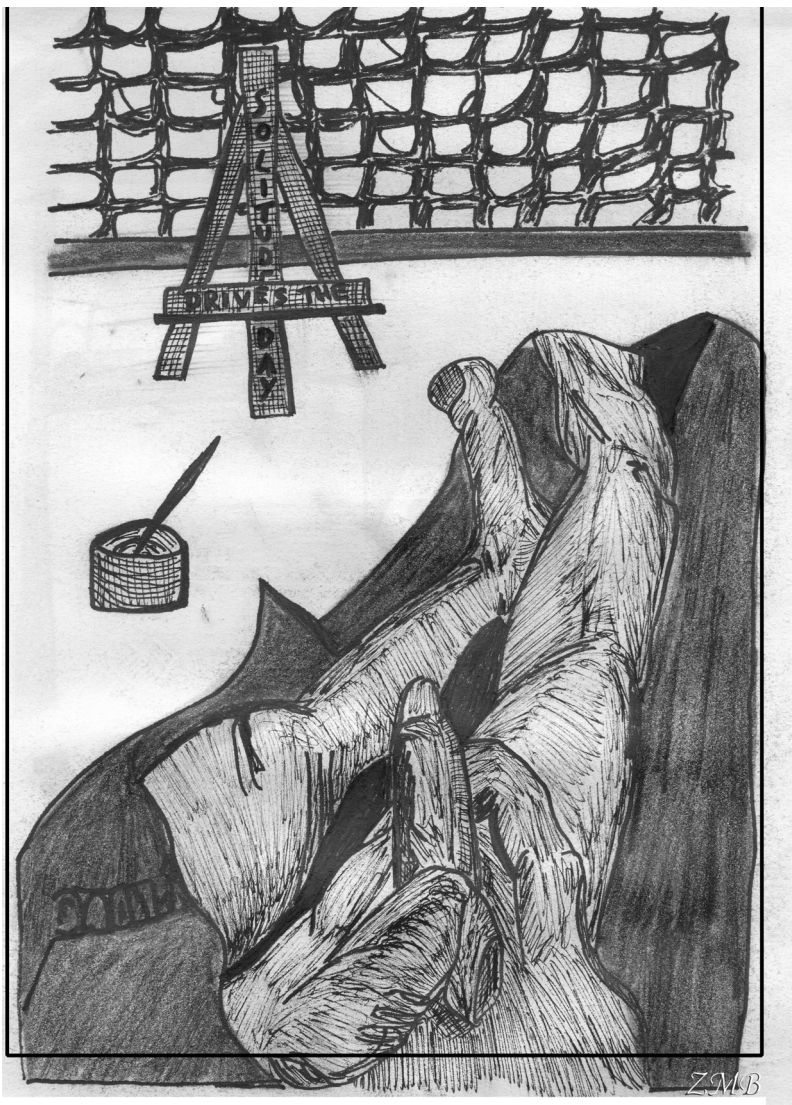
UM GRITO DO INTERIOR

QUE SE SENTE  
ISOLADO

NO CANTO RODAPÉ DE UMA SALA







## X Chapter XII

### **Solitude drives the day**

*Eric Satie : Les gnoissiennes*

Tonight I meet G. at Armenia. Nice. So beautiful the shine in my eyes, I know how to recognize the shine in my own eyes – it's like a mist and the light shines accordingly to my happiness smile and need-to-be-shaved beard. It's beautiful! Everyone knows that and G. too, also her eyes shine. I tell her I missed talking with her. She tells me about *Songs of love and hate* from Leonard Cohen she bought recently and which, sometimes, when she listens to it she reminds herself of us listening to it and moaning with the eyes the ceiling always absolutely white. Distant times. The dark night, the cold too cold, the assassin flames coming out of eyes, the eclipse or it may have been the meteor, I don't know... Our eyes, meanwhile, say to each other that in this moment it's good to stage a bit of theater with each other, to say trivialities: hi ever'thing ok?, how's the lady keeping?, well!, thanks... and thyself?, this trivial play gives us a sensation of momentum happiness. And then what have you been doing? Eh... I've been listening often to the late night radio show when I have insomnia, it's cool!, people call and such!, look... they're always the same... I my self, she says, went to see a guitar festival... Shit!

I remember one day I took the bike under the pretext of a National Geographic magazine, I went to Armenia asking for her and they told me where she was. When I went up the stairs I told her: look, I want to show you a magazine, the cowboy appeared and I sent him to hell, she can be yours in flesh but she's mine in spirit!, thus step away. What's funny is that he always seemed to patient, well it doesn't matter, it's my self wandering through my jealousy... then, she guesses the most beautiful photograph and that gives me happiness. In the end I take her hands, I touch her, the light enters coming from the window and leave us in the shadow. Nothing happens but in that moment I get the most beautiful redemption I ever have not imagined or read, because it's real. Love can be written but it's cooler to feel it and we only feel it when we don't have it!

Shit!

I remember that one day we met at some popular party where inside a circus tent the band of the moment was playing. We danced, we drank and we loved each other, I know!, I ask her to accept having me back but... then, the cowboy actually understands my self, he wants to pay my self a beer and I say no. I want actually to pay for his beer. In the end nobody controls nobody, he pays my beer and I throw my coin, the price of the beer, away. Who loses is he as for me that coin in the moment is not worth a dime. In the end of the night, I go home obviously alone, walking along the channel already the day, not because in a popular party you don't do contacts but because... she didn't want me. Or better, she didn't want to leave the cowboy.

Shit!

On a saturday night, we took coffee around ten p.m.m., we call saying we're going to arrive late, we tell dreams and realities, we dance, we offer a photograph taken at Serralves where you can see a tree with two logs, and that tree is our selves, I and you coming out from the same root, we are twins, in my mind we are still that united being...

Shit!, yes you were really a big dumb ass.

One day there was, the day of tomorrow, the day of examination and I was worried. It seemed to my self I was prepared but I didn't feel somehow my self in shape, I felt like giving up and later to keep sorrowing, choking my self due to have given up, nice thought. I was in a café by the river and could see the traffic spreading with harmony, a nice and sunny afternoon, yes sir, the wind was pleasant. I started to write:

Le soleil est très joli aujourd'hui, oh mais biensur...

mais quoi faire?

One day there was when they asked what worries my self the most in these days. I say certainly the problem of hunger a bit everywhere, I say certainly the fact of existing people that every day have to beg for a tiny roof to sleep... but meanwhile what worries my self the most is to make questions to my self and don't know what to answer...

One day there was in the library where I was studying or was trying to fight my weakness for not wanting to study as today I got up early, the alarm clock rang but I just got up to lower the sound of the classical radio, to

awake with the sound of violins, pianos and opera give me the will of resting a bit more, the head heavy the skin compressed under the eyes, vomits or hiccups, everything gives my self the will of asphyxiating my head on the pillows and say: today is not going to be a nice day...

I solved a test of which I had the solutions, so as I was writing the question I was looking to the answer written on the side. I decided to go for a smoke, I got up and walked towards the exit trying not to look to the sides with fear of seeing someone I don't see since some days ago. On certain moments they seem to be long days, on other moments they don't. I don't know if I shall go talk with her and invite her romantically, poetically to go smoke a cigarette or, then, just say that if she so wishes she can interrupt the study to go talk a bit with my self or, then, just to wish her good luck to the future or, then, just ignore her or, then, just say that...

Due to the force of the circumstances I didn't see her, that solved the dilemma but I kept the sensation that she could be or have been there and we didn't crossed by sheer chance. That didn't solve the dilemma. Shit!

One day there was when I got up and went to the bathroom with a bathing gown. I sat on the toilet, it seemed I wish it and, while I was waiting for it, I looked once again to the bathroom which is almost private as it is old and dirty, as perhaps only my self likes to live in shit or in what people understand by shit although I don't like to live with shit. During long minutes I kept repeating aujourd'hui is not going to be a good day, weakness installed itself, I looked looked and looked and kept thinking on nothing else, the emptiness was falling over me, once more it was necessary to hold the image of a doorbell you wish it to ring for my self to manage to get me out of here, I remember now that once she gave me bath in that tub and I laugh timid of so small, innocent and spoiled.

I remember when I arrived to the room and headed to the window one day. I didn't open it and preferred to see the sun in squares, I undressed the bathing gown, I kept sober and naked, I was to put my self behind the door window but whilst looking out of the window I saw a man collecting pears and so I gave up the window and went to lay my self on the bed, I closed my eyes and I wanted people to beat me to exhaustion. End. Paragraph. I kept writing:

The library has three levels and in each extreme a stairway that allows never enter and leave from the same side and, this way, always that I give up an exercise I look to the side when she uses to be.

When I finished the smoke I decided to go back but, whilst going up the stairs, I remember I had seen yesterday some new cinema magazines. Being this way, the test was delayed for a better opportunity. I started then to search for and stopped on a magazine about a Jacques Rivette's movie called *La belle noiseuse*, a immense lesson about painting, and started to read the interview with the main actress called Emanuelle Béart who is not a model and who tells my self that when she will be on her fifties she will like to review her nudity in film. Nudity I today find it to be wonderful and eternally lost on a sharp eyesight.

I look through the window and what I see seems to my self a painting, the frame is the brick of walls and the landscape is green and blue and shines in a way that I ask my self where I am, in what city, what shall I do?, then you pronounce in low voice the name and I desire having there a camera to fixate one of the few moments when the city seems nice, just because it doesn't seem it. I give up then, I leave the dream, head towards the exit and this time I want her presence now!, I go on the street, see a phone boot and ask my self if I have coins on the wallet and if the boot accept coins, it seems to my self that I wish to call her and say to her that only you can save me but then I start to think on the real she and... then I decide not to call anyone because yesterday and before yesterday I haven't felt like it and because today I feel the need of somebody who protects my self, fills my self, understands and makes my self smile... and then everyday I confound the girl to call to and with the reason or the lack of it to do or not to do, everything depends, I calculate my self once again near the void trying to manage the moments. At night, the yellow walls and in the distance I see a newspaper, near I see nothing, I move on to recover it, asking to that newspaper to fill my self for that on the next day I wake up once again with a congestion on the brain, another bad slept sleep, deep, scaring, empty, heavy, mais quoi faire?

It's a quarter to nine p.m.m. and I continue on the café interrupting my self to smoke a cigarette, the day continues beautiful, on the esplanade the primary factor of my concern is a group of Brits biding the time eating peanuts and drinking the best beer of the world: SUPER BOCK now!, almost in front of me I notice a man repeating my steps, he smokes, writes and looks outwards, what will he write about?... it's better not to ask, he can think the complicity between writers is the pretext for... eh!, I rather prefer

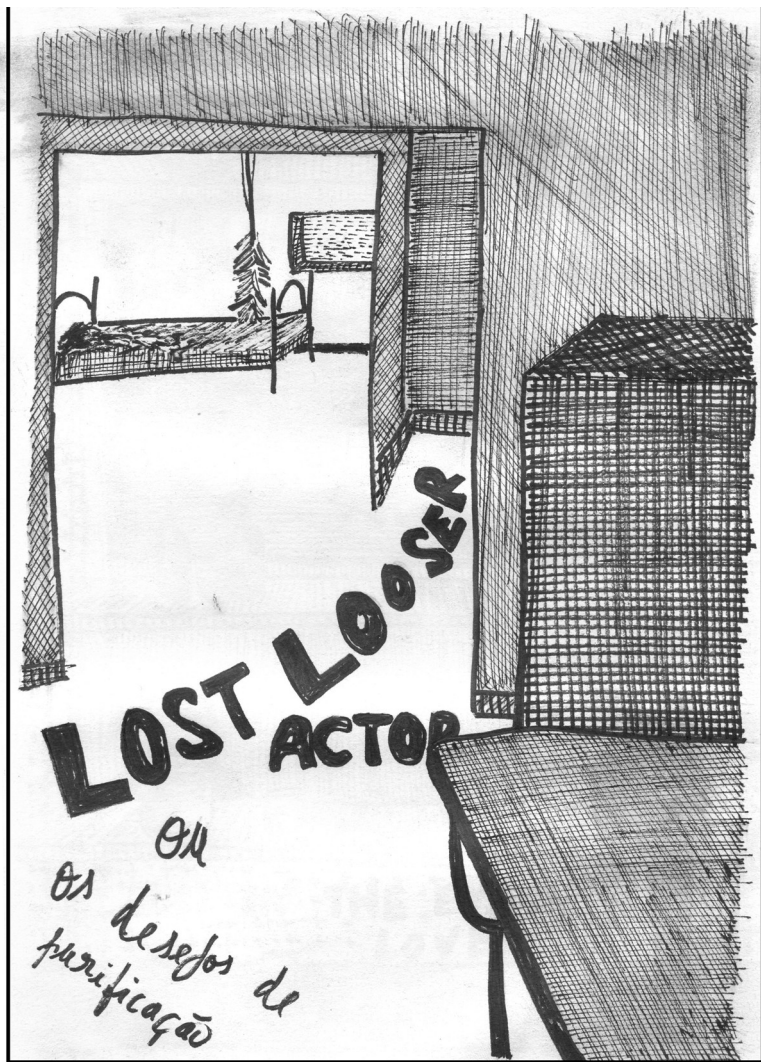
to ask to wanna-be-writer girls, to show them my work but then she compares it to a new Rimbaud and says that, although she doesn't write sunday stories, mine seem to her too morbid, the hell who knows why shit! I hate cheerleaders. Then I decide to read what I wrote, I get angry with my self often and my wish is to eliminate all those mistakes, all the lack of vocabulary... but I excuse my self by saying no, I don't do it because I consider it an unnecessary work, like this I can emboss the spontaneity of what I write – always in an oral style, following thought spoken out with frequent inflexions on the verbal terms without or with few commas – automating for the people.

I decide to go to the bathroom, analyze the way of my walking, once they told I was different, in that time I thought different of what?, I gave tribute to having cut the hair, it's thus I change my skin, having worn some runners and having put on flesh, I notice now that the trousers fit me in a weird way, my conscience tightens against they and seems to have wish on finding itself, on expanding outwards on the middle of confusion, were have you been? Thus, when I get home, switch on the light, get to the drawing table, look to the color photocopy of *Narcissus* by Caravaggio, look the dry bonsai and to the mirror where once G. wrote: love sex I hate you, she wrote with lipstick on a morning apparently because she woke up in a bad mood or because things we're not running well between us or because she was decadent, running to existentialist pessimism... I don't know, I say to my self that I can forgive having been born, what I can not forgive is having the sensation that everything turns around my self... a narcissistic looking at the mirror on a lair seated on an armchair.









Z.M.B.

## Y Chapter minus XII

### **Lost loser actor or the desires of purification**

Two o'clock in the morning.

I am in the kitchen but not my own, I am in Maria Joana's kitchen. I feel uncomfortable and abandoned. I am alone, meanwhile I have with me a pack of beers and I study to an examination I have in two days time, already on monday.

Five past two in the morning.

I can't get out of my head the idea of she going to bed. She's not more than five meters away from my self and I can see the door of her room, I can see the light on her bedroom so she's still awake.

Ten past two in the morning.

I think on how many times I have said: she does me bad, she does me bad, I am crazy and masochist. She's my last hallucination and she alternates meanwhile with the Portishead girl. The answer I rediscover it immediately: you are not crazy but... only you do bad to your self. "This is the woman I love." Only you to look for redemption with ex-girlfriends or with little girls that never knew how to love in an active way, little girls who hid behind platonic passions, little virgin girls waiting for the emancipation act or a present.

Someone enters with the intention of checking if the washing machine ended the washing program. Not yet. Whilst leaving he closes the kitchen door. I cease to see the light inside the room. I lose the notion of her room. Only you. Only you do bad to your self. I continue to study. In front of me a beer.

A quarter past two in the morning.

Somebody opens the kitchen door and leans to the fridge. They look for a beer.

I look to the Maria's door and the room light is not on anymore. They close the kitchen door. I continue to study or, better, to look to the leaves, it's impossible to describe what's happening. Confusion.

Twenty past two in the morning.

I decide my self finally, I get up from the kitchen stool and lean towards the room in front, having the care of not making any noise for that on the living room they don't notice that somebody walks in the hall. I enter in the darkness of a room I don't know anymore, this room is not close to my self anymore now past six months, do you remember the referendum?, and because of that I can't avoid touching the stone leaves hooked on the lamp. I arrive and kneel at the side of the bed, touch her hair, Joana trembles, were you sleeping? I ask stupidly in the dark, she answers the obvious, she had just got into sleep. Long silence, do you mind to respect my self?, says G., go away. Long silence. I lean the head to the blanket sheet. I know there exists a warm body, life full and, that in my confusion, I don't know anymore to say if I love or not. I feel like shouting: I love you. But I don't shout, nor I even whisper. I think on how often I told her with other words, on how often I repeated to her self that now... I don't know if it's true, I don't know what to say more, I already know the answers, they're always the same: I have a boyfriend she says. In fact, it shouldn't be necessary to say nothing more, but... oh drama my drama... perhaps love doesn't exist anymore!!! Bang. The silence continues. In the end, I manage to whisper in a doubt tone: It's everything so stupid, so impossible. Maria answers: sure it is.

I always know the answers, it's not difficult to know them, always the same answers for always the same questions, they are the only ones I know, how many times do I ask them?, perhaps since yearly days I had given up asking and perhaps one day I had started to make questions and had felt under my feet the ground falling so strange and unknown it is or seems to be, perhaps one day I had returned not to ask starting to recede, now not even with an effort I am able to make questions, even opening my mouth seems difficult so as making a test, so as saying I love you, to my self it seems difficult, to my self everything seems mad, and it's so difficult, sure it is... I spell and wish to say that everything is so difficult when you pass the time saying that nothing exists anymore, or will it be the contrary?, that for my self you're nothing more than a friend or it's still more than that, but I already don't say, I already don't repeat, I already have no will, maybe I don't love her anymore, sure if I did love her I would humiliate my self at her feet and would repeat the two disgusting words that annul themselves even if nothing more existed, is everything so difficult... meanwhile, I am already on my knees... I am sorry. (a long silence) I remind the most correct to say would be: I am sorry again... but not even of my self I feel to make irony. I

leave as I entered, carefully, again.

All the same here in this world. On the living room, the light from the television indicates that there still exist awaken beings in this world at twenty past two in the morning. On the kitchen, the washing machine continue its service and I get to understand that was in this weird environment that I proposed my self to just study, that I proposed to forget that circles continues to turn. Maybe it's the wheel of life but I don't have her already. She was mine but now... only you! In this house, now that everything is really finished, there exists a very beautiful person whom I can't get out of my head and from whom I can't go away. When I had her I broke up brutally. But I couldn't walk out in a good mood. We were three months away of each other. Now, the norm is two or three days without seeing her and think it's the best solution but it just is to see her in the distance, not even due to a sheer random, for that everything turns to be what I imagine, a paradise, love in a woodhouse, pictures and glassbeads... but paradise is no more.

I turn to seat, in front of my self are technical books scattered over the table.

I grab a page at random, I look at it, I try to concentrate on the most important. I arrive to the conclusion that all the words are important and that thus I have to know how to spell them and understand. I try not to think on what happened, on what I did, why I did it, knowing what would go to happen... to my self it seems that was my really wish – to go with hope and return shattered. No. It's not like that anymore. Now I go with very little hope and return with very few shatter. I became lazy. Nothing new thus, it must be the void. Here this chapter repeats a dozen times. The intensity varies, will that be?, do I look for the gradient of intensity, do I look to test the limit point?, and when the limit points to the infinity... I don't know already what I feel, everything is mixed. I remind the title of a music I adored at secondary school and I make irony by thinking: a saucer full of secrets, I don't distinguish the good from the bad, the right from the wrong, I start to think that the guilt is not mine but of the books I shouldn't have read, perhaps I shouldn't have let the ground fall, I should have continue to ask, I should have connected more with friends. I say that, from now on, ONLY technical books! But it's a lie. It has nothing to do with poetry, I am just disguising it with poetry. Ah, and by the way sometimes my poetry leans on to repress freedom, sometimes because I my self am a prisoner of freedom.

(From the moment that everything happens until the moment I rewrite these lines, there is a time distance of more than two years, it's better not to be totally correct because nothing of this has to do with alchemy or astrology. I am just ordering the text, making it 'correct'.)

Half past two in the morning.

The kitchen door opens but I just get hold of her presence when she sits on the chair near my self, she's wearing a white pajama, she shows annoyance on her look, to be more ironic I write she's hold the coldness my painting demands. What is a pity is it to be a living painting. I look at her, with an hand I stand the head, with the other I take closer to me a page, could I pull her onto my self, and I look to... and try once more say everything, all I have said not to say more, never more because of the humiliation it signifies.

Ah the subliminal messages of repetition...

Then I think I don't love her because if that was true I would say it to her again, I wouldn't try to disguise this blockage, there's no soundtrack on real life, only the sound of the washing machine and the cars passing on the street, I wouldn't hide behind the right time to say it, I would say it right now.

She searches for a page where she can write, her hair is each time more beautiful. She starts to write and my only reaction is to try to guess the words. Her third is my name. She writes with calm and with method. At the end of the sentence she rereads what she wrote and marks with an accent a word deserving it. Then she looks to the table for brief moments and then she restarts. Next point. The page ends and she draws an arrow indicating she'll going to write on the border of the page. Last point and I think it will be really the last as the page has no more free space. She drops the pen and looks to me with a lot of annoyance, coldness, sleep, all mixed, without affection perhaps and my self suffering inside and trying to show calm.

I keep to see her leaning to the door, I am in so a way shaken that I don't even know which was the door that slammed. And thus I stay, divided with the page she left to me among so many others. It's everything so difficult.

Twenty to three in the morning.

I have my hand in between my hands and I continue to look to the lost page Joana left to my self.

A quarter to three in the morning.

Somebody enters and goes to check the washing machine. Asks when I am going to have the exam. He seems a white weird thing. Inside the white screen you see some small eyes spying at every question.

What you're studying?

It has do do with telephone nets and how to un-carry calls from a port, or a telephone center, to another port, etc and more etc, I say to that strange person who doesn't understand a shit and from whom I hope I can manage to disguise the confusion but the suffering is betrayed by the quickness and confusion of my words. He leaves and closes the door. I take a cigarette and uncover thee page. I look to the window and try to find the best sentences to define what I feel, the ones I have to write now because once more I didn't tell her, because if not I forget.

Ten to three in the morning.

The silence of the kitchen is broken by somebody who enters, opens the fridge door and asks if the beer there is mine, to what I reply they're on the house. He says he bought six and they are gone. Next, he disappears and I continue to read Maria Joana's sentences.

It comes to enter somebody who becomes an oppressive presence as it's time to put to dry the clothes on the rope behind me.

Three o'clock in the morning.

As I have the street blocked by the drying clothes, I can not exhale the cigarette smoke and, thus, I can't see the colour diluting on the dark of the night. I can not write the sentences that came in a sudden to my head. They continue to put the clothes. It comes to my mind the idea that this spy will not turn his head to see what I am doing. Then I decide to grab the page and read it. After, I decide to write a quick sentence but this spy can be able to see my self by the reflex on the window glass. Then I stop, I write no more, it's better to calm down, it's better to disguise, to wait that his mechanical operation terminates. To wait, and better to not forget the words.

Ten past three in the morning.

Finally I wrote everything. It seems so, nothing is missing, I think. To each point I answered with a point. And now? It is to be decided what destiny to give to the page, don't know if I shall destroy it, if I shall take it with me and keep it in the box of matches I did stole from this kitchen when I was

an inmate of this house. I don't know if I shall put it in the mail box.

Twenty past three in the morning.

I think no more. In my front there is the void, the desert street, the clothes on the rope, the books over the table, the hot beer. I decide to leave. I leave the kitchen and turn on the light of a room and see the painting I offered to the sister, don't recall now if it was because of her sister or because I love Maria. I tried an abstract painting where nothing would connect my self to Joana and, thus, I built a double portrait of a warrior holding a shield or an umbrella. One of the faces, tough and contracted, looks from the side. The other breeds my fear, terror, sickness. This supposed warrior defends his self from an white woman walking in his direction. Perhaps an angel. She's too pure. G.'s sister told my self that the nose was mine. Perhaps, they will say that I seem the guardian of kingdom affirming WELCOME TO PARADISE CITY. Be welcome to my kingdom you white and pure woman, be welcome to paradise but where is it, paradise? Maybe in the dark and deep colours, in the little devils that laugh and come as all the women of the city lost in the middle of the jungle, green very green, in the middle of our white confusion, in my confusion of ideas, imagination of ideas, imagination of reality, reality, sometimes we are really some little devils who laugh, memories I didn't want to write, which I say I want to forget today from now on, for that all may be happy, for that I don't repeat the chapter. Where is my paradise city? Nowhere.

I have to say goodnight to the spies in the living room. I have to be nice. Sincerely, I don't know what they think of me, of my behaviour like a child in love or desperate or alone or simply empty full of guilt feelings. I rewrite this listening to Kim Gordon saying: don't be a boy just because I'm a girl! I am going to wish them a tomorrow... but futureless and heard them say with a friendship shared by everybody, indifferent rich poor in need: If we don't see ourselves tomorrow... wish you a good exam. It feels like saying: No! Tomorrow you will not see my self, nor tomorrow not after tomorrow, no! Because now I am going to be offline for three or four days and I am going to think over this and I am going to write it probably to prove once more how much I could be sublime if I was not writing one more repeated chapter, chapter 399 of this irritating soap opera on the screen now for nine months, the sufficient for giving birth to the boy, months that seem endless. Will then be the desires of purification?

Half past three in the morning.

I don't look back. I know exactly all that it seems. I know I am not crazy but I am suffering. I walk down the stairs. It seems I am walking down a greek stage in ruins where I was playing the divine comedy! I light a cigarette. I walk. Cars pass by. I am now smoking under the trees that protect my self from the car lights that turn on always at the time they recognize my self. I am now smoking and already nothing seems near. I am thinking on the page.

Point 1: R. is a person like the others. If he wants life comes to him.  
I keep smoking.

Answer: Everything is a fraud. Lie. R. is a fraud.

Point 2: We are not lovers because I don't love you not you my self.  
I keep smoking.

Answer: I don't want to be your lover, I want to be everything.

Point 3: You are not more alone than all the persons in the world.  
I keep smoking.

Answer: I am alone because I don't have you.

Point 4: I like you for what you are but you better go be your self for other person.

I keep smoking.

Answer: It's everything so difficult... to pretend you are just my friend.

I keep smoking.

I turn right. I enter in a little street. I turn left. I go on the middle of the road. I trash down my cigarette. I see in the distance someone known of my self. They invite me to enter in a door. I think this is what I needed but I am unsure. Do I enter or not? I can not decide. I should go home to rest, to expatriate this bad moment because tomorrow I need to review everything, tomorrow is the last day... but they decide for me, they and my real will, I am walking up the stairs, before the last one of this family to have fun over the sound, the beer and ganza, as it used to be before, tonight just for forgetting my self.

The play is called *Exquisite remains mixed with ganza*.

... :-))»

and here it follows the story about the process recited for the first time in front of two agents of authority, a multimedia screen where appear glued numbers of bank accounts and xmas pine trees, on Fassbinder's café



watching Lola dance. I think all this shit occurred on day 27. it has a soundtrack, take care to record.

*Marlene Dietrich*

*Scorn: Colossus: Beyond*

*Pop Dell'Arte: McHolly*

*Diamanda Galás: Plague Mass: I wake up and I saw the face of the devil*

*Ciccone Youth: G-Factor*

I propose as an alternative title: *How to become an android!*

I am...

Still very still Love you Search & hunt I am a crooked freak

Setting 1: Search for the skin, find the skin, unwrap the skin.

There I am, the funambulist, on the rope trying to find balance. On the other end the mermaid.

Can you tell us your name? Claudio Mur.

I Claudius, the last emperor of Rome before Nero, castrated, blind, lame and decadent.

Strong as a anger bull it transfixes my self... claws of birds of prey it gives my self... madness and clocksmith precision it provides my self...

Harmonics of high frequency where the probability yields always four...

I say then I call her on the phone because sometimes is good to hear her voice...

Each man kills the thing he loves... He loves what he can't control...

Setting 2:

Open the photographic film recipient, look inside and get from there what's inside. My self in this moment is taking out the skin, I am actually sparing the moment to unwrap it because it's a bit... damaged wrapped. I search then what I have to search for. I take out the a bit of cigarette leaves, a roach, a bit of 'silver', the silver foil... but for the case is not necessary. I

search for the shit, unwrap the silver foil, I choose, see the dosage.

I leave home. Whilst seeing two cars, an ambulance and a patrol car, I lean to this last one. Mistake. They tell me to enter the ambulance.

My eyes deeply watch the night landscape that unwraps behind the blazing shadows of the train late in time...

A man tries to prove to his self that is able to kill his love for a woman by using the mode of searching for a new woman, whoever she may be. A man feels his self able to degrade his self to prove that to his self.

Everything ended... The bodies come to surface... The process is over... The funambulist falls. He gave up finally, he would never be understood again, he would be put into confinement in an institution.

Setting 3: To choose... the act of choosing is something to give importance to.

Set 1: The choice of a roach...

Set 2: The paper... The paper role on the roach choice...

Set 3: It's advisable the presence of an usual pocket knife...

Proposed environment: To allow to prepare an homogeneous roach... To obtain a speed according to status and homogeneous...

A simplistic/silly alternative: A table made of wood brown and polished...

Whilst waiting the the hospital door, someone passes by and talks shit about her, about whom? In my idea maybe about G.. I step away.

I don't want to know... Heilige tod!

I don't want to ask... Heilige leben!

I don't want to believe... Heilige tod!

I don't want to say... Heilige leben!

I don't want to trust... Heilige tod!

I don't want to betray... Heilige leben!

Would you like to betray again for the last time? WOULD YOU?

I would like to betray painting and writing by saying the name of a painter and writer... but I will not do that because I believe they can have some face

value...

But you said the name of others?

No, in fact I didn't, I put everyone inside my pan, they know who they are, shall they make a favor and assume their selves.

My eyes look in between the glass windows, imagine in an enormous opaque mirror the beauty figure of my presence... an woman's kiss: security... presence... non-provoked superiority... the claws act... provoking.

There's no more moral lessons... the expiation is finite... there's no guilt anymore... we are not saints... goodbye. Ad eternum. The confession is over!

Setting 4: The search for tobacco and the lighter...

Set 1: Pay attention to the quantity and quality of the tobacco, it has to be...

Proposed environment: The tobacco choice appears always as an important character, it's an indicator of preference, the tobacco choice has always a character deeply personal, unique, distant, private...

I am at a medical hall, on another projection I am at an ER room. In front of my self a lady doctor in a white smock is a police in disguise laughing.

You can only die once... after that nothing nobody can harm you...

Out of my face the mirror tears apart an murderous expression of a dog barking but not biting

(yes!, the dogs don't pretend to bite only scare the hell out)

Like my self... beautiful. Superior narcissus.

Who wants to know more is enough...

Setting 5: To burn the stone... and above all do not leave little pieces of shit...

Proposed environment: The association of two symbols, the pocket knife and the brown polished table, allows thus to burn in a more homogeneous way, allows equally to solve everything with more calm and discipline, mentally physical... it's necessary to have some discipline, to know the rules to can break them, we error to go on learning the rule.

On my side a doctor collects blood from a patient. The lady doctor asks if I have not already been there before. I answer yes and I hide I am already on my third collapse.

Symbols, images, history, process, time, languages, modes.

Do you smoke? Yes.

How many cigarettes a day? I smoke rolling tobacco, some sixty grams a week.

The one who likes to observe, commanding the troops, the soldiers for the endless assaults...

Traitor of everyone. Firestarter of passions, already not self contained.

I look to my self and I say it is enough...

Setting 6: To put the forbidden fruit on the skin... it's important not to leave anything on the hands... everything must be recycled... the skin absorbs...

Three men enter dressed in green with yellow stripes over the arms.

Complete history, version, original, photocopy, final version, magic formula, identification, characters, uniqueness and demultiplexing, doubles and details along the days and hours, experimentation, sado-masochism, technology master-slave, discovery, sensations, control broken, thoughts, accusations of disguise: You are insane!

Do you drink? Yes.

How many pints a day? No more than ten a week.

Happy – whilst astonishing the ones who don't know the reason for not to be considered a friend.

I am free... from all.

I am free... from everything.

No more the malign spirits bother my self, the ones who populate my trunk, my trunk is tough, the teeth are closed, the eyes are charged... shining with

pleasure.

The problem was: I have talked too much but only when I shouldn't, I should have talked before and not after...

Setting 7: To conjugate the roach with the white skin on rice paper king size smoking blue... the roach must adapt its self to an ambient of a stained sudarium...

I look to the side and see a police in disguise that usually uses to be one junkie. Speeding he passes whispering 'hash' without waiting for the answer.

The process was an exorcism of the will, lie half truth truth, it was total solitude, total time, total focus, to make options based on the process, stepping away of the truth, thee truth, a long martyrdom which tries to discover the process of writing Id's truth: the totalitarianism is not an option.

Do you take drugs? Hashish or grass.  
Have you ever put a spike on? No.

Pity! Pity! You who look to my self as if flies you were. My self as if a gigantic insect gas killer I was. I feel pity over you, you who feel my self as superior. I am – I feel sorry for you, you little flies.

I have lost all kind of hope after what I did... I have no defined reasons for what I did... so I did close my eyes and jumped...

Setting 8: To apply the tongue... a dry tongue is always inadvisable...

Set 1: A good yogurt of strawberry brand minipreço, two spoons with sugar...

At the table is a doctor with a green shirt exactly equal to mine, writing in the company of two assistants. I observe and recognized the character: he's my self.

When I dial the phone my desire is pure. It's your feminine surfaces I wish to touch and awake.

Did you have any sexual relations with men? No.

it is almost impossible for a girl to transmit the HIV virus onto a man. I am telling you the truth!

I don't ask you for sorry this time, but in this point I will never do as you will.

Superior, the big man, the androgynous in disguise of an abnormal you feel superior. Blood adoration, a throne and sextons. Equal to you...

I am still trying to fully understand what and why I did it...

oh your finger is... so perverted and your name is Lola, right?, asks my Zappa archetype...

Setting 9: To introduce a cylindrical tool on the end of the spliff...

Set 1: attention to the touch, it must be constant, homogeneous... homogeneous! It's important that the touch be circular homogeneous HELLO!?

They are saying names on the waiting room, I recognize them from my characters: or it is the nurse closing the curtain to ask Mr. Someone if he is alright or it is a man in a wheel chair followed by a woman who says she has to go phone Miss Someone.

Decadence, degradation, expiation of suffering... if I can imagine to live a suffering, I can equally live it truly, thus I can destroy it, destroy the aged image, transpose it to the field of images. No fear.

You are clean.

O.K.

(silence)

Is it possible for a first test to be positive and the second negative?

No, it is not possible, only if it was a technical error.

Hum... someone told my self that happened... it can only be a lie...

Take this condoms with you...

Yes, I guess I am lucky

Yipp-ee I am available.

Equal footing each time more deepened on the horrible plague of your disability, confounds itself, mix itself... Thus you are little flies, tiny and I feel sorry for you.

I have fear of talking again, I am unable to talk again... I shall never expose my self again.

Setting 10: To burn the cigarette end, swallow what's left of the aroma yogurt to tune my teeth and the teeth missing on my teeth holes...

At last, a car driver enters asking for my self. It's me! I leave followed by the red hair assistant and I enter in one more ambulance. For where will they take my self. The ambulance is a disguise, I know it is.

What's a pacemaker?, asks a pink stupid. For what to ask then?, to test the limits of suffering for someone imaginary and other? A pacemaker is a device which if it ceases to function the person dies... the man has no feelings...

A telephone rings inside a boat at lamps lunch time, you hear the word funeral, everybody leave the room, they take a while, they return, they look to my self with astonishment, I should cry for something that happened eventually but I don't know what it is, they did not told my self, then... they must be testing my limits, I can't feel a thing, I can only even mark the difference by raising two fingers of the left hand when the souvenir photograph of the visit, under the patronage of the lamp society, is taken.

Be free just don't hurt anybody...

Oh!, God! Zeus!, Buda! Oh!, everyone – big divinities of mud! Big men of cow shit, you... your countless wisdom a fake worth of theatrical staging. Shame on you!

I don't want the circles to vanish... those circles are my ultimate world...

Setting 11: To light up the cigarette, to score the first breath...

You enter in one more room where everything is replicated. The objects remember details, situations, elements of the past. It's obvious that, for the subject projecting, all that is nothing more than gibberish.

The professor accuses: You're a liar! You're a liar! He speaks of italians... he is lecturing about sale techniques of PH products, he's trying to score means of turning on, he asks for the solution: Do you have a solution?

I don't have a solution, I am not a salesman! What about honour?

We have no honour! We're only here for the money!

Right!, no honour, it's the system so...

but which system? Their system...

I am only the one who was touched by the hand of Beyond... travels over ashes on fire... you fear... provokes always... observes with a hard face and teeth and closed eyes a night landscape of a train station... remembers the day: I am only the one who sees in the mirror the reflex of beauty.

You have multiplexed and demultiplexed your self ... why?

Have you killed anyone with your book? Why did you write the book?

I have written it to offer it to G..

Who's G.?

G. is a feminine being, a girl, goddess, chick, a pussycat etc. but as she has refused it then I decided to offer it to G..

WHO'S G.?

G. is G...enet, the biggest saint, the biggest criminal.

Did you know that in french Genet means cat?

Ca m re  tait Gabrielle Genet or so it seems.

I am unable to live in your world.

And the twelfth skin consists of putting saliva on the skin, and the thirteenth skin consists of smoking now while you see the reflex lamp catalyst of murderous knives coming to my eyes, wrapping, a modern lamp, post post modern lie at the end of the millennium...

Experiment replacing the cigarette skin for a skin and human identity, if you smoke all the skins then somebody will scream: I became invisible. I have no form. I am only spirit, a meme. I have transfixed the gates of paradise! city, I feel safe, I am in peace at last...



Life imitates art or art imitates life?

So G. is your real father and G. is your real mother?

Ja.

And do you love your father and mother?

I can not love them but I adore them.

Ja so... destroy art, culture, bloody literature. Be happy and cease to think. Be nice to the system. He loves the big brother. Everyone outside the system are mad. We shall be strong to carry with the verdict.

Blackout

What time is it??

(::: ☺)

IT'S EVERYTHING A FRAUD

I AM SICK OF THIS SOAP NOVEL

CHAPTER 400 CHAPTER minus 400

ah! and excuse me then... the mermaids are over.

I go down the stairs, open the gate and enter in my movie, the last movies I have liked to watch on tv were really the *Sunset Boulevard* and *Broken Blossoms*. Because I don't want to know, I am going in a minute to the shopping center to eat popcorn and see if I find a good looking cow. Then I enter in the cake shop and say: I want a cupcake. It's fresh. It's seven o'clock in the morning and I didn't yet make it to the bed. I go now lucid running to my hospital bed. I go conscious of being a masochist, when someone declared you should explore the problem to its deep, until the desire was transfixed... but lose always? Tomorrow maybe... who knows... there will be exhibitions over the fog... and when I will wake up it will be certainly a different day. Sure. Maybe I grow fat. Sure!

I want to be born again. But this time on a physically way.

I have already no soul, I have already no heart. I am connected to electricity, when I answer the phone it's like I suspect that someone on the central society is recording; when I write on the computer I ask if the hard

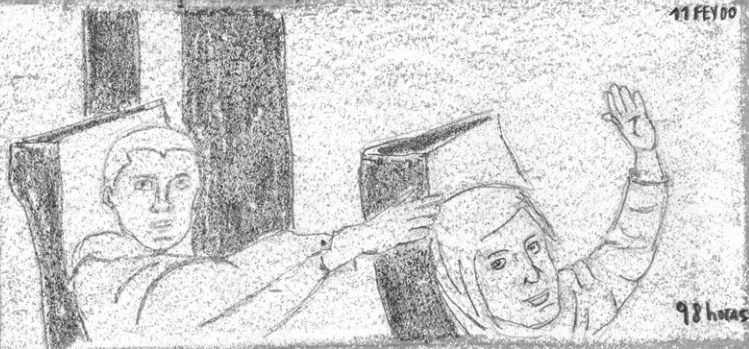
disk is not again being corrupted by a virus, over a delirium of lucidity I imagine that everyday spermatozoa are multiplying via digital networks of information; when I open my mouth I imagine that perhaps there exist microphones like fly style minidisk microphone recording everything I speak.

To my self, I can only repeat again:

I PAINT TO KEEP MY SANITY CLEAN  
PAINTING IS SACRED  
PHOTOGRAPHY IS THE PROCESS  
TIME IS SANCTIFIED

Um rapto em busca de asilo

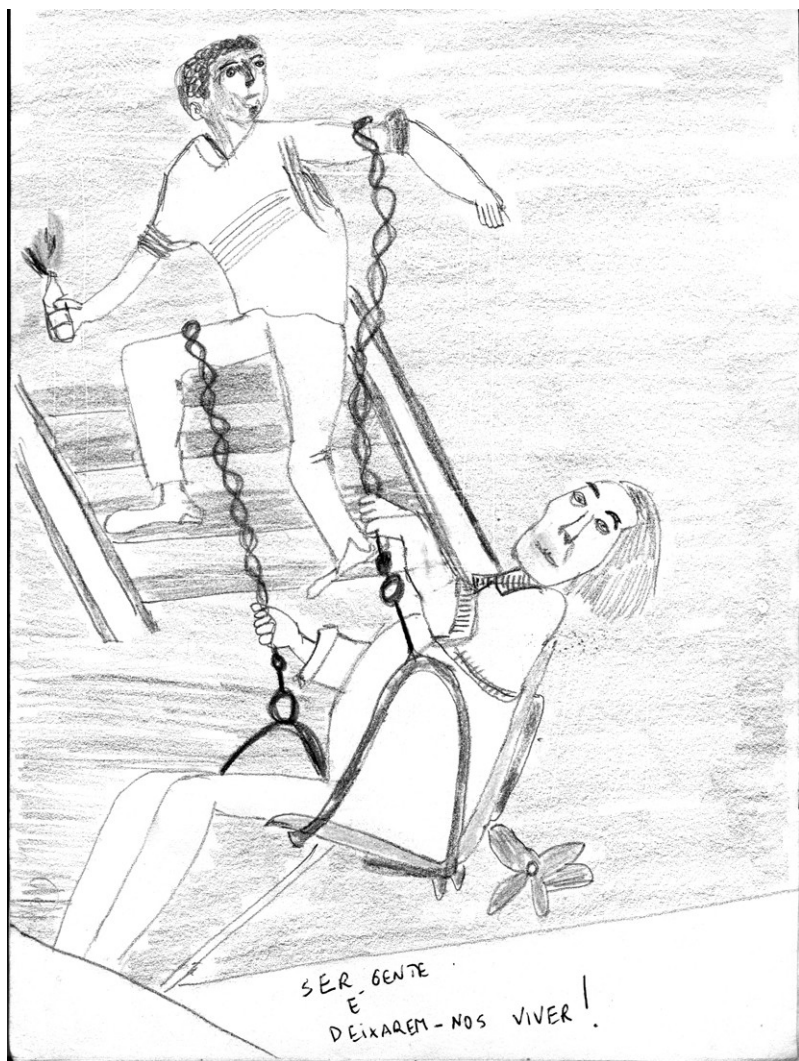
11 FEV 00

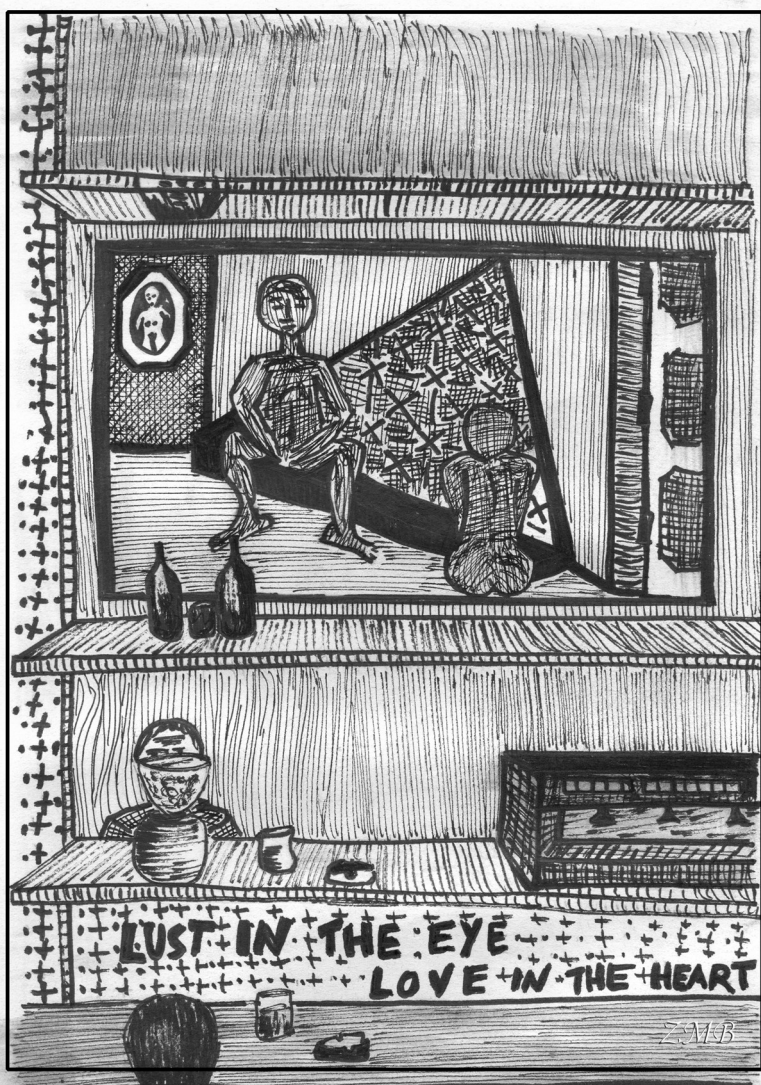


98 horas

## ESTRANAMENTE...

OS AUTORES DO DESVIO  
APENAS PEDIRAM COMIDA, MEDICAMENTOS  
E OUTROS ABASTECIMENTOS BÁSICOS  
NÃO FORAM FEITAS AMEAÇAS DE VIOLENCIA OU  
QUAISQUER EXIGÊNCIAS POLÍTICAS





Z Last chapter

## **Lust in the eye Love in the heart**

(end of story)

... allegory of respect by everyone

or an irony about options of life

or the portrait of the young artist at the feet of all the saints, marias, anas, xanas, susanas, joanas, maria joanas...

... or then because the disguise misleads

... because when you want to have an affair it is better to say we are the owners of the bank of portugal than unemployed.

... because I remember saying: I want to go out, and remember being in an airport drinking SuperBock in front of my fathers or alone smoking LuckyStrikes and looking through the window the plains at night.

*(Voice I)*

*Mão Morta: Mão Morta: Aum*

Then I met her by means of one of my selves, one of my consciences in a party where Mão Morta were playing and we were kissing each other.

Touched by the right kind of spirituality, I head off well dressed and shaved. Joana said that I will need to change and enter in a new path in life. However, I put again my feet on the water puddle and dirtied my new deer-skin shoes and arrived at the coffee-shop tired of looking for the means to clean them up.

Blitz is a long mirrored rectangle. In the distance, small tables adorned with red velvet; on one of the sides, there is a balcony of red leather with beautiful ashtrays of marble; a black café with a lot of smoke, loads of beer, it misses a rusted piano only.

My conscience sits, asks for a coffee and a glass of water, looks in front and sees, in between the bottles, the lighters on the shelves and the coffee machine, his image cropped and pulsing with pain. There are longitudinal surfaces that hide by the means of multiplication his eyes and/or unshape certain forms that soon transform themselves in other images as natural as breeding. If it was not the problem of the shoes everything would be alright. My conscience feels exhausted because today is sunday evening and he left two days ago a food reeducation center or jail near us, having

spent some time with the family only because 'friends' are something he started to lose knowledge of until heading towards Blitz to see Maria perhaps because of social re-insertion issues. For me everything is ok but in a slow pace. For Joana an immense will of making good.

There are ten o'clock. It is now the time to see an american soap on the telly, to read the newspaper and look for a job, to look for nice and cheap places to live, to find the last novelties of a big diversity of normal worlds. But what is a normal world?, asks my conscience when he feels a violent stroke on the back and notices that I, the most normal person in the world, choked him.

Hey man already having fun?

An humble and simple answer: I was reading the newspaper.

We fall onto oblivion...

We fall onto oblivion...

Sorry about the delay. Are you here for a long time?

I've popped in twenty minutes ago. She hasn't arrived yet.

I ask for a beer and demand who is she. Who's she?

Of course, you still haven't met her personally. I repeat: She is the daughter of the professor O. Don't you remember? When you went there on that thursday...

Sure. When happened that kind of compulsory gathering...

Hum... then if she is the daughter of the professor and I am the father of my self...

Hum... how interesting, what a perversion more... what an invisible story...

Exactly.

I ask my self what this word said in four tones of dryness, harshness, security and concordance can mean.

I think: That's what I need – a life of painting fed up with ganza and a job as a software engineer.

Does the colour of the hair matter?

Of course not.

My conscience thinks: I need to buy a tv, with the money I've won last year I shall have no problems.

Sometimes the astrological coincidences are funny, thinks the misogynous R. that enters unnoticed as nobody seems him, and that is good, going to sit under the television shelf. After being initiated, I say I had two shes with the name of my grandmother, they were both of the virgo sign and were born on the same day of September. I have met the second one in a night of

May that revealed years later to be the birthday of a third She. Maybe the stars are connected. I misogynous and/or misanthrope says that I have not loved after May. Think perhaps moon uterus day 1.

And then she enters. She wears curly brown hair, clear blue ganja jeans and in May a black jumper. In the mirrors she seems simply wonderful. Stunning. She asks for apologies in delicate ways about the delay and smiling she talks about domestic problems with the cat.

I didn't know you had a cat...

My conscience asks what she wants to drink and manages to present my self and I dazzled of so many light withdraw the compliment.

Hi everything ok.

She asks for a beer.

Blitz is only a scenery. A focus of yellow light illuminates the balcony, the floor is made of waxed wood and the mirrors are abysmal.

I am Claudio, a seller of domestic products, some people say I am a drifter.

I am Carlos, a junkie of life.

I am Joana, a first grade school teacher.

*We are all out, therefore we all are.*

They all laugh of the truth and who are they? All our idols and admirers.

The misanthrope self gets up and goes to the balcony to ask for a coffee.

When he returns he remembers that time is something difficult to explain, we live and sometimes we notice that time passes, sometimes it flies and we are left without knowing where we are and who knows if we were happy and in what way?

Life goes on in a variety of ways.

Being Blitz a scenery intended to give a social life to the junkie self for that he can feel safer in the affirmation of his positions and, by the other side, to allow that the normal self meets the woman of all my dreams one first time, it is difficult to think on what people will say in all this situation. Perhaps by observing the visceral mechanism of the air conditioned machine, of the tobacco, of the coffee, of the bubble gums, of the human heat, of sentences that are guessed, everything... even the ones that are misunderstood

What does love matter in life?, I misanthrope ask my self. At the age of forty the tenderness of forty and the religious obsessions, at the age of fifty male menopause and menopause, at the age of sixty the second childhood, what does all life matters? Humanism is poetry, the children will continue to cry for toys and bombs will continue to fall. What will be our function?, follow destiny?, and what is the destiny?, for what will serve to create if



everything becomes a crystal in our lack of will, in the lack of people's understanding, the people with whom is necessary to talk, in all the world called normal for that eventually everything is recorded and forgotten in a plate on a public street.

Do you like the Swans?

Do you like blue swans or Michael Gira's swans?

How everything is relative.

I have to go. I return in a few days. I'm thinking on getting a room here. If you know of anything say it. Ciao.

A kiss. A kiss to all in solitude.

I'm going to catch the space train.

What you don't know my dear Carlos is that in the moment after your departure, the Armenia will be destroyed by a meteor. Even so, you can still add something to the story the professor O. delivered to you for publication.

Claudio and Joana look to each other. A moment after they kiss. Explanation: Fatal attraction! Will you save my self? Of course.

Why? The feeling of the moment. What for? Perhaps the knowledge, what distinguish us from the machines is to own a heart or a pair of bollocks or a pussy.

What is the value of an offered painting...

What is exactly our relationship with the person to whom we offer a painting...

Will that relation be special to the point of deserving a specially conceived painting...

Why conceiving a painting for someone special...

Will the painting have the suitable special value...

... I only offer paintings to shes, says Claudio.

... I don't offer paintings, says Carlos. I don't know how to make them.

... I don't mind, says Joana.

My conscience decides to head home alone finally to listen to the radio.

We are...

and we are there in the shadow projected by the blinds like in a painting.

We ask for two shots and we love each other to the sound of Mão Morta in May.

Signed: Claudio Mur, suicidal.

*(Voice 2)*

*ZMB: IRAB CDJOL: Intermission I*

Madly  
I Just bang from heaven

Don't ask me dedication  
Don't ask me love  
Nothing I can give  
Only passion

Oh you, queen that doesn't exist  
Lawyer of hell  
Hell, lyric's hell  
Where are you? Lawyer of the devil  
I need you

I'll sleep with you when we'll both wish  
I'll hold you softly in my arms when we say goodbye  
Because you're not the only one I wish and desire  
But one of the few  
Softly  
Madly, loosely I just bang from heaven

The desire will turn off itself in the deadly  
In the deadly night shade of the shadow  
Will burn itself in the dark shade of the night  
Night that turns on  
And arrives slowly and anxiously  
Anxiously of not seeing you today  
Because today I don't have the pleasure  
Of watching you here with me  
At the starlight shine, counting the stars  
Telling stories, embracing stories, charming stories  
Singing songs of love and hate  
Singing songs of despair  
Because we cannot Be just together in this moment  
When I'm closed inside and apart the the world outside

And I just bang from heaven madly  
Turning in silence when I think in your quiet hand  
Dreaming around the hall dreams of you  
Talking with you in dreams  
Resting crazy like when Kim Gordon sings  
Takin' off your dress  
Shakin' off your flesh  
Turning around and around  
Until the world resumes to nothing  
Or until the world turns  
And moves to a little, but still at the back of my mind,  
A very little point in the middle point of the horizon  
To a circle of mania: lickin' and suckin'  
'Til the living flesh is burned  
When my heart shakes and trembles  
And asks: -Could you be mine?  
And says: -We'll shine for us

Madly...

I just bang from heaven hearing metallic tape drums

Shakin' hells off

Madly...

I just bang from the rosy stars tears from

Heaven hearing

Metallic tape drums shaking bells of

YOU

Signed: John Moore, suicidal

*(Voice 3)*

*FLOYD&PINK: A sauce full ov secrets: A sauce full ov secrets*

SPECIALLY FOR YOU... FROM ME

I'VE SUCKED YOUR SOUL YOUR BEAUTY IN ORDER TO LIVE  
BETTER

YOU GAVE ME SINCERITY AND LIKEMINDED THOUGHTS

I REBORN COOLER

SO

TELL ME LIES

TELL ME LIES  
DON'T LOSE  
KILL ME  
KILL ME  
MAKE US PERFECT  
CLOSER TO GOD  
SWALLOW ME  
SWALLOW ME  
DON'T FEAR  
THINK NWW & COIL & EN & TAUF & C93 & VIRGIN PRUNES  
THINK THOMAS & SABINA  
KEINE SCHOENHEIT OHNE GEFAHR  
LOVE IS THE LAW  
LOVE UNDER WILL  
DON'T DRINK BLOOD THOUGH!  
AOS&ZOS KIA FOREVER  
GREEN UND GREY UND YIN UND YANG  
3\*9=27+1 GATA  
NOISE=SILENCE=MUSIC=4min33sec  
AD ETERNUM  
TUDO MAS TUDO O QUE QUISERES  
Signed: ZMB & ICCATA & INFAMOUSLY STOLEN PEOPLE & Rui, the  
postman or the train driver... and xmas balls for the little brother... don't  
forget living red with...  
SHUT UP JUNKY!  
(Beginning of story)

And now ladies & gentlemen Edições Cassiber proudly present  
Le grand finale: The father side of the story of electricity Uit  
SPRUNG AUS DEN WOLKEN (JUMPING FROM THE CLOUDS)  
(SALTANDO DAS NUVENS in spanish...)  
“COSMA”

“Hmm...” - Rui



